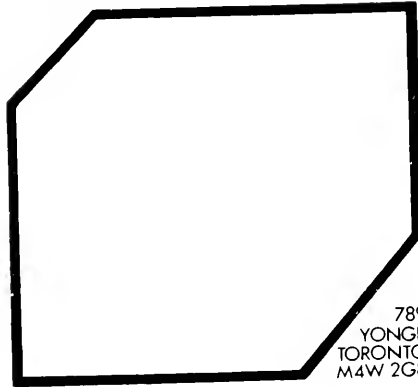


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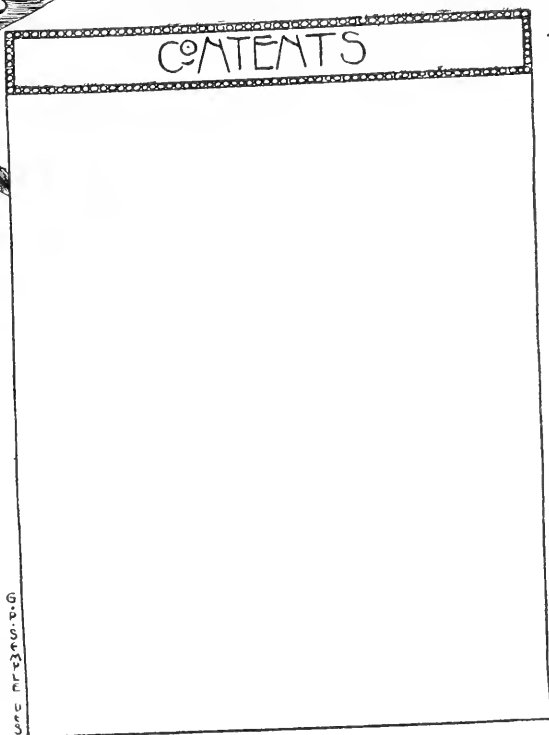
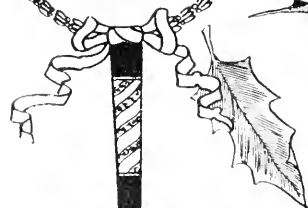




*Review*  
VOL. XXII

OCTOBER, 1898

# ACTA VICTORIANA



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# ACTA VICTORIANA

*A MONTHLY JOURNAL,*

Published during the College Year by the Union Literary  
Society of Victoria University, Toronto.

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF:

E. W. GRANGE, '99.

BUSINESS MANAGER:

W. G. SMITH, '99.

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# Acta Victoriana

A MONTHLY JOURNAL,

Published during the College Year by the Union Literary Society in  
the interests of Victoria University, her Students,  
Alumni and Friends.

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VOL. XXII. TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1898.

No. 1.

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*All matter intended for insertion in the columns of this paper, together with all exchanges, should be addressed to the EDITOR-IN-CHIEF of ACTA VICTORIANA, Victoria University, Toronto.*

*All business matters should be referred to W. G. SMITH, Business Manager, ACTA VICTORIANA, Victoria University, Toronto.*

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## Editorial.

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### NOTES.

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WITH the initial number of another volume of ACTA VICTORIANA it has ever been the bounden duty of the Editor-in-Chief to apologize for being in office. The more we think of the requirements of our position the more we feel convinced of the inappropriateness of the choice. Like the officers of the Freshmen class, "We feel conscious of the overwhelming responsibility of our position," but there the

parallel ceases. When we look at the galaxy of brilliant names of the editors who have preceded us, when we think of our constituency, of the high ideals which are entertained for the future of ACTA and of our own mediocrity, we fear that we shall fail to do justice to our position. However, we are consoled by the thought that we have to assist us a staff that can be trusted to keep up the high standard of the past. We have promised each other that we shall make this a record year for ACTA. It remains to be seen if we fulfil our promise.

---

WE regret the delay in the appearance of this issue of ACTA. Hereafter we shall endeavor to get out each number on time, viz., the 15th of each month. It is our intention to extend the Literary Department of our journal, and during the year we hope to present to our subscribers contributions from the best *litterateurs* of our college and of our country. We have planned a Christmas number which will at least equal, and we trust even surpass, the Christmas number of last year. We hope to retain the patronage of all our old subscribers and to enlist both their moral and their financial assistance in helping to place ACTA in the front rank of Canadian magazines.

---

WE had intended to refer at some length, in this issue, to the delightful indefiniteness which envelops the arrangements being made towards securing our new college campus. For two years the students have been waiting to get some exact information as regards the amount of money that they would be required to raise and the land that would be available for a campus. Until they were certain as to these points they deemed it inadvisable to begin a systematic canvass for the necessary funds. But now we are glad to believe that during the course of the next couple of weeks some decided action will be taken in the matter, and we shall hopefully defer our remarks on the subject until next issue.

---

WE notice with pleasure an announcement from the Lindsay Collegiate Institute regarding a new series of popular lectures for the coming year. The list includes a lecture from the Hon. G. E. Foster, M.P., on "The Canadian Outlook"; one from Mr. B. E. Walker, General Manager of the Bank of Commerce, on "National Finance," and also lectures from Prof. Jas. W. Robertson, Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick, M.P., and Lieut.-Col. Henry Smith, of Toronto. The lectures of the course for last year included one from Rev. Prof. Teefy, on "Rome"; one from Prof. W. H. Fraser, on "Michael Angelo"; one

from Prof. Alexander, on "The Function of Poetry," and one from Mr. H. A. Powell, M.P., on "Marriage."

We cannot speak too highly of the efforts of the promoters of the above series of lectures. It is a lamentable fact that the great majority, not only of the students at our institutions of learning, but also of the men and women of our country at large, are so little acquainted with, what may be termed, the "elegancies" of history. A large culture is a cardinal defect of our Canadian life—a defect noticeable not only in the graduates of our collegiate institutes, but also in the graduates of our colleges. Any effort, therefore, which tends to give an intellectual stimulus towards a study of subjects kindred to those announced above cannot be too highly commended. We could wish that the example of the Lindsay Collegiate Institute might be followed by every institution of learning in the country.

THE AIMS OF  
"ACTA."

WE believe that, as a college journal, we have the best paper in the country. But yet ACTA falls far below the ideals of its staff. In the first place, we would have our journal placed on such a financial footing that we could afford to expend all our surplus funds upon its improvement and expansion without being handicapped by being obliged to turn over all our profits to the support of the Literary Society, a society which should be able to support itself without looking to ACTA for help. We would like ACTA to reflect the intellectual, the moral and the athletic life of our college, and this can be accomplished only when we enlist in our service the intellects and the personalities of the individual students of Victoria. Let our fellow-students avail themselves still more fully of the privileges of our columns. We shall always welcome a discussion in our paper of any subject of importance to Victoria or to our subscribers. If you have a grievance that is of more than merely personal import, air it in ACTA. If you have an idea worthy of being propagated, then give us the benefit of it. We would, too, that over the whole of our student world there might pass a wave of fresh and vigorous life, of continued and vitalizing energy; that students might broaden their horizon from the *locale* of the college to the great world outside; that they might devote at least some of their energies to movements of a national importance, thus by their earnestness and activity supplying this paper with material for vital discussions. Finally, we aim not only to maintain the high standard of the past, but also to lift ACTA even to higher altitudes.

A WORD TO THE  
GRADUATES.

WE realize that a good part of our constituency lies without our college walls, and we earnestly desire that ACTA should keep just as closely in touch with the alumni of Victoria as with the undergraduates. It may possibly be supposed that when our columns are taken up almost entirely by undergraduate effort they can have but little interest for older men. But student life is pretty much the same whether in college or out in the school of practical life, and we shall strive to make our paper as profitable and welcome to the graduates as to the undergraduates. May we not, however, get into still closer touch with our alumni by enlisting them upon our staff of contributors? Why should not all our old graduates still look upon ACTA as their organ of utterance? If the bright intellects of Victoria's sons and daughters would but avail themselves of the columns of ACTA as their medium of giving public expression to their ideas, we could soon place our paper among the front rank of Canadian journals. We cordially invite our alumni to contribute to our columns. The theologian, the lawyer, the doctor, the professor, the teacher, the business man, each and all have ideas on the movements of the great world around them which are worthy of publication. Why not give expression to these ideas in ACTA, and thus make our paper and our university a still greater power in the land?

RETROSPECTIVE,  
INTROSPECTIVE,  
PROSPECTIVE.

As we stand on the threshold of another college year—a year which to many of us will be the last we shall be privileged to spend in the halls of dear old Vic—our thoughts turn naturally back on the past years of our college life. How swiftly the inaudible and noiseless foot of Time has glided through the years! But yet with what precious truths those years have been laden! We think of those with whom we have associated in our college life, who have now passed out into the great world outside, and we realize, in some fashion, how their associations have been gradually lifting us up to higher levels. We begin to feel that “we are a part of all that we have met,” and we thank Heaven that what we have met at Victoria has always tended to the upbuilding of a strong and noble manhood and womanhood. We have been gradually growing conscious of a glorious life opening out to us. And now we trust that we have all “risen on our dead selves to higher things.” Life means more to us: we see before us the great sea of knowledge and we feel ourselves but as children gathering pebbles on the shore. Wider vistas lie open to our enchanted vision. The golden future



offers still greater treasures to the aspiring soul. With renewed energies we press forward. This shall be the best year we have ever yet spent.

TO THE  
FRESHMEN.

STRANGE voices fill our ears with divers questionings. At every turn we are met by new faces. We greet the Freshman class of '02. In the name of the students we bid you a hearty welcome. We are confident that, in your day and generation, you will add a new glory to Victoria, and we are equally as confident that Victoria will repay the debt. We would hasten to offer advice, in the light of our larger experience within the college walls, were it not for the fact that we know that in cases like this the counsels of the wise seldom prevail. But yet we cannot refrain from just two or three sentences.

We would earnestly advise you to enter into the whole life of the college—religious, social, intellectual, athletic. You cannot afford to neglect a single phase of college life. Be loyal to your college and its institutions and enthusiastic in your support of them. Every moment of your college life will have an influence upon your whole future life. See that you make it tell for good. Don't be an average man. Josh Billings says, "The average man is a lunk-head!" If you are determined not to be content with mediocrity the chances are ten to one that you will attain a position of prominence both in college and in subsequent life. Take your eyes off your book at times. Remember that a good citizen of the world is a greater power for good than a narrow-minded gold-medalist.

"Finally, brethren," while attending Victoria as students be one of the college boys. Don't feel so surcharged with dignity that you cannot augh. Be one of the boys such as are found around Vic—good-natured, unselfish, honest, whole-souled. If you would realize to the full the inscription over the main entrance, "The truth shall make you free," you must first learn to be "true to thine own self." Then all the rest will follow.

MR. C. C. JAMES.  
GIFT TO  
THE LIBRARY.

THE library has within the last few days been the recipient of a gift of more than usual interest and value. It is nothing less than an almost complete collection of Canadian poetry—probably the most extensive in existence. It will be a surprise to most people to learn how large this branch of our literature really is. The donor, Mr. C. C. James, has long been known as a successful collector and as one of the

most generous friends of our library. We understand that the library authorities, in view of the importance of the gift, will undertake the preparation of a special catalogue, with short bibliographical notes. This will make it more readily accessible, and ought to prove of very great interest. We hope that this may prove to be the beginning of a long list of similar donations from the friends of "Old Vic."

## Literary.

### "BACK AGAIN."

ONCE more within the college halls this cordial salutation meets you at every turn. "Back again!" cries the genial janitor as grasping your hand he inquires concerning health and holidays, and how he can best develop the latent genius of the Freshmen. The Professor pauses in his hurried transit through the hall, strikes palms, and remarks. "Well, you're back again." Seniors with characteristic gravity, Juniors with becoming modesty, Sophomores with superior wisdom, each in turn press forward to exchange greetings, blandly observing that you are "back again."

To the contemplative student the phrase is suggestive of more than a mere exchange of formal greeting. It points at once to the fact that we have not broken with the past. From the standpoint of retrospect it suggests much; from that of prospect it suggests more. We have returned, but many come not back again. As you attempt to forge fresh links in the chain of academic experiences this linking with the past arouses many a longing for

". . . the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still."

There is no more sacred chamber in the temple of the mind than that which holds the hallowed memories of college friendships formed in days of yore. With reverence we close the chamber feeling that its fragrance has given fresh inspiration to our lives as we press on to the goal which they have attained.

But we are returned, we trust, to enter into our inheritance and pay our debt to the past. Philosophers, statesmen, poets and kings alike have toiled and suffered, bequeathing to us thereby a heritage, in comparison with which all monetary accumulations shrink to

insignificance. 'Tis ours to seize the torch of truth, lift it to a higher altitude, cause it to blaze with brighter radiance, and pass it on to those who succeed us.

Upon resuming the duties connected with the Literary Department of ACTA we are conscious that our college journal should contribute something of value to the literature of our day. Hence it shall be the aim of the editors to fill the space at their disposal by contributions from the pens of more ready writers. We shall endeavor to enlist the assistance, not only of students and graduates of Victoria, but also that of the ablest Canadian writers at home and abroad.

---

### FLOOD TIDE.

---

THE flooded river rolls its muttering tide,  
 Dark through the darkness, vague and undefined,  
 Black in its turmoil, in its anguish blind,  
 Lost in the night its chafing billows glide ;

Save where a golden ray from side to side  
 Points the red moon and shows each tossing crest,  
 Lights the black water in its fierce unrest,  
 Its swirling rush of passion wild and wide.

So flows the current of my restless life,  
 Its turmoil half unknown, till some clear ray  
 Of God's own light of beauty finds its way

Down through the dark, and there serves but to show  
 The war of doubt and discord waged below—  
 The murky waves, the billows of vain strife.

—FRANK L. POLLOCK.

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### "THE CHURCH OF GOD AND THE EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE."

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Excerpts from the Address of DR. CARMAN at Convocation.

IT seems to be allowed to the masses to live on the surface of things;  
 to catch a fluttering leaf, to chase a brightening bubble, to dwell  
 in raptures on the carving of a corner ; hence scepticism is easy and  
 popular.

On the question of Christian education in all its bearings, that is, the

relation of the Church of God to the education of the people, not only in the home and in the services of the sanctuary but also in the schools of learning and more especially in the schools of higher learning, the academies, the colleges and the universities, there was much arrant scepticism, and lamentable and almost unrebuked declamation in our late General Conference. Looking at things as they appear, having no reference to the experience of ages and nations, regardless of the toilsome progress of mankind through the centuries, indifferent to the impulses and safeguards which form society and establish and wreck empires, heedless of the men, the influences, and the characters that have ennobled our race or disgraced our common humanity, glancing but for a moment at the present condition of things, one can flippantly say, "What has the Church to do with education? What need of Church colleges and schools to help young men and women to a higher education? Why should we trouble ourselves about an educational society or an educational fund? If a young man is worth educating and has the snap and stir in him, he can get his own education. We have so many schools in the country now and the Government is doing so much for schools, surely the Church does not need to burden itself with this business. As for theological training and an educated ministry, why the fathers hadn't them and the sons may do as well without them."

All this is nimble prattle and may be a good explosion to laugh at; but one would hardly expect it to be uttered earnestly and even repeated in the highest deliberative body of the Methodist Church. The serious side of it is that we have our educational institutions maintained at great sacrifice, labor and expense; and if we are right in having them we require the united and hearty support of all our people. If we are not right in having them, if the work can be accomplished satisfactorily without them, the sooner we dispose of them the better. Who preserved even the glimmer of the torch through dark and troublous times, but the men of the best universities those times could afford? Who, but university men at the earliest opportunity, threw wide open cloister doors and, according to their facilities, poured the light of common learning over the masses of the people, especially in the most rapid circulation possible of the Word of God? In the Bible itself in the grand unfoldings of the all-wise Father, who, more than the men of the best schools and education of their generations, were chosen of God for His work and made leaders and teachers of His people? What were Moses and Samuel and Ezra and Paul but university men of their day? In the great revivals and

religious movements of the centuries and races of men, who have blown the trumpet for advance and sounded clear and far the note of reform if not the men of high scholastic training? Humanly speaking, what would the Church of God be to-day, but for its Athanasius, its Augustine, its Luther, its Melancthon, its Knox, its Wesley and its Fletcher? What schools gave Ontario the man who shaped its public and higher educational systems? And yet there are Methodists to arise even in a General Conference and ask, "What does the Church want of schools? What has the Church of God to do with education? The State, forsooth, makes all the provision we need."

It must be a matter of pride to every Canadian that the State does make so liberal a provision for public education, and that the provision under careful guardianship and energetic administration so well accomplishes its end. The education of the masses for the ordinary duties of citizenship, and up to a competency for general business callings, by the Government of the country, and in a uniform and universal system under its direction is a generous and patriotic ideal, and is to a gratifying degree realized in Canada: It would be more fully realized and its advantages would be more fully enjoyed, but for the misconceptions and perverse contentions of some churches. The State may do its best, but there is much left for the Church and the family to do. I have an educational creed which I feel free, without ostentation, to announce—I believe in home nurture, awakening and directing general intelligence, and laying firm, deep, and strong the foundations of moral and religious character. I believe in the churches assisting, instructing, and guiding the home in so great and glorious a work. The failure of the home through parental indifference and recklessness to accomplish its part of the work in this regard, is at once the plague of the Church and the scourge of the State. It would be no wrong for the State to compel the Church to enforce morality with the sanction of universal religion—that is, those fundamental doctrines and obligations of religions upon which there can be no considerable or practical disagreement. If Protestants and Catholics can agree that there is a God, Creator of all, to whom we are responsible, then much religion might go into State schools. If the jangling churches could consent to the view that man is a moral being and shall give account to God—a final judgment—then so much more of religion might venture into a public school system. But certainly it is not the duty of the State, either by separate schools or any other expedient, directly or indirectly, to serve the purpose of any Church or denomination in affording instruction in its peculiar tenets, whether

that be done immediately from the public revenue and put under the control of the recalcitrant church or denomination for such a purpose.

It is a prime obligation of the Church of God to keep pace with extending knowledge and advancing truth, and then see to it that the truth and the knowledge pay not their devotions and make not their offerings at the shrines of a godless science or materialistic philosophy, but in the temple of the living God, and on the altars of a Christ-ennobled humanity and a spirit-vitalized religion. All this it will be seen at once implies purity and efficiency of instruction and fidelity of instructors. It would be extremely awkward to have the chair of the Church university rebuked for its manifest departure from its own standards by the chair of the State university. For the pulpit we hold it very plain that the man unwilling to preach Methodist doctrine, or disregarding Methodist doctrine in his preaching, should not receive—if he is in any sense an honorable man—should not be willing to receive Methodist money. As sometimes in church matters the law of personal sacrifice applies both to the pulpit and the professor's chair, so should it be likely in the distribution of salaries and emoluments. The Church must take into account some things concerning which State schools are not always very particular. The highest standard of moral character; the purest tones of spiritual and social influences; the bold assertion and clear exemplification of Christian truth; the prohibition of insinuated evil and error, expressed or implied, must continually come under her tender, vigilant, solicitous eye. To these and kindred considerations Christian education, education under the care of the Church, must have keen and patient regard. Education may have some theory, some speculation, but education without some dogmatism is a contemptible, useless rag. It would be a misfortune, an unpardonable blunder, for a young man to be sent out from a Presbyterian or Methodist theological school with loose ideas or no ideas at all, of the Divine inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. Is it not plain that when the Church sets out to educate it must educate according to its own acknowledged and historic principles? If it should gradually slip from its own foundations, or become misty and indefinite in its doctrines and positions, could it claim the sympathy and support of days of firm convictions, ardent enthusiasm, heroic sacrifice and decisive victory?

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF GEORGE ELIOT.

A CONVERSATION between George Eliot and a friend in the Fellows' Garden, Cambridge, reveals some of the main points of her philosophy of life. While talking with this friend she seemed more deeply moved than was her wont, and suddenly exclaimed : " God, immortality, duty ! How inconceivable the first, how unbelievable the second, and yet how peremptory and absolute the third ! "

At times her character and beliefs seemed strangely contradictory. It was natural for her to be religious, and yet she rejected all religious doctrines. She could not conceive of the God of the Israelites of old guiding His chosen people with the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night ; neither could she conceive of the God of the New Testament, the God of the incarnation, atonement and resurrection ; but these great questions, with all else that was inexplicable and incomprehensible to her, she left unsolved, limiting herself to the realm of knowledge where, in her opinion, scientific accuracy was obtainable.

With her, humanity took the place of God ; it was humanity that inspired her highest thoughts and noblest aspirations, humanity that translated these thoughts and aspirations into self-sacrificing and beneficent action. She clearly states in her works that we are to look for sympathy only from our fellowmen. This thought is expressed in " Silas Marner," where she says : " In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction ; a hand is put in theirs which leads them forth gently towards a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward, and the hand may be a little child's."

As to immortality, the only immortality she desired was to leave such a permanent influence behind her as to live on in lives made purer and nobler by her existence. The infinite longing of her heart was to join

" The choir invisible

Of those immortal dead who live again  
In mind made better by their presence ; live  
In pulses stirred to generosity,  
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn  
For miserable aims, that end with self,  
In thoughts sublime, that pierce the night like stars,  
And with their mild persistence urge man's search  
To vaster issues."





With an energy strong and eloquent she taught that every deed has its result, every wrong committed brings its own inevitable retribution, and that the influence of our actions will ever follow us.

“ Deeds are the pulse of time, his beating life  
And righteous or unrighteous being done  
Must throb in after-throbs till time itself  
Be laid in stillness and the universe  
Quiver and breathe upon no mirror more.”

She strongly sympathized with the modern scientific movement ; Comte's positivism appeared to appeal to her type of mind. Having discarded religion and metaphysics, Comte's system afforded her refuge from mere negativism. With Lewes and Herbert Spencer she accepted feeling as the basis of all knowing. She was, however, more than a scientific philosopher ; while others speculated she created real character ; while others discussed problems affecting human life and destiny there were enacted in her own soul the tragedies of human existence. Their writings appeal to the coldly intellectual ; hers to the impulses and affections of the heart.

Whatever her own philosophy of life may have been George Eliot showed respect and sympathy for the beliefs of others. In a letter to a friend she says : “ Pray don't ever ask me again not to rob a man of his religious beliefs, as if you thought my mind tended to such robbery. I have too profound a conviction of the efficacy that lies in all sincere faith, and the spiritual blight that comes with no faith, to have any negative propagandism in me. In fact, I have very little sympathy with Freethinkers as a class, and have lost all interest in mere antagonism to religious doctrines. I care only to know, if possible, the lasting meaning that lies in all religious doctrines from the beginning until now.” She had a profound regard for all, of whatever creed, who manifested a spirit of love and sympathy for mankind. To her, “ the only true knowledge of our fellowmen is that which enables us to feel with him, which gives us a fine ear for the heart-pulses beating under the mere clothes of circumstance and opinion.”

Whatever her religious beliefs, all who read George Eliot's works cannot fail to see that the ethical has a prominent place. She was an artist, but she did not use her art merely for art's sake ; she used it as an opportunity to teach a moral lesson. We cannot but feel that she had much of the Christ-like spirit, while yet failing to comprehend the Christ, and for her own sake, for the sake of humanity, which she dearly loved, we could have wished that she had still clung to the child-like faith of her early life and that the noble impulses of her

being had been still inspired by the infinite God above, the source of all truth and wisdom.

But as broad as was her culture, as powerful as was her personality, as wide as was her sympathy for humanity, we cannot but feel that her limitations were great. How could it be otherwise when her view of life and destiny was narrowed down to this passing existence, a few years' space, while the vast eternity beyond lay meaningless in the background of her thought?

" My own dim life should teach me this,  
That life shall live for evermore,  
Else earth is darkness at the core,  
And dust and ashes all that is."

Is it not the lack of an appreciation of this thought, so beautifully expressed by Tennyson, which gives that indefinable undertone of sadness traceable in all her writings? Existence was after all to her a sad perplexing mystery, a problem that could not be solved. How her life and influence would have been strengthened and enlarged if she, like Browning, had looked upon the present with its sorrow and doubt as

" Machinery just meant  
To give thy soul its bent,  
Try thee and turn thee forth sufficiently impressed."

And if she, with him, could have realized the inspiration of the thought that

" God's in His heaven—  
All's right with the world."

how those strains of sadness would have been transformed into a glad swelling symphony of rejoicing!

Notwithstanding this tone of sadness, which pervades her work, George Eliot is not a pessimist, neither could she be called an optimist, but preferred to be designated as a meliorist. In one of her letters she says, " Life, though a good to men on the whole, is a doubtful good to many, and to some not a good at all. To my thought it is a source of constant mental distortion to make the denial of this a part of religion, to go on pretending things are better than they are." We cannot help contrasting George Eliot's view of life with that of Browning, vibrating with inspiring hope and optimism.

" My own hope is, a sun will pierce  
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched ;  
That what began best, can't end worst,  
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst."

MARY COYNE ROWELL, '98.

BOOK REVIEWS.

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*The Mineral Wealth of Canada : A Guide for Students of Economic Geology.* By ARTHUR B. WILLMOTT, B.A., B.Sc., Professor of Natural Science, McMaster University. Toronto: William Briggs.

Prof. Willmott's book is one of very great interest and value. The apparently boundless mineral resources of the Dominion kindle the imagination and excite ambitious expectations of future national wealth. In the volume before us we have a systematic account of these resources. It is a guide not only to the minerals, but also to the mineral districts of Canada. Here the student may find a full and reliable description of the iron, nickel, copper, silver and gold-bearing ores, their localities and methods of occurrence. Short historical sketches of the mining operations in different localities are added. The student will also find of great use to him the very full references to the literature of each subject. In addition to the minerals yielding metals, the other minerals and rocks of Canada are described and their uses explained. The volume concludes with a chapter on soils and mineral fertilizers. Every student of Canadian geology and every miner and prospector should have this book. It affords me great pleasure to congratulate Prof. Willmott, who is, by the way, a distinguished graduate of Victoria University, upon the publication of his useful and scholarly treatise.

J. F. McLAUGHLIN.

"The Lay of Guingamor" is the title of a scholarly study of a Breton lay by Dr. W. H. Schofield. The lay was published for the first time in Roumania by Gaston Paris, who ascribed it then to Marie de France, a French poetess who lived at the court of Henry III (?) of England, and who is said to have taken her subjects from English, or rather Celtic sources. Dr. Schofield points out the likeness of this lay to a very ancient Celtic story, "The Voyage of Bran," and also its relationship to "Lauval," "Graellent," "Lai del Désiré," "Chastelaine de Vargi," and one of the stories in the old French "Dolopathos." Reminiscences of the story are also found in a number of the Arthurian romances, notably Chretien's "Percival." Throughout the essay there are frequent references to the subjects and style of these old lays which must have circulated in great numbers at the courts of kings and princes, composed perhaps on the spur of the moment by the *scops*, or court-singers, while the

guests were seated at the banquet. These old lays were then used by more gifted poets as the basis of longer stories, sometimes appearing in very small fragments, sometimes at greater length. Evidently, and naturally, too, the growth of the Arthurian romances was like the Teutonic epics, "Bēowulf" and the "Nibelungenlied," that of slow accretion with numerous popular and shorter songs as a basis until a much more gifted poet arose to fuse them all into one organic whole.

L. E. HORNING.

### DONATIONS TO THE LIBRARY.

BY the late Rev. E. Barrass, M.A., D.D.: *Quarterly Review* of the M. E. Church South and Southern *Methodist Review*, 25 vols.; *Methodist Magazine and Quarterly Review*, New York, 25 vols.; *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*, London, 14 vols.; *Primitive Methodist Magazine*, London, 6 vols.; *Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review*, London, 5 vols.; *London Quarterly Review*, 4 vols.; other Magazines, 8 vols.; Reports of Sabbath School Conventions, Ontario, 3 vols.; Minutes and Journals of Annual and General Conferences of Methodist Church, 42 vols.

By Arthur P. Addison, B.A.: Thirty numbers of the *Forum, Review of Reviews* and *Methodist Magazine*.

By Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D.: Broadus' "Treatise on the Preparation and Delivery of Sermons"; Egbert's "Introduction to the Study of Latin Inscriptions"; Withrow's "Makers of Methodism"; Minutes of the Annual Conferences, 1897.

By J. D. Richardson, B.A.: Mahaffy's "History of Classical Greek Literature," 2 vols.; Burns' "Life and Times of Rev. R. Burns."

By W. H. Schofield, M.A. Ph.D.: "The Lay of Guingamor," by W. H. Schofield, Ph.D.

Rev. T. J. Mansell, Montreal: Five volumes Minutes of Wesleyan Conferences, 1744-1824.

By the Copp, Clark Co.: Seven valuable annotated French and German Texts.

By the Librarian of the University of Toronto: University of Toronto Studies—Biological Series, No. 1; Psychological Series, No. 1.

By Rev. N. Burwash, S.T.D., LL.D.: *Methodist Magazine*, New York, 1826; "Indian Treaties and Surrenders, 1680-1890"; "Toronto University Calendars," 1891-94; "Report of the Minister of Educa-

tion, Ontario," 1887; "Annual Report of the Department of Indian Affairs," 1897.

By Rev. J. Potts, D.D.: "Study of the Life of Christ," 3 vols.; "Manual of the Laws and Discipline of the Methodist Church in Ireland"; "Discussions of the General Christian Conference," Montreal, 1888; Miller's "Short Studies in Ethics"; "The High Caste Hindu Woman," by Sarasvati. Also a number of Minutes of Annual Conferences of the Methodist Church, Canada; Manuals of School Law for Ontario; Reports of the Board of Education of Methodist Episcopal Church, U.S., etc.

By A. E. Lang, B.A.: Ames' "Index of the Publications of the United States Government"; "Catalogue of the Public Documents of the 53rd Congress"; "Catalogue of United States Public Documents, Nos. 1-43"; *Dial*, Chicago, 12 vols; *Critic*, New York, 14 vols. Also several numbers of the *Canadian School Journal and Educational Weekly*.

By J. Millar, B.A.: "School System of the State of New York"; "Annual Report of Schools in Upper Canada," 1861, '63-'66, '69.

By C. C. James, M.A.: Smith's "Shelley—A Critical Biography"; Guthrie's "Plea for Ragged Schools"; "Archaeological Reports of Canadian Institute," 1894-95, 1896-97.

By Rev. M. Takagi, B.D.: "English and Japanese Dictionary"; "Year-Book of the Empire of Japan"; Togawa's "The Three Religions of the World"; Tavaka's "On Buddhism"; Agino's "History of the Empire of Japan," 2 vols.; Taguchi's "History of the Japanese Civilization," 6 vols.

By M. J. Griffin, Ottawa: Kingsford's "History of Canada," Vol. X.

By W. E. Slaght, B.A.: "Torontonensis '98."

By ACTA Board of Management: "ACTA VICTORIANA," Vol. XXI., 1897-98; "Journals of the House of Commons," Vol. XXXII.

By Students' Volunteer Band, Victoria College: "Student Missionary Appeal."

By Rev. J. Burwash, M.A., D.Sc.: "Journal of the Federated Canadian Mining Institute," Vol. II., 1897.

By Prof. A. B. Willmott, M.A., B.Sc.: "The Mineral Wealth of Canada."

By Mrs. Andrews (per Rev. I. B. Aylesworth, M.A., LL.D.): "Minutes of the M. E. Church, Canada," 1837-65.

By J. R. Dennis, Esq.: Several Minutes of Annual Conferences of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, Canada.

By Miss A. E. Barker : *Sunday School Times*, Vol. XXXIX.

By Rev. J. S. Ross, M.A., D.D.: "One Hundred Years of Modern Missions."

By T. A. Brassey, Esq.: "The Royal Naval Reserve."

By Rev. W. G. Watson, B.A., B.D.: General Conference Reports.

By Methodist Library, N.Y., in exchange : "Children's Home Missions," 3 vols ; "Heathen Children's Friend and Children's Missionary Friend," 9 vols ; *Epworth Herald*, 8 vols.; *Christian City*, 2 vols.; *Our Youth*, 9 vols.; *New Princeton Review*, 6 vols.; *Christian Advocate*, 21 vols.; "Aggressive Methodism," 8 vols.; "Africa's Luminary" ; *Sunday School Journal*, 29 vols.; *Methodist Review*, 26 vols.; Minutes of Conferences of M. E. Church, U.S.; General Conference Journals of M. E. Church, U.S.; also a number of volumes of religious literature.

By Mrs. McNeil, Rosedale : Early Numbers of Minutes of Conferences ; Missionary Society Reports ; Belford's *Magazine* ; Reports of the Minister of Education, etc.

By Rev. J. F. McLaughlin, M.A., B.D.: *Canada Educational Monthly*, Vol. VII., and odd numbers.

## Scientific.

### EXTRACTS FROM ADDRESSES AT THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION MEETING, 1898.

THE PRESIDENT  
ON THE WORLD'S  
FOOD PROBLEM.

In his opening address to the British Association meeting at Bristol, the president, Sir Wm. Crookes, dealt with a problem which cannot but concern everyone, though perhaps not so vitally here in Canada as in the Old Country. After making a somewhat lengthy review of the present and possible sources of supply, and the greatest quantities they can be expected to produce, and then comparing the total with the rate of increase in the wheat-consuming countries of the world, he finds himself forced to conclude that by 1931 at the latest, the supply must begin to fall behind the demand, unless there be some improvement in our own method of cultivation. Two ways occur to him of averting the impending catastrophe ; by utilizing the tremendous waste in the form of sewage, and by the use of fertilizers such as guano and nitrate of soda. But such relief can only be temporary.

The supply of the former is nearly exhausted ; and the latter, he calculates, cannot last for more than thirty years.

How, then, is the difficulty to be met? The essential element in fertilizers—and the element in which wheat is superior to other grain foods such as the rice of the Hindo—is nitrogen. Of this we have a practically unlimited supply in the air, of which it forms more than three-fourths. The problem, then, is to put it in the form of nitrous or nitric acids, or their anhydrides, in order that it may be taken up by plant life. This is equivalent to burning the nitrogen. But, as is well known, nitrogen will not burn in the ordinary sense of the term ; for the igniting point of this gas is higher than the temperature of the flame itself, and therefore the neighboring gas will not be set on fire. Hence combustion cannot continue unless the necessary heat be supplied from some external source. Sir William Crookes has succeeded in doing this by passing a strong induction current between terminals in air. The nitrogen takes fire and continues to burn with a powerful flame, producing nitrous and nitric acids in the presence of water.

Lord Rayleigh, in burning out the nitrogen from some air by this process, in order to isolate the argon obtained measurements of the quantity of electric energy required to do this, which enabled Sir William Crookes to calculate the cost of production. He found it small in comparison with the results. "Niagara alone," he says, "is capable of supplying the required electric energy without much lessening its mighty flow." By some such means the learned president hopes that the wheat-eating races may be supplied with food for a century or more, when the greater scientific knowledge of our descendants will enable them to grapple finally with this problem.

RÖNTGEN AND  
KATHODE RAYS  
AND A FOURTH  
STATE OF MATTER.

The same scientist makes a few remarks regarding these two problems which are worthy of note. Measurements of the velocity of the Röntgen rays have given results so contradictory among themselves as to make them almost worthless. The belief that the former are a species of wave motion of extremely short wave length—which accounts for their lack of refraction—is now almost universally accepted.

On the contrary kathode rays are, he affirms, produced by electrified ions, or atoms in a state of rapid progressive motion. The speed of these molecular streams has been found approximately. This he regards as a piece of confirmatory evidence in support of his

theory of a fourth state of matter, viz., a state in which the atoms or ions are separated and moving rapidly forward, instead of oscillating as they do in ordinary bodies.

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### THREE PROBLEMS.

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WE may say that there are three problems in the natural world awaiting solution—matter, energy and the ether. It will not be, we expect, many years before we have a great deal more light on the first of the three, or at least till we know whether our present views are tenable. Matter, it is believed by physicists, is, up to a certain stage which we call the atom, divisible, but beyond that absolutely integral. These atoms are floating in the ether, each attracting the others with two kinds of forces, one appreciable at an infinitely small, and the other at finite, distances. In solids, for example, the first class of forces resist any change in the position of the atom as long as it is only displaced through infinitely small distances, but zero for finite distance, *i.e.*, when it breaks. These forces do not keep the atoms at rest, but make them describe small orbits with incredible velocities, and fixed mean position. Even the most rigid steel consists of atoms racing around in this way, and it resists mechanical forces because the atoms resist strongly any deviation from their orbits. Heating, it is supposed, is merely a quickened motion of the atoms, and cooling a lessened motion. The forces between the atoms are also altered, a fact which is shown in expansion and contraction, and in the different degrees of elasticity at different temperatures. If, then, we can bring the atoms to a state of almost absolute rest by lowering the temperature to nearly 0° C, as Professor Dewar has almost succeeded in doing, we may hope to gain considerable light on this subject. The second class of forces are commonly spoken of under the law of gravitation, to account for which various hypotheses have been made. A theory which at one time was favorably received considered gravity as longitudinal waves in the ether (light being transverse). How the same particles can be endowed with such almost diametrically opposite powers is a matter for considerable wonder and speculation.

Ether, as was said, is the name given to that which occupies and probably fills the space unoccupied by the indivisible atoms of ordinary matter. If the final indivisibility of matter be true (and surely there must be considerable truth in it when physicists are able



to calculate approximately the number of atoms in a given space), then the ether theory must be true, though our ideas as to its nature, narrowed as they are to suit conceptions ever present to our senses, may, and must, be modified. In what do our ideas of this consist? Matter cannot exist without it. On the other hand it can exist without matter, though its character is modified by the presence of matter. Unquestionably the explanation of all electric, light and heat phenomena are bound up in the true understanding of the ether.

Energy cannot, as far as we know, exist apart from both matter and ether. From this circumstance and others, some physicists have supposed that ether was another form of what we ordinarily call matter. Undoubtedly it has a quality corresponding to the inertia of matter—a quality which accounts for the non-instantaneous production and cessation of electric currents and for the leaping of sparks across an air-gap. A more rational view, however, is that the ether in matter is the seat of the energy and the source of inertia. All these, however, are only guesses, the disproving of which will not affect the truth of the ether theory as a whole.

### NOTES OF THE MONTH.

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#### *NEW ELEMENTS DISCOVERED.*

During the present year there have, we believe, been five new elements discovered. The last of these xenon was announced in the papers a few weeks ago. The discoverers are Prof. Ramsay and Dr. Travers. The same eminent scientists have to their credit three others of the new elements, krypton, neon, and metargon; names which can, at present, have but little significance to us. All four of the elements are gases. The fifth has been discovered by Sir William Crookes, and he has named it monium. The discovery was made while searching among the ultra-violet rays of the spectrum. This last element is a constituent of the so-called "rare earths," and its atomic weight and approximate place in Mendelejeff's table have been determined.

#### *EXTREME COLD.*

Prof. Dewar has at last succeeded in liquefying hydrogen and helium. His first successful experiment in this direction took place on May 10th last. The liquid boiled at  $250^{\circ}\text{C}$ . ( $418^{\circ}$  below zero, Fahrenheit), which is only 23 above absolute zero. At this low temperature platinum is found to have no resistance as far as can be measured. It is hoped by scientists that the study of bodies at this low temperature will result in some further

knowledge of the ultimate constitution of matter, for the molecules must be approaching a state of rest.

*THE SUN-SPOT*

*AND TERRESTRIAL* sun's surface, the largest that has been seen for some *DISTURBANCES.*

time. It was said to be visible to the unaided eye, though the writer, among others, was unable to see it. Coincident with this we notice accounts of severe electrical storms at observatories all over the world, and auroral displays of unusual magnificence. This coincidence is noteworthy in view of the supposed intimate connection between the sun and terrestrial magnetism.

*A NEW PLANET.*

The discovery of a new planet has been announced from the Berlin observatory. Its path lies between the earth and Mars. Its period is about six hundred days, and its orbit very elliptic and very inclined with reference to the ecliptic. It was discovered by accident on a photograph taken for quite another purpose, and after some search was seen directly, and sufficient measurements taken to make it possible to calculate its orbit approximately.

*ARTIFICIAL  
ALBUMEN.*

Considerable stir has been caused in scientific circles by the announcement by Dr. Lilienfeld, an Austrian scientist, of a process by which albuminous substances may be formed. The discoverer refuses to make public all the details of the method which, as far as explained, consists in some process of condensation of phenol, glycocoll, and phosphorous oxychloride. If this be successful, it will be another bridge over the chasm dividing organic and inorganic chemistry.

*A NEW THEORY OF  
THE CIRCULATION  
OF THE BLOOD.*

Dr. M. J. Rodermund, in a paper read before the Medical Association of Wisconsin, has endeavored to set forth a new theory of blood circulation which has met with considerable ridicule. We state it for what it is worth. In Dr. Rodermund's opinion, the heart is not a pump to drive the blood through the arteries, but a regulator like the balance-wheel of a watch. The true source of the flow "is the oxygen we breathe, based on the fundamental law of electricity that all positively electrified bodies repel other positively electrified bodies, while they attract those negatively electrified. A fluid charged with positive electricity and flowing through an elastic tube will produce the same waves as we find in the arteries, which we call the pulse-beat. This oxygen is held in the air-cells by the breathing crowding them full." Our

breathing, he assumes, charges the blood positively, and the rest is comparatively easy. The muscles and nerves now seize the oxygen and consume it in carrying on their several functions ; and with each particle of oxygen is used up the positive electric energy belonging to it. " This leaves the blood negative by the time it gets through the capillaries into the veins. This negative state of the venous blood attracts it back again on the life-sustaining circuit. The function of the heart is to regulate and not to propel the blood, but to hold this electrified fluid in check. Otherwise it would circulate too fast."

## Missionary and Religious.

Y. W. C. A.

THE first meeting of the Y.W.C.A. was called on Monday October 3, the object being to send a delegate to the Biennial Conference of the Y.W.C.A. of Canada, held at Peterboro' from the 4th to the 6th of this month. Miss S. Chown was appointed, and we shall hope to hear from Miss Chown, especially regarding the College Conference at which was discussed the possibilities of the Y.W.C.A. in Colleges.

Just now at the beginning of the year we should like to emphasize the importance of this part of our college life. College women are expected, on account of their superior advantages, to be leaders in many of the moral reforms that tend to the uplifting of the race ; and though we are not all equally interested in the same reform we can learn to cultivate a general interest in all, and from this perhaps discover the particular work to which we are called.

In the work of missions we are connected with the Y.M.C.A. of the College.

During the past year we have brought about a connection between the young women of the College and the Deaconess Home. A representative from the College was appointed on the Board, and we had an interesting talk from the Superintendent of the Home concerning the work done by the regular deaconesses. We hope later to find out the kinds of work that are best adapted to those who can only give a part of their time to this work—say, an afternoon a week.

We also have representatives from the White Shield Society of the College address us occasionally, and thus we are brought into touch with their work.

We extend a hearty invitation to all the women students who have not yet identified themselves with the Association to do so now at the beginning of the year. The officers of the Association are :

<i>Hon. President,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Wallace.
<i>President,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Baker, '99.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Gould, '99.
<i>Sec.-Treasurer,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Bollert, '00.
<i>Organist,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Duckett, '99.

### NOTES.

FOR many years Victoria University has sustained a healthful, inspiring Y.M.C.A. Her students have not only acquitted themselves admirably in the various branches of study, but have gone on developing worthy Christian characters. In years that have passed Victoria men have taken an intense interest and an active part in the Y.M.C.A. prayer-meeting. This year should be no exception. Advance, not retrogression, should be our motto. An organization which is unprogressive is surely dying.

As noted in our handbook, a hearty welcome is accorded to all incoming students by the Y.M.C.A. The Y.M.C.A. prayer-meeting which is held in Jackson Hall, on Wednesday afternoon beginning at five o'clock and lasting for an hour is conducted after no stereotyped form, but is varied as the leader may see fit. The addresses given are bright and given from the standpoint of a student. In the prayer service no one person asks for everything in his prayer, but makes it short and to the point, thus allowing time for others to participate in the prayer meeting.

In the Y.M.C.A. all class distinctions are suppressed; class prejudices are forgotten. Here seniors and B.D.'s, specialists and freshmen, professors and visitors, meet as brothers having one common Father, and followers of one Saviour. The object of this meeting is to deepen spiritual life.

THE men in our colleges to-day will be called upon to face the burning questions of to-morrow. They will be expected to struggle with the vital moral and social problems which present themselves. They will be expected to raise the moral tone of society, to eliminate impurity from literature, to fight against national iniquity, to sympathize with the "common people," so called, in their grinding poverty, to

grapple with the missionary problem, and to face the demon of intemperance which is the source of untold sorrow, pauperism, lunacy and premature death. The college men of to-day will be the ministers, statesmen, doctors, teachers, politicians and men of business of the future. How are they to be made competent for the task before them? How shall men realize their heroic convictions? How shall the minister make himself the best pastor, and master of life's great problems? How shall the statesman pulsating with a love for his fellow-men, fulfil the desire of his heart? From whence shall the politician get courage to speak for truth and justice? These are questions which should not be put aside in a frivolous manner. All shall egregiously fail unless they have before them a Helper who ever leads on to victory. An intelligent view of life and a thorough knowledge of national questions is right and essential, but we need something more. Let Victoria men train the intellect, develop a splendid physique in sports, etc., and cultivate a vigorous manhood, but forget not that a strong faith in God gives men a *power* that emperors do not possess and that kings cannot impart.

Moreover, the men who go out from our universities are expected to be an example of Christian integrity. It is comparatively easy to talk about religion: but what seems to be needed to-day is Christianity filling the heart, permeating the life and shaping the character. Ministers are not merely to deliver eloquent sermons, conduct impressive services and delight the people by their flaming rhetoric. The people are sated with this kind of preaching; but a self-sacrificing life, revealing the true character and spirit of the Master, speaks more eloquently than superficial discourse without the sturdy Christian character behind it.

When the Church relapses into a Sunday club, when people congregate to be amused and entertained, then, surely, God will raise up unto himself a people that will truly worship Him and do His work. In the last century the great Church of England endeavored to please God by orthodoxy, fasts, ritual, sacrifices, holy days and gifts, but opinions and observances were useless without the power of the Gospel, and God raised up Methodism to break down Pharisaism and to preach the Gospel to the collier in his thatched house as well as to the man in purple robes. In this century God has raised up the great and potent Salvation Army to do a work the Church did not do. If the Church does not obey Him more implicitly and follow Him more closely, God will yet seek out for himself a people that will toil through new Gethsemanes, not to betray their Master, but to follow Him;

that will struggle up new Calvaries, not to crucify the Saviour, but to emulate His example : that will go into the sanctuary, not for the sake of ostentation, but for the purpose of prayer. If Canada is purged of intemperance, if the Church is made more a missionary Church, if spirituality is deepened, the young men of to-day must consecrate their lives wholly to the service of Christ.

"CHRISTIANITY comes to us with no apologies, it comes bearing in its hands the trophies of many a victory." Wherever Christianity has gone the moral tone of the people has been raised. The gladiatorial spectacles were extinguished and the slave-trade abolished. Cannibal islands are transformed into Christian colonies ; tepees are turned into sanctuaries, and deserts are changed into commercial highways. Homes for incurables, asylums for the insane, institutions for the blind and schools of instruction for the deaf-mutes are raised up. The condition of the lower classes is ameliorated. "Womanhood is honored and elevated, and childhood is surrounded with an aureole of tenderness and embraced in the arms of mercy." The new commandment of John xiii. 34 is constantly kept before the mind's eye, and the life of the believer is made purer and more unselfish.

Christianity knows no defeats : it never takes a backward step. With the encouragement we derive from a contemplation of the triumphs of Christianity, we are assured that the Missionary Society of Victoria will prosper wonderfully this year. The fact that we have living links between Victoria and the "Land of the Rising Sun" will be an inspiration to greater liberality on the part of the students.

We cannot but regret that we have no student from Japan at Victoria this year. This fact, however, should not affect our givings. We should not allow the subscriptions of this year to fall below those of last year, which were nothing to boast of, considering that we had over three hundred students in attendance at Victoria last year.

The Missionary study class is held every Saturday morning at 8.30 o'clock. The Missionary prayer-meeting is held the last Wednesday of each month, from 5 p.m. to 6 p.m. All students will do well to attend these services. "Come thou with us and we will do thee good."

THE Chancellor's class-meeting is held in the Chapel every Sabbath morning, beginning at 9.30 o'clock and lasting for an hour. The students who attended this class last year will, no doubt, be anxious to see as many of the new students as possible enjoy the true fellowship of this meeting. Here we sing : "Blest be the tie that binds,"

and feel that a mystic bond draws us nearer God and nearer to each other.

Of the several helpful organizations about Victoria College, the class in New Testament Exposition is by no means the least worthy of the student's notice. For a number of years our Chancellor, with many students, felt the need of such a factor in our college life. It was not until the fall of 1897 that the question was brought before the Chancellor's class, one bright Sabbath morning, by one of the boys who had derived much benefit from the Sabbath morning class in the college chapel, but who desired a deeper knowledge of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, as taught by Christ and His apostles. Professor McLaughlin led the Chancellor's class that Sabbath morning, and during the following week organized the class in New Testament Exposition. A goodly number of students were at once interested, for the formation of the class followed immediately after the close of the week of prayer. The interest was sustained throughout the year. Professor McLaughlin was elected leader. We but voice the appreciation of the entire class when we say that the interest which the Professor took in the work was felt to be real and deep. Few, if any, will forget the golden hours spent in listening to his unfolding of St. John's Gospel. Few, if any, will forget how this book was transformed into a living thing of beauty flooded with light, and how a thirst for deeper and more personal insight into the character of Christ, and "that disciple whom Jesus loved," was created by the Professor's earnest application of this Gospel.

At the last meeting of the class, in May, Professor McLaughlin received the heartfelt thanks of the class, and was again elected leader for the ensuing year, with W. G. Smith, '99, as secretary. We are sure the incoming students will receive a cordial welcome to this class, and that the hours spent with its members will be among the brightest of the college year. The class holds an hour session every Sabbath afternoon in the college library, assembling promptly at four o'clock. Every student is earnestly invited to attend.

A. B. STEER, '98, *Sec'y.*

OCTOBER 3rd, 1898, was a red-letter day in the calendar of some of the students at "Old Vic." It was a day of great things. To many it was the beginning of college life, in all its great possibility and power. To one it came as the *finis* of academic life in the capacity of student, for the call of "the regions beyond" had been the call of

God, and on that 3rd day of October, Rev. Mitzutaro Takagi, our fellow-student, whom we had all learned to love, left for his home in Japan. Space will not allow us here to give an account of Bro. Takagi's work at Victoria, much less a sketch of his life. It may be said, however, that since his entry among us into college life he has always manifested the kindly disposition and deportment of a Christian gentleman, and has won the admiration and respect of all his fellow students, by his brilliant success in scholastic attainment, and by his manly bearing. But human associations have their limit, and the day came when the limit was reached. With B.D. course completed, and ready to enter upon his life-work, Mr. Takagi made his preparations for the home land. His departure was an occasion for his fellow-students to express their feeling of brotherhood. It was not the maudlin sentiment of pretended attachment that led fifteen or more of our students to assemble at the Union Station to bid "a loving and a long farewell" to one who is to be among the makers of the "New Japan," but there was a fervor, a strength, a robustness about these lives that is refreshing and stimulating. Here was a demonstration strong and clear that Christian manliness is not a sickly pietism, but a self-sacrificing courage that always considers "the other man": not the mere sentiment that expresses itself only in "giving a man a tract," but the power and force of vigorous young manhood that can give a college song with a ring so characteristic of student singing, that can expand itself in all the contortions of a "yell," and can, nevertheless, in the truest spirit of fellowship say "God-speed" to the man who is giving his life to preach and live the principles of "Jesus Christ and Him crucified." As they stood outside the train that was to speed our brother on his way toward the Land of the Rising Sun, with a unity of spirit resulting from a common purpose, they made the archway of the station ring with, "What's the matter with Takagi?" "Hark! I Hear a Voice," "My Father Sent Me to Victoria," while high above all, with an apparent recklessness that would have filled our Puritan forefathers with consternation, swelled that "concord of sweet sounds"—

"V C—V C—V I-C—  
Zip-Rah—Boom-rah—  
V I-C," etc., etc.

But the deeper permanent spirit that lay underneath it all was not lost. The same youthful manhood gave with a touching pathos that grand Association song that is fragrant with blessed memories: "Blest



be the Tie that Binds." While the pulsations of the iron horse intimated that only a few moments were left, Bro. Takagi shook hands with all the members of that little band who had come to say farewell. The manner in which he expressed his gratitude for the many kindnesses shown him will long be among the most pleasant reminiscences of college life. He kindly left messages of good-will to those who could not be present at his departure for the "New Empire," and received words of cheer for our fellow-laborers in Japan. The conductor shouted, "All aboard," the train pulled slowly out from the station, while the refrain, "God be with you till we meet again," was wafted on the air in through the open windows of the coaches, and was a last message to our brother Takagi, whom some of us have seen for the last time until we stand in the fulness and enjoyment of the life to come.

#### A TRIBUTE TO WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

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"**B**UT that for which Mr. Gladstone will be chiefly remembered is his characteristic as a Christian scholar in politics. For to the end of life religion was the subject in which Gladstone was chiefly interested. His earliest passion and his latest enthusiasm was the passion and enthusiasm for the character and teaching of Jesus Christ. An indefatigable student of Homer, Dante and Shakespeare, the literature of which he was most fond was the Bible. As the Knight of the Round Table served King Arthur, so, but far more faithfully, he sought to serve one Great Master, Christ. Statesman and financier, he was also seer and disciple. No Puritan was ever more severe in his emphasis of method and habit in his Christian life. So scrupulous was he in his recognition of the Sabbath day that, though four times Prime Minister, he absolutely refused to receive on the Sabbath one of his government officials, or to discuss any political crisis or measure. Going into the pulpit on Sunday to read prayers in the church of Hawarden, he also made his way to the same little church every week-day morning to bow while the rector read daily prayers. When Prime Minister for the last time he brought an old coachman up to London for medical treatment, and having found suitable quarters, charged his physician to send him word should a crisis come. The end came at an hour when Mr. Gladstone was in an important discussion with Sir William Harcourt. In that hour the Premier dropped everything, and hurrying to another part of the city

lent his old servant comfort as he passed down into the dark valley, and even while the Prime Minister of England was praying to that God who is Lord of death and life, the aged servant passed on into realms of happiness and immortal peace.

"Great as was Gladstone as orator, scholar and statesman he was greater still as a Christian. With all the enthusiasm of a young soldier for some noble general, of a pupil for some artist master, Gladstone poured forth all his gifts and ambitions at the behest of his Divine Master and Saviour. Noisy to-day are the skeptics, but should we mention the name of some one of these doubters best known for talent and multiply his work a thousand-fold, yet placed over against the sublime achievements and the massive character of Gladstone, he would seem as a mud-hut over against a marble cathedral. The lesson of this great life is that the most splendid gifts, opportunities and ambitions should be given to Him who said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto me.'

"Gladstone belonged to a race of giants not only because he was great in himself but also because long companionship lent him something of the majesty of his Divine Master. For the secret of the success of this hero who was at once orator, scholar and statesman, is the secret of the Messiah."—*Hillis*.

## Personals and Exchanges.

### PERSONALS.

*[In order that these columns may become intensely interesting, may we request the graduates to contribute from time to time anything that might be of personal interest to the friends of ACTA.]*

M. W. SHEPHERD, '98, ex-president of the Y.M.C.A., is teaching school near his home at Riceville.

F. J. RUTHERFORD, '00, is stationed on the Rosseau circuit in the Parry Sound District of the Toronto Conference.

WE understand that D. D. D. Idle, '01, and P. P. Sharpe, '01, are preaching in the United States, the one in Michigan and the other in New York State.

RUMOR has it that M. D. McKichan, '98, ex-president of the College Missionary Society, will enter the second year at the Toronto Medical College.

A. L. McCREDIE, '00, is at present travelling correspondent in England to the *Toronto Mail and Empire*. Many interesting items from his pen have already appeared in its columns.

AT the residence of the bride's father, Macdonald, Manitoba, on September 20th, 1898, Miss Emmeline Scott to Rev. W. W. Abbott, B.A., B.D., of Fort Francis.

AMONG other weddings we are pleased to chronicle that of Rev. T. P. Perry, of the Kingsville circuit, to Miss Zinkan, of Southampton. We heartily extend congratulations.

WHO knows of "Jolly" Dobson, '98, of "Senior Stick" fame? Said to be in Algoma; but later report credits him with preaching at Dufferin Bridge, in the Parry Sound District.

V. J. "SHAKESPEARE" Gilpin, '98, Hockey-man, Rugby-kicker, Alley-player, and all-round athlete, is preaching on Erin Circuit, Hamilton Conference, during the current year.

ANOTHER "new household finds its place among the myriad homes of earth" by the marriage of Rev. W. E. Egan to Miss Madge B. Adamson, all of Novar. ACTA extends best wishes.

WE note the name of J. L. O' Flynn, '97 as Second Year Councillor on the McMurrich ticket in the Osgoode Hall "Lit" elections. We are glad to extend congratulations on his well-merited victory.

AT the bride's residence, Killybogh, on August 10th, Miss Charlotte A., daughter of William McKnight, Esq., to J. J. Sparling, B.A., of Ebenezer Circuit.

F. A. CARMAN, '98, has returned to the city after an extended pleasure tour through Ontario and Quebec, during the vacation. On charter day he was the recipient of a special gold medal for his faithful work as First-class Honor man in the Department of Political Science.

ON June 29th a happy event took place at the home of Mr. John McLean, Frome, when his daughter Clara was united in marriage to the Rev. J. A. Jackson, of Embro. College friends extend joyous wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Jackson.

WE are informed that C. T. Currelley, Secretary of the class of '98 is preaching in the Deloraine District of the Manitoba Conference. ACTA would be pleased to receive contributions from him at any time concerning his fellow class-mates.

J. W. SIFTON, '98, among the most popular members of his year, and ever under the tender solicitude of Robert, is attending the School of Pedagogy in Hamilton.

DURING the summer months, Rev. E. G. Powell, of Morpeth, followed the ways of all mankind, by uniting in the bonds of matrimony with Miss Adeline Tuckey, daughter of Joseph Tuckey, Esq., London township.

IN our college functions and societies we greatly miss the genial countenance and sage advice of J. P. Berry, '99, President-elect of the Union Literary Society. The people of Point Traverse circuit will assuredly recognize in the late leader of our government a powerful exponent of the principles of loyalty and true citizenship.

WE are informed that B. A. Cohoe, '98, late editor of ACTA, and for a number of years closely identified with its success, is about to enter the Toronto School of Medicine as a Sophomore. We trust to see him often about our college halls.

AMONG the visitors at our college have been noticed H. W. Davison, '01, at present studying for an insurance actuary, and the Rev. J. R. Wilkinson, of the Unionville circuit, a specialist of '97 and '98.

MANY of the graduates of the class of '98 are pursuing their studies at the School of Pedagogy, Hamilton. Among others are Miss M. A. Harvey, Miss M. M. Hawkins, Miss M. M. Graham, Miss M. C. Rowell and Miss M. H. A. Fife. '98 was essentially a "fair" year, and its ladies will be greatly missed in the several functions of our college.

W. J. SUPPHELL, '95, is now Principal of the Columbian College, New Westminster, B.C. Owing to the disastrous results of the recent fire, he is appealing for financial aid to all loyal supporters of college education.

A. G. WILSON, '93, brother of N. R. Wilson, '99, who has been teaching in the Napanee Collegiate, has been granted a scholarship in Geology in Harvard University, where he has gone to pursue his studies. The number of college graduates at present in American universities must be highly satisfactory to the friends of "Old Vic."

R. A. DALY, PH.D., of the class '91, is filling the chair of Physical Geography in Harvard University in the absence of Professor Davis in Europe.

THE many friends of J. H. Faull, '98, First Honor man in the Department of Natural Science, in the University of Toronto, will be

pleased to learn that he has obtained a professorship in Albert College, Belleville. We are sure he will grace the meetings of the Faculty with the same dignity as was characteristic of him when presiding over the deliberations of our "Lit."

THIS is the age of women; and more and more do university men feel the keenness of intellectual competition in the halls of learning. The men of Victoria are no exception, and it is with pleasure that we congratulate Miss E. G. Swanzey, '98, as the winner of the W. J. Robertson Prize, rewarded for the highest standing in Canadian Constitutional History of the Fourth year. She is now pursuing her course of studies at the School of Pedagogy.

WE deeply regret that C. W. DeMille, '00, late Assistant Business Manager of ACTA, has been obliged to sever for a short time his connection with the College. Our kindest wishes follow him in his new sphere of labor in Frankfort, Bay of Quinte Conference, where he has been stationed to preach during the present Conference year.

WE are glad to welcome among us once again an old graduate of '96, A. M. Scott, Ph.D., who has returned from Germany after a two years' enjoyment of the privileges of the 1851 Exhibition Science Scholarship. We congratulate Mr. Scott on his well-merited success on the Continent, and the position he now occupies in Toronto University as lecturer in the absence of J. C. McLennan, B.A., Assistant Demonstrator in Physics.

PHILADELPHIA is fortunate in securing as a resident A. E. I. Jackson, '98, who has been articted to a prominent legal firm in that city. We miss very much Artie's glorious solos, and are therefore not surprised that an influential church has already secured his assistance at a fixed salary for the choir services.

THE students of Victoria were glad to welcome again on Charter Day W. E. Slaght, '98, winner of the Aberdeen Silver Medal and the E. J. Sanford Gold Medal in Philosophy. Mr. Slaght also carried off the great prize of his year in the University of Toronto—the Governor-General's Gold Medal. This reward has been won in two successive years by "Vic." students, Mr. G. J. Blewett being the medalist of '97.

H. E. FORD, Ph.D., of the class of '95, has obtained a fellowship in Moderns in Middletown College, Conn. In a letter to the College he speaks highly of the work done in the University, and is enthusiastic at the general aspect of his surroundings. Four other Canadian professors are associated with him in the College, thus manifesting the respect in which a Canadian university education is held.

REV. M. TAKAGI, so long and favorably known by the students of Victoria, is now engaged in teaching in Japan, only three miles from one of our churches. A bicycle is his mode of locomotion, the gift of warm, personal friends in this city. All who knew Mr. Takagi must ever be interested in his career, and their kindest feelings and prayers will accompany him in his efforts to spread the gospel of truth and humanity in his native land.

It is with sorrow that we refer to the decease of Miss Gladys Bain, daughter of Prof. Bain, who after a lingering illness passed to her rest on September 27th. The warmest feelings of sympathy of the entire student body are with the members of the bereaved home in their affliction.

THE circle of college comradeship has again been broken by the death of Rev. D. G. Harrison, of the Specialist Class of '99. While supplying a pulpit during vacation, sickness obliged him to enter the hospital at Peterboro', where, after a two weeks' illness, he passed away. He was in college but a year, and yet in that short time, by his generous nature and noble example he won the respect and love of all who knew him. He was a successful student and a brilliant speaker, winning the Michael Fawcett prize for oratory at the close of his Academic year. He has gone from us,

"And has entered straight  
Another golden palace of the King,  
Larger than this he leaves, and lovelier."

The sincerest sympathy of the students goes out to the relatives and friends in their sad bereavement.

ONE of Cupid's happiest intrigues was consummated on October 14th, at 1 Sultan Street, the residence of the bride's mother, when J. R. L. Starr, of the legal firm of Thorne, Warren and Starr, and one of our best known Public School Trustees, was married to Miss Louise Florence Nelles, daughter of the late Dr. Nelles, Chancellor of Victoria University. The bridesmaid was Miss Dingwell, and the groom was assisted by his brother, Dr. F. N. G. Starr. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. H. Starr and Rev. Prof. Reynar, of Victoria University. The bridal couple left for New York and other points on the evening train. Mr. and Mrs. Starr are both graduates of "Vic.," and have ever manifested the keenest interest in all its college functions. On behalf of the students, ACTA extends kindest wishes for a long and happy journey through life.

WE believe that college associations can never be broken, and that graduates of Victoria will ever have an interest in her prosperity and future destiny. A very practical way of manifesting this interest is by becoming a reader of ACTA VICTORIANA, one of whose aims is to keep strong the bonds of sympathy and friendship existing between the past and present history of our College. The following letter, received by the Business Manager, is very welcome, and we would be delighted if many other graduates would write in a similar strain :

"Dear Sir,—Will you please send me a copy of your paper, and place my name on your subscription list for this year. I would enclose my subscription, but I am not sure of the correct address. You may have a local in your next issue by saying that I am punching kids in British Columbia, and wish to be remembered to the class of '90. Yours truly, H. H. SCHUYLER, '90."

THE name of "Alma Mater" is a rallying cry for all loyal comrades of "College days." Years may roll around, but the memories of college life are the tenderest in that well-stored casket of memories, which each holds dear. An illustration of this is set forth in a letter received a few days ago by Chancellor Burwash, from one of his old friends and class-mates of the class of '54, John W. Standerwick, an honor man in Moderns, and for many years past a resident of London, England. Through the kindness of the Chancellor we are permitted to print the following extracts :

"Rev. and Dear Sir,—It is in my power to give away a set of the Latin works of John Wyclif, never hitherto printed, although thought to be his best : and as an old student of Victoria College, in 1854, I have great pleasure in placing it at the disposal of my Alma Mater. I have given instructions, therefore, for the set (22 volumes) to be forwarded to you.

"I still entertain a very warm affection for my College, and although I do not often see any of my fellow-students, I bear them constantly in my kindest thoughts and prayers, although having been for thirty-three years a staff-officer in the General Post-Office. I trust your future history will be an even greater success than the past has been."

This is a remarkable instance of college loyalty, when one after an absence of forty-four years, expresses his remembrance in such a marked way. Victoria heartily appreciates the valuable gift and warmly reciprocates the fraternal greetings of Mr. Standerwick.

EXCHANGES.

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OWING to the rush and hurry at the commencement of every College year, the number of Exchanges that have so far reached us is very few. Among others is a summer "Domestic Art" number of the *Pratt Institute Monthly*. The engravings contained therein, and the literary style are excellent, and the subject-matter is of the deepest interest to all college women.

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WE are in receipt of several numbers of the *Notre Dame Scholastic*, a highly literary production from St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Indiana. The "Study of Shelley," by Frank Earle Hering, '98, is a keenly psychological criticism of the poet, and is well worthy of careful perusal. In another issue is an admirable address delivered to the students by Archbishop Ireland.

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THE STORY OF MAN.

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A little dark, a little light,  
A little while and a day ;  
The years roll on in rapid flight,  
Old age creeps slow like shades of night,  
And our lifetime wears away.

A faded smile, a sigh suppressed,  
Then death and the deepening gloom.  
The heart beats not at the troubled breast,  
And our weary limbs enwrapt in rest  
Seek peace in the narrow tomb.

A dreamless sleep, one long cold night,  
And the race of time is o'er.  
The soul set free from its earthly plight,  
Clothed in the robe of morning light,  
Rejoices for evermore.

—PAUL J. RAGAN.—*Ex.*



GERMAN professor, looking in: "Is this the class-room for '98?"  
Indignant new Senior: "Nein!"

WE have before us a copy of the *McGill Outlook*, the new weekly periodical replacing the *Fortnightly*, of McGill University, Montreal. Its dress is exceedingly artistic, and its poetical and prose contributions are of a very high order. We extend congratulations to the *Outlook* upon its forward march, and wish it every success in its sturdy enterprise.

EVIDENTLY our exchanges are advancing all along the line. We welcome to our sanctum the *University of Ottawa Review*, which replaces the *Owl* of other years. The journal appears as a new production in many features—in type, in dress, and in the appearance of many new departments. Its literary articles are excellent, and we have read with much interest the contribution on "The Greatest of Great Catholic Laymen," by E. J. Cornell, O.M.I. The life and character of the great Daniel O'Connor are vividly portrayed by the author, and a splendid glimpse is obtained of the work of the Irish statesman. The article is to be continued in the next issue. We extend sincere greetings to the *Review*, in thus widening its sphere of influence through the columns of its press. Though differing in creed and race, and in the associations and environment of the past, yet the university men of Canada can unite upon the common platform of a sturdy Canadianism, in the development of a Christian citizenship, and in the spread of intellectual power and influence through every fibre of our nation.

## Locals.

'99.

1.00.

HELLO, freshie!

OH, for some *subs*!

Is McCredie coming back?

Who pulled McCullough's leg the night of the freshmen's meeting?

GLEE CLUB practises every Thursday afternoon from five to six.

REMEMBER the ladies' concert, in aid of the Campus Fund, on Nov. 3rd.

WANTED—some good gags. Apply to the local editors.

It has been reported that two of our lady seniors prefer housekeeping to attending Normal College after graduation. Names furnished upon application. *Verb. Sap.*

It may be noticed that Amy and McCullough have come back looking like the proverbial "bearded pards."

PRESIDENT VANWYCK, of the Freshmen, would like the Presidents of the various classes to meet him at his office, so that a *thorough organization* of the classes may be made.

KEEP the night of Nov. 11th free from all engagements. It is the night of the "Bob."

PROF. R.—"Have any of you any notes on the last lecture?"

B—ly—"This institution has lasted for more than two thousand years."

W—BS —R—"I would like to ask you a question, Mr. Wilson, as I thought that you would have experience in this matter. Would it be all right to bring my sister, or —er— perhaps another lady friend to the Commencement exercises?"

Pilly, after recovering from his faint, said that he guessed it would be all right.

THE first meeting of the Literary Society for the term was held on Saturday evening, October 8th. Owing to the absence from college of several of the officers-elect, other elections had to be held. These resulted in the election of N. W. DeWitt, as President, S. J. Courtice, as Critic, W. J. M. Cragg, as member of ACTA Board, and F. L. Farewell, as Leader of the Opposition. After the routine business was disposed of, refreshments were brought in, and the meeting was closed by an address from Robert, full of advice for the freshmen.

THE Specialist class met on Monday afternoon, October 10th, for organization, and elected the following officers: Honorary President, Dr. Badgley; President, J. A. Doyle; Vice-President, T. R. White; Secretary, A. J. Langford; Treasurer, C. E. Cragg; Prophet, J. P. Westman; Councillors, R. A. Spencer, W. G. Evans, W. C. Schlichter, A. McNeil.

A MEETING of the Glee Club was held on Saturday, 8th October, for the purpose of electing officers for the year. The prospects of the Club for this year are of the brightest. All students who can sing are requested to join the Club, attend the practices and make this a most successful year. The practices will be held on Thursday evenings,

from five to six, under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Blight. The following officers were elected: Honorary President, Prof. Reynar; President and Leader, G. A. Fergusson; Vice-President, W. B. Smith; Secretary, A. D. Robb; Treasurer, R. A. Spencer; Business Manager, R. E. Emberson; Curator, F. Archer; Pianist, S. F. Newton; Instructors, Mr. and Mrs. Blight.

VICTORIA'S Convocation was held in the Chapel on the evening of October 12th. On the platform, in addition to the members of the Faculty, there were Dr. Withrow, Dr. Briggs, Rev. A. C. Courtice, Rev. W. R. Parker, Rev. E. A. Chown, Prof. Galbraith, Henry Hough, Esq., and A. M. Scott. The opening proceedings were marked by a good assortment of gags and class yells and by a song advising the freshies to use Sunlight soap. After the various college prizes had been presented to the fortunate winners, Dr. Carman delivered the address of the evening on "The Educational Polity of the Methodist Church," during the course of which he emphasized the necessity of abiding by the time-honored doctrines of the Methodist Church, in contradistinction to the doctrines of the advanced schools of theological thought. Following this address, the Chancellor spoke of the high stand taken in the examinations, by the various years, and said that he was "sure that the incoming freshman year would equal any preceding year—(wild cheers from freshies)—in numbers"—(deep silence). The Convocation was then brought to a close. We append a list of those who won medals and prizes:

- The E. J. Sanford Gold Medal in Philosophy - Slaght, W. E.
- " Geo. A. Cox Gold Medal in Natural Science, Faull, J. H.
- " Gold Medal in Political Science (Special) - Carman, F. A.
- " Chown Scholarship (3rd yr. Hon. Philosophy) Malott, F. E.
- " Webster Prize (1st in Pass English, 2nd yr.) Spence, W. J.
- " Hodgins Prize (1st in Pass English, 3rd yr.) Cowan, C. J.
- " Carman Gould Prize (1st in Hebrew, 2nd yr.) Cragg, W. J. M.
- " W. J. Robertson Prize (1st in Canadian  
Const. Hist., 4th yr.) - - - Swanzey, Miss E. G.

THE ladies interested in the Barbara Heck Residence Fund intend holding a concert in the College Chapel on the evening of November 3rd. All the students should show their college spirit and turn out in full force. Some of the best talent in the city has been secured, including our College Mandolin and Guitar and Glee Clubs. As this fund tends to make the new campus more of a reality, everyone should come and make this concert a grand success.

ON Wednesday, October 19th, the Sophomores held a meeting for the purpose of electing their officers for the fall term. They are as follows; Honorary President, Prof. Horning; President, R. J. McCormick; 1st Vice-President, Miss C. M. Woodsworth; 2nd Vice-President, H. G. Martyn; Secretary-Treasurer, A. Henderson; Orator, J. H. Beer; Prophet, H. M. Cook; Musical Directress, Miss H. E. Wigg; Poetess, Miss Powell; Critic, M. Pettit; Athletic Director, E. H. McCulloch; Councillors, Miss Staples and M. P. Bridgeland; Historians, Miss Smith and C. L. McIrvine; Judge, W. H. Wood; Football Captain, W. L. Amy; Alley-Captain, W. A. Millyard; Hockey Captain, C. B. Sissons.

THE announcer had just called out the winner of the hundred yards dash at the Varsity games.

Amy—"What's the time?"

Freshman Dobson—"Ten minutes to four"—!

THE first of our college receptions was held on Monday evening, the 17th of October. It was the joint reception of the Y.W.C.A. and Y.M.C.A. The Reception Committee did its duty nobly and soon made everyone feel at home. Short addresses were made by Miss Baker, Mr. Emberson, Prof. Wallace, Mr. Anderson of Varsity Y.M.C.A., Mr. DeWitt and Mr. Grange. These addresses were interspersed with promenades, after which refreshments were partaken of in Jackson Hall. The reception was reluctantly brought to a close by the playing of "God Save the Queen." The boys then clustered around the door of the Ladies' Study until induced to move, some on the appearance of certain of the fair sex, others by thoughts of what might have been. By the way, the aforesaid clustering might be modified a great deal, it appears to us. *Verb. Sap.*

THE Juniors met on Tuesday, the 18th of October, and elected the following officers: Honorary President, Dr. Bell; President, A. P. Misener; 1st Vice-President, Miss Bollert; 2nd Vice-President, D. J. Thom; Secretary-Treasurer, G. W. Rivers; Orator, H. E. Kellington; Poetess, Miss M. L. Chown; Critic, Miss Graham; Historians, Miss Jones and W. J. Spence; Councillors, R. W. Hedley and W. K. Allen; Judge, A. N. St. John; Athletic Director, J. G. Davidson; Football Captain, H. E. Kellington; Hockey Captain, F. L. Farewell; Rep. to A. U. Executive, J. G. Davidson.

THE following gem was met with by one of our professors while examining matriculation papers this fall: "Led by the gallant Sir Isaac Brock the brave British red-coats dashed up Queenston Heights and took Quebec!"

THE thanks of the student body of Victoria are due Mrs. Treble for her great kindness in giving every student of the college an opportunity of listening to so rare a treat as was the concert of the Seidl Orchestra in Massey Hall on the evening of 17th inst. It is unnecessary to state that her thoughtfulness was appreciated. That fact was amply attested by the way in which the students turned out *en masse* to the concert. In connection with the above event may we be permitted a few observations.

Our college yell is perhaps a good one, but we question the appropriateness of airing it at a function which has no connection whatever with the college.

We question, too, the propriety of decorating (?) Massey Hall with a few strips of wet and mud-stained burting, simply because we had been invited to enjoy the entertainment.

It appears to us that it was presuming somewhat upon a kindness for some of the students to inconvenience regular subscribers by appropriating their seats.

Some students should bear in mind that, while it may be customary to stamp on the floor in time (?) to the music, at country tea-meetings, it is decidedly bad form at a high-class concert.

Finally, we trust that every student will bear in mind that gentlemanly decorum and true politeness are among the first requisites of every self-respecting student of Victoria.

THE freshmen met for the purpose of organization on Friday afternoon, October 7th, in Dr. Bell's lecture room. Owing to the bashfulness of the freshettes, one of the sophomores kindly consented to act as master-of-ceremonies and introduced the shy maidens to their admiring classmates. Outside, things soon began to assume a threatening aspect. The sophomores recalling their slight knowledge of the recent Cuban war, attempted a miniature bombardment in which fire-crackers and peas took the place of shells and cannon-balls. A scaling party had almost reached the heights when a decree from the powers was issued calling for a cessation of hostilities. When all danger of further attack had been removed the freshmen proceeded to elect the following officers: Honorary President, Rev. F. H. Wallace, M.A., D.D.; President, R. Van Wyck; 1st Vice-President, Miss Allen; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. Auger; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. Fowler; Poetess, Miss Duncan; Orator, E. Crockett; Prophet, W. A. Finlay; Critic, Mr. Hughson; Judge, Mr. Franklin; Musical Director, F. Badgley; Councillors, Messrs. Gates and Nixon; Historians, Messrs. Bishop and Bell-Smith; Rep. to A. U. Executive, Mr. Thompson.

THE class of '01 are preparing for the event of the year—the "Bob." They intend to make this, the twenty-sixth anniversary, eclipse all past efforts. Their menagerie collection has been largely increased and their exhibition will be more varied than ever. They expect to place this great scenic effort on the boards about the middle of November. For fuller particulars see small bills. Remember the "Bob!" The committee in charge are G. E. Porter, W. L. Amy, W. A. Millyard, E. H. McCullough, J. H. Beer, W. H. Hamilton, C. B. Sissons, of the sophomores, and A. D. Robb and H. J. Uren, of the specialists.

## ECHOES.

"MR. President, I would like to wish."—*W. G. Smith.*

"SAY! boys, there is only one freshette!!"—*Porter, in a mournful tone.*

THE latest news—"We are to have a campus within a month"—???  
—*P. S. This is getting to be a venerable old gag.*

"WE are *thoroughly* organized."—*President Van Wyck, before the hustle.*

"I WISH I had jumped two inches farther."—*Freshie Dobson, after the games.*

"COME on and roll the cour, boys."—*Pilly.*

"I NEVER take violent exercise, thanks."—*Artie.*

"THEN the Cabinet with his ministry entered."—*Critic.*

"YOU ought to have seen me swing that baled hay."—*Tommy.*

"I WOULD commence to move, Mr. Speaker."—*W. G. S.*

"DOES anyone know when lectures start?"—*Tennis Com., October 15th.*

THE first meeting of the Women's Literary Society was held in Alumni Hall, Oct. 13th, Miss Kyle, the new President, occupying the chair. Compared with last year, in numbers the Literary Society has considerably decreased, but from the neatness and dispatch with which an unprecedented amount of business was transacted, there is every reason to expect that, under the tender guidance of such an able president and an efficient executive, the work of the society this year will compare more than favorably with its work in former years. The following officers were elected: Hon. President, Mrs. Burwash; Vice President, Miss M. B. Reynar, '99; Secretary, Miss Jones, '00; Treasurer, Miss Allen, '02; Critic, Miss L. E. Taylor, '99; Assistant

Critic, Miss M. Chown, '00; Councillors, Miss Henwood, '99, Miss Bollert, '00, Miss Staples, '01, Miss Duncan, '02; Curators, Miss Hall, '00, Miss Jackson, '01.

#### ADVICE TO THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS.

Never fail to doff the hat and bow gracefully when meeting lady students. If possible, shake hands, being careful to remove right glove. Courtesy demands also that you raise your hats in token of respect to all seniors and professors.

Do not be too punctual at lectures, remembering that "punctuality is the thief of time."

In justice to other students it might be recommended that theological students also observe Sunday scrupulously as a day of rest. We do not consider Dr. John's, nor even Dr. Badgley's, notes, sufficiently light reading for the Sabbath.

#### WANTED.

Senioretta is planning to take a post-graduate course in ladies' costuming, after which she will start an establishment in this city. She was overheard to say that she always preferred men to do the pressing. Now is your chance! Come early and avoid the rush!

Wanted—More dignity and composure of manner in the ladies of the fourth year.

Wanted—A gentleman escort for "Cousin's Paradise." It will be his duty to escort the young ladies of above haven to and from receptions, etc. None but tall gentleman, wearing high laundered collar, hair parted in the middle, and nobby cane, need apply.

P.S.—Gentleman, dark, with good carriage, preferred. Photographs and references exchanged on or before evening of Oct. 28th. All communications through janitor.

Wanted—Volunteers to attend fourth year lectures until close of tennis and reception season. It would be useless for any but those of strong will and constitution to apply.

TENNIS.—Ladies wanted to learn the business. Apply immediately to—

SECRETARY OF TENNIS CLUB.

## Athletics,

---

*"Mens sana in corpore sano."*

EXERCISE should be so regulated as to be recreative, and not so excessive as to become exhausting.

BEWARE the Treasurer of the Athletic Union. Your fees are now due. Let every man join, and get into some of the games.

VICTORIA is pre-eminent for her zeal in sports. Let every fellow consider that a robust body is as essential in life as ripe scholarship or literary culture. The institution that neglects or ignores physical culture, may send out scholars, but it will not send forth strong men. Truth is not to prevail by the dry light of intellect, alone, but through the agency of good, wise and *strong* men.

VICTORIA sympathizes with the University of Toronto Athletic Directorate in the unfavorable atmospheric conditions which resulted in the two postponements of the Varsity games and the consequent deficit of about two hundred dollars because of the decreased attendance. In the procession this year our drag and van occupied a place second to none as regards nattiness and attractiveness. In the games we had seven men entered, but although all stood well up in their respective events, but few prizes came their way. Mr. A. R. Chapman, B.A., secured the second place in the graduates' 220 yards run, and F. H. Dobson, '02, captured second prize in the running hop, step and jump, being defeated for first place by the narrow margin of one inch. In the fatigue race Messrs. Dobson and J. G. Davidson were an easy second. Messrs. A. F. Mackenzie, E. W. Edwards, J. W. Davidson and B. Potter were also entered from Vic.

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### FOOT-BALL.

THE enthusiastic spirit which is being manifested in Association foot-ball, and the creditable showing made by the players upon the field, bespeak for Victoria a more successful year in this game than we have ever had before. It is true we have lost some of our best men with the recent graduating class, but their places will be well taken by some of our Freshmen, among whom are some who have played on the champion team of the Western Association. In a



recent meeting for the election of officers for this year, great discretion was shown in the appointment of Business Manager and Captain, the former of whom is a man wholly enthused in the game and who will do his utmost to promote the interests of this department, while the latter is ably qualified to lead his men forth to victory.

The election was as follows :

<i>Hon. President,</i>	-	-	-	-	A. L. Langford, M.A.
<i>President,</i>	-	-	-	-	E. W. Edwards.
<i>Captain,</i>	-	-	-	-	E. W. Grange.
<i>Secretary,</i>	.	-	-	-	W. H. Hamilton.
<i>Business Manager,</i>	-	-	-	-	W. L. Amy.
<i>Representative to the Athletic Union,</i>	-				E. A. McCulloch.
<i>Representative to the Inter-collegiate Association—</i>					E. W. Grange.
<i>Committee—</i>	H. E. Kellington,	G. E. Porter,	J. L. Wilson.		

Moreover, the Union has decided to enter both the Senior and Intermediate Leagues, which will necessitate our having two teams. However, there should be no difficulty in selecting two strong teams from such a number of enthusiastic players. Our schedule of matches is as follows :

*Senior League—*

Oct. 18—Dentals *vs.* Victoria, at 2 p.m.  
 Oct. 27—Victoria *vs.* Toronto Meds., at 3.30 p.m.  
 Nov. 1—Victoria *vs.* School of Science, at 3.30 p.m.

*Intermediate League—*

Oct. 28—Pharmacy *vs.* Victoria II., at 2 p.m.  
 Nov. 11—Victoria II. *vs.* Varsity II., at 3 p.m.

A series of inter-year matches will be arranged for shortly. From present appearances the Freshmen will give the Sophomore team a hard tussle for the inter-year cup, at present held by them.

---

TENNIS.

THE popularity of Tennis is on the increase at Victoria. Last spring the Athletic Executive, realizing the urgency of the need for greater Tennis facilities, determined to have two new grass courts built. During the past summer these were gotten ready for the fall tournament and now we are in possession of three courts, unsurpassed in Toronto. But notwithstanding these increased facilities there are

still many hours in the day when not more than half of our Tennis enthusiasts can be accommodated. The ladies will always find the south court vacated for them.

The surest sign of the increase of the Tennis spirit is the list of events and the number of entries posted for the fall tournament. Last year a very successful tournament was held, but we are glad to say that this year we have twice the number of events and double the number of competitors.

An open handicap has been added to the open events, which, with the open singles, has attracted a large number of good players from the different city clubs. A brilliant tournament is therefore expected. Valuable prizes have been secured that the winners may have pleasant souvenirs of the Victoria Tennis Tourney.

The thanks of all enthusiasts of this game are due the Athletic Union Executive for their efforts to provide accommodation.

---

THE Alley-board is again seen crowded with zealous players, particularly from the specialist classes. This game has a place among the sports at Victoria, and is worthy of financial support from the Union. There is an urgent demand for a new flooring for the board and it is the intention of the Athletic Executive to meet this request in the near future. Just at present, however, owing to the depleted state of their Treasury, consequent to the large expenditure on the new tennis courts, they do not feel able to make the necessary appropriation.

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### ROSEBUDS.

---

SHE plucked a rosebud by the wall  
And placed it in his outstretched hands ;  
It was love's token, that was all,  
And he rode off to foreign lands.

He kept the rosebud in his breast,  
And when the battle charge was led,  
They found him slain among the rest,  
The rosebud stained a deeper red.

But she, beside the wall that day,  
A rosebud gave to other hands ;  
Nor thought of that one borne away  
By him who rode to foreign lands.

—*Bowdoin Orient.*

FACETIÆ.

MAGISTRATE—The gamekeeper declares that he saw you take this pheasant. What have you to say to that?

Prisoner—I only took it for a lark.

Magistrate—Six months for making such an ornithological error.

"I CAN tell you," said he, "how much water runs over Niagara Falls to a quart."

"How much?" replied she.

"Two pints."

"TAKE away the women and what would follow?" shouted the orator.

"We would," calmly replied a man in the back seat.—*Ex.*

LADY—A gentleman called, you say; did he not leave his name?

Maid—Yes'm. I asked him for his name. He said it was "immaterial."—*Ex.*

AMLY—I wonder why the Greeks sang before they went into battle?

Harcnes—Guess it was their last chants.—*Ex.*

"PAPA told me not to spend any money," remarked Willie, as he stepped on the penny-in-the-slot machine, "but I intend to have my own weigh."—*Ex.*

BRIGHT SOPHOMORE (just dipping into mathematics)—Say, what geometrical figure does an escaped parrot present?

Senior—Give it up.

Soph—Why, Polly gone, of course.—*Ex.*

"I KNOW a tree," said the farmer to the learned professor, "what never had a leaf or bud and yet there's nuts on it."

"Astounding, sir, astounding! No such remarkable tree has ever been found by the botanist. What is it?"

"Axle-tree."

---

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VOL. XXII

NOVEMBER, 1898

# ACTA VICTORIANA



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J. M. W. S. S. S. S. S.

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*President*

TORONTO, October 1st, 1898.

# Acta Victoriana

.....

READ the first editorial for the contents of the Christmas Number of Acta.

## NOTE THE CONTRIBUTIONS:

1. Replies of Prominent Men in Canada to questions of interest, (with autographs.)
2. Articles by Dr. Horning  
Dr. Kirschmann  
Dr. Rand  
Prof. Reynolds  
Mr. Charlesworth  
Prof. Goldwin Smith  
Mr. J. W. L. Forster
3. Poems by Mr. J. W. Bengough  
Mr. Archibald Lampman  
Mr. Bernard McEvoy  
Mr. W. Wilfrid Campbell

Many other articles from pens of eminent writers will add to the merit of Xmas Number.

N. B.—All graduates and present subscribers are earnestly requested to solicit subscriptions, and to make a special use of this number as Christmas Gifts to friends, and thereby help to foster and extend Canadian literature. It will be profusely illustrated, have an artistic cover, extend to 120 pages, or more, and exceed any Xmas number of ACTA in the past.

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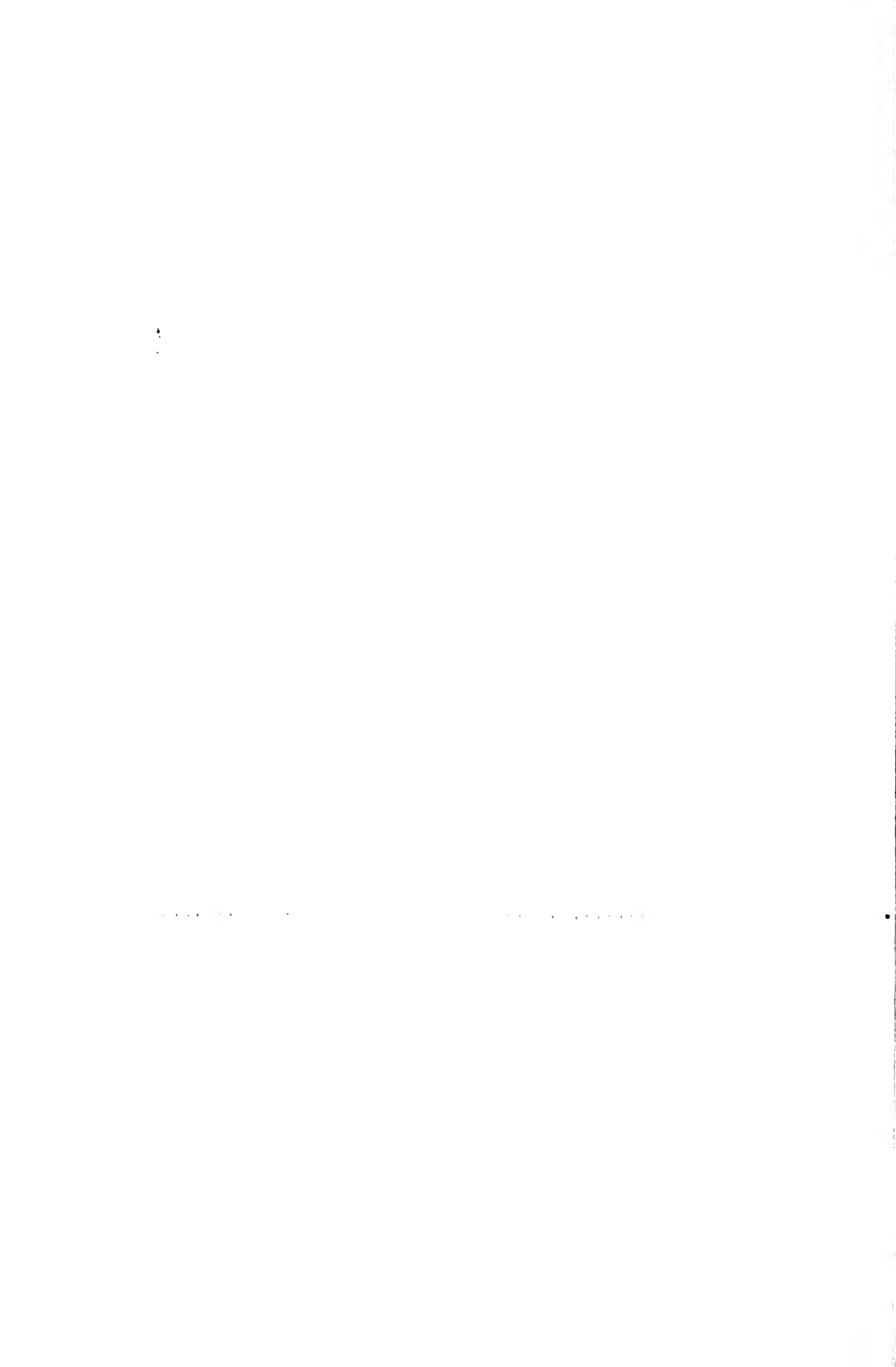
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# Acta Victoriana

A MONTHLY JOURNAL,

Published during the College Year by the Union Literary Society in  
the interests of Victoria University, her Students,  
Alumni and Friends.

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VOL. XXII. TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1898.

No. 2.

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TERMS: \$1.00 A YEAR; SINGLE COPIES, 15 CENTS.

*All matter intended for insertion in the columns of this paper, together with all exchanges, should be addressed to the EDITOR-IN-CHIEF of ACTA VICTORIANA, Victoria University, Toronto.*

*All business matters should be referred to W. G. SMITH, Business Manager, ACTA VICTORIANA, Victoria University, Toronto.*

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## Editorial.

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### NOTES.

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THE XMAS "ACTA." WE take the greatest pleasure in announcing that our special Christmas issue is already an assured success. Our requests for contributions have met with the most kindly responses, and we are now in a position to state, with all due consideration, that the Xmas number of ACTA will fully equal the Xmas issue of any other Canadian magazine. We give a few of the many interesting features which will mark the number.

Dr. Horning will contribute an interesting review of Canadian literature and its development during the past year, and in connection with the article we shall print a few gems from recent Canadian poetry. Dr. Kirschman will describe and explain, in the light of the new methods of teaching Physical Geography, some prominent features in the physical formations of the North and South American continents. His article will be illustrated with choice bits of American scenery. Dr. Theodore Rand has given us an exquisite little poem, and has also promised a comprehensive review of a recent Canadian book of much merit. Prof. Reynolds, of the O. A. C., will have an article on "Fiction," and Mr. Charlesworth, of Guelph, one on Browning's "Paracelsus." Poems written expressly for ACTA have been promised us from nearly every one of our best known Canadian poets—among others, J. W. Bengough, Archibald Lampman, Bernard McEvoy, W. Wilfred Campbell, etc., etc. Prof. Goldwin Smith has kindly consented to write for us, and an article from his pen cannot fail to be both interesting and valuable. Another contribution of great interest will be one from Mr. J. W. L. Forster on the subject of "Religion in Art," illustrated with cuts of famous paintings. One of the chief features of our issue will be the replies of a number of Canada's most prominent men to an interesting series of questions which we have addressed to them.

The above are but a few of the many choice items with which we hope to surprise our readers. Moreover, we shall have for our Xmas issue an especially attractive cover, which has been very kindly designed for us by Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith. Those who wish to secure extra copies should be warned by the speedy disposal of last year's Xmas issue and leave their orders beforehand with the Business Manager.

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**A NEW ASPECT  
OF PATRIOTISM.** PATRIOTISM is a word we hear repeated again and again at every political huskings throughout the country. Loyalty to British and Canadian institutions and traditions is the watchword of every political party, and a very good watchword, too. But there is one aspect of our Canadian patriotism which we seem to have almost completely lost sight of. We refer to our patriotism with regard to our Canadian literature. It is a lamentable but indisputable fact that, as a rule, the Canadian man or woman is almost entirely indifferent to the efforts of our own litterateurs either in poetry or prose. In fact, to many a Canadian it would be a surprise to know that we had a literature which was worthy of his attention, and which



would amply repay his careful study. Why is it that we find on our bookshelves, all over the country, five American magazines to one Canadian or British magazine? Surely not because the calibre of the American magazine is superior to that of the Canadian or British efforts. Why is it, too, that a book must bear the name of an American or English publishing house in order to sell well in Canada? It is a significant fact that most of our successful writers—men like Charles G. D. Roberts, Bliss Carman, Gilbert Parker, Robert and James Barr—are lost to Canada because they receive better recognition of their work in the States or in England than in their native country. It seems to us that if the Canadian people are to live up to their reputation for loyalty they should give our own literary efforts at least a slight preference over the work of our American neighbors, especially when, in our humble opinion at least, they go in many cases farther to fare worse. ACTA VICTORIANA, at any rate, will try to contribute its mite towards bringing about a proper estimate of the merits of our Canadian writers.

In connection with this subject may we be permitted to print part of a note we received a few days ago: "The average college paper gives me a pain. It is evident, however, that ACTA VICTORIANA is an exception. The fact that you are going to make a feature of Canadian literature proves it. Up till now the only place where Canadian literature is recognized is in New York. I wish you luck. Yours, etc., 'THE KHAN.'"

---

COLLEGE  
SONGS.

A COMMITTEE has been appointed by the Literary Society to look into ways and means of getting out a "Victoria University Song Book." We should be only too glad to welcome any scheme whereby our students could be induced to revert once more to the good old custom of raising their tuneful voices at all hours in the lusty and ubiquitous college glees of the old Cobourg days. But we must confess that the scheme of getting out a glee book of our own to supersede the new University of Toronto Glee Book, which is to be issued shortly, is, as it appears to us, rather ill-advised. The new book has been in preparation for many months, and may reasonably be expected to be of a very high order—much better, in fact, than we could hope to turn out with our limited facilities for collection and publication. Moreover, it is the glee book of the University of Toronto, and consequently may justly claim our adoption and patronage. We could wish, though, that our students could be induced to learn three or four songs in addition to the three

or four which form their *répertoire* at present, and also that these three or four songs might not be reserved for a half-dozen state occasions throughout the year, but that our class-rooms and corridors might re-echo every day with hearty college 'glees. Even in connection with our spasmodic efforts at a general chorus there is one fact which we blush to mention. There are some of our students who have never taken the pains to learn the three short stanzas of our own peculiar Victoria slogan. We state the fact without comment. It seems to us that the members of our Glee Club have an imperative duty to perform in fostering a more lively interest in student singing—a duty which we regret to say they are apparently altogether neglecting.

THE COLLEGE  
CAMPUS.

ANNOUNCEMENTS come but the campus lingers, and we are still in the dark regarding any definite settlement one way or the other as to whether we are to enter into the promised land during the course of the present academic year, or whether we are to wander for another year in the wilderness. However, all great reforms come slowly, and we suppose we shall have to wait patiently until the powers that be deem the time ripe for taking some decided action. Meanwhile, in the absence of definite information regarding the money that will have to be raised, and the likelihood of having Czar Street closed, thus ensuring a campus of proper dimensions, the Athletic Union, although ready and anxious to begin a canvass for the necessary funds, are unable to do so because they cannot answer the question, "How much money has to be raised, and what land will be available for a campus?"

Victoria, like every other college, has many pressing needs—a larger endowment, a new library building with greater facilities for reading rooms, studies, etc., a residence for men and for women students, and a gymnasium. But she has no need more pressing than the need of a new campus. *Mens sana in corpore sano.* A healthy college must have a strong athletic department, and to have a strong athletic department proper facilities must be provided for college sports. We would like to try the experiment of having about forty members of the Senate trying to play football in our "yard." They would see in a very few minutes the imperative need of a campus about four times as large as our present one. It will take, it is true, a strong effort to raise as large a sum as will be required, but still we are confident that the 200 students of Victoria with the help of a loyal alumni can and will raise the necessary funds.

Moreover, we believe that even from a financial point of view the investment would yield a good return for the money expended. A great deal is heard in our societies about advertising, or, as it is generally put, "booming" the College. Speaking generally, we have a very decided objection to seeing Victoria enlarge her borders by "puffing." But there is one legitimate, and at the same time most effective, way to call the attention of prospective students to our College. No better advance agent can be found than a first-rate football team. That college which excels in manly sports will, all other things being equal, draw the most students, and the matriculant who feels coursing through his veins the strength of lusty youth, will naturally be attracted by the prowess of the football teams of 'Varsity, or Queen's, or McGill, and will pass over—and rightly, too—the meagre claims of Victoria athletics. If our College is to advance—and the gods grant that she may—she must have, as a prime necessity, a suitable campus. Our sincerest desire is that in the near future the Senate may see fit to close a definite agreement with the University of Toronto authorities for the purchase of the longed-for land at the north of the College.

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COLLEGE ATTENDANCE A MEASURE OF PROSPERITY. THERE is one sign of our national prosperity which the ubiquitous political statistician seems to have overlooked. We refer to the increased attendance at our universities, colleges, and other educational institutions. In nearly all the colleges of the country, whose opening day congratulations have come under our notice, the freshman classes are encouragingly and, in some cases, phenomenally large. The same observation may be made concerning the purely professional and technical schools, which prepare the student for immediate entrance into a gainful calling. The return of commercial and industrial prosperity enlarges opportunities for skilled employment, for professional ability, and enables parents to give their children a better education than would otherwise be possible. The college catalogues are in a very significant sense the barometers of the business revival, or, at least, of the trust and confidence of the business world that the outlook is promising. We have not been able to get complete statistics of the aggregate college and university attendance of Canada during the past few years, but, judging from the statistics which were available, we believe we are justified in saying that there has been a steady and, in some cases, a phenomenal increase of students at our institutions of higher learning. For instance, the figures for McGill University read: Session of

'90-'91, 822 students; '94-'95, 1,149 students; '97-'98, 1,272 students. Our own College reflects in a marked degree our national prosperity and depression, the figures reading: Session of '92-'93, net attendance 297; '93-'94, net attendance 185; '94-'95, net attendance 188; '95-'96, net attendance 234; '96-'97, net attendance 253; '97-'98, net attendance, 283. It will be seen that our attendance was lowest during the period of greatest depression—*i.e.*, from 1893 to 1896—while with the return of commercial confidence the net attendance rapidly increases. In connection with the above figures it may be interesting to note that our registered attendance at the beginning of the month showed a slight increase over the corresponding period of last year. The figures stand: Freshmen, 52; Sophomores, 42; Juniors, 31; Seniors, 32; Post-Graduates, 13; Conference Men, 48—total, 218.

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY  
EXTENSION  
LECTURES.

WE note with great pleasure the announcement of our faculty of the extension lectures for the coming winter. The only charge in connection with the lectures is for travelling and entertainment expenses. Any person desiring further information will communicate with the Secretary of the Faculty, the Rev. Prof. E. I. Badgley, LL.D.

Sec. I.—Education—Ethical, Social and Political Sciences: Prof. E. I. Badgley (1) John Stuart Mill, (2) Herbert Spencer, (3) The King of Gyges, (2) Woman. President Burwash (1) Books, their use and abuse. (2) Early Scottish History, (3) Protection as a National Policy. Mr. W. S. Evans, M.A. (1) Sport, (2) Courage, (3) Patriotism. Prof. L. E. Horning, Social Life and Ideals in the Middle Ages. Prof. A. H. Reynar (1) Alfred the Great, (2) The Intellectual Development of Christendom. Prof. J. C. Robertson, Glimpses of Greek Life.

Sec. II.—Literature, Ancient and Modern: Prof. A. J. Bell, Lucretius. President Burwash, The Recovery of a Lost Language. Prof. John Burwash, Unwritten Language—Elocution. Mr. Pelham Edgar, Ph.D., Shelley, the Man and the Poet (available after Christmas). Prof. L. E. Horning (1) The Evolution of an Author—a study of Goethe, (2) Faust, 3. Canadian Literature. Mr. A. E. Lang, B.A. (1) Modern German Realism, (2) Two Recent German Dramas. Prof. A. H. Reynar (1) Chaucer, (2) Browning, (3) Mrs. Browning, (4) Humor, (5) Ancient Classics and Modern Classics in our Schools, (6) Literature, its Nature and Uses. Prof. J. C. Robertson (1) The Life and Work of Socrates, (2) The Story of our Mother Tongue. Prof. F. H. Wallace, The Story of Greek and Latin Classics (available after Christmas).

Sec. III. Scientific: Prof. A. R. Bain, The Problem of the Planets. President Burwash, From the Myth to the Microbe: a comparative study of ancient and modern science. Prof. John Burwash (1) Water, (2) Light

and the Cause of Color, (3) Wonders of Science. Prof. A. P. Coleman (1) The Ice Age in Canada, (2) Mountain Building. Mr. C. C. James, M.A., Romance of Agriculture. Prof. J. F. McLaughlin (1) Pond Life, (2) The Silurian Ocean (available after Christmas).

Sec. IV.—Biblical and Theological: Prof. E. I. Badgley (1) The Religious Views of Emmanuel Kant, (2) The Resurrection of Christ, (3) Morality and Religion, (4) The Basis of Apologetics, (5) The Theistic Concept. President Burwash, Old and New in Theology. Prof. J. F. McLaughlin (1) The Story of the Hebrew Bible, (2) The Story of the English Bible (available after Christmas). Prof. A. H. Reynar (1) Alliance of Learning and Religion, (2) Experience v. Speculation in Religion. Prof. F. H. Wallace (1) How to Study the Bible, (2) The Influence of Uncanonical Jewish Literature in the New Testament (available after Christmas).

## Literary.

### A POEM.

LINES IN DEDICATION OF THE NEW WING OF THE LIBRARY AT  
HAVERFORD COLLEGE, BUILT IN MEMORY OF  
JOHN FARNUM BROWN, OF THE  
CLASS OF 1893.

IN yon old alcoves, by the waning day,  
How many a youth, at beck of word or rhyme,  
Has watched exultant while some wizard ray  
Lit the long pageant of remembered time !

And one there was we knew, whose footsteps came,  
How often, hurrying eager to the quest,  
Who read and loved and dreamed, and felt the flame  
Of generous yearning kindle in his breast.

Nor vainly. What his own hope could not yield,  
Cut off by fate inexorable, here  
He bids his brothers seek in ampler field,  
And pluck the laurels of a happier year.

What word shall bless these walls? Beyond the cope  
Of arching skies, beyond the night of doubt,  
When Kepler pierced, there came a trembling hope,—  
To find within the God he found without.

And he who forged a weapon out of love  
 To smite the hosts of arrogance and sin,  
 Fox knew one duty, every hest above,—  
 To show without the God he found within.

This double boon we ask. Let learning trace,  
 Lord of both worlds, the wavering torch of art,  
 Now borne afar upon the verge of space,  
 Now sunk in caverns of the human heart,—

Beacon of science on the perilous shore,  
 Beacon of conscience, severed yet akin,—  
 God of our fathers, grant for evermore  
 Harmonious here the Light without, within!

—FRANCIS B. GUMMERE, in *American Forum*.

---

## EAST AND WEST.

---

From east to west the circling word has passed  
 Till west is east beside our land-locked blue;  
 From east to west the tested chain holds fast,  
 The well-forged link rings true.

A WESTERN sketch in ACTA VICTORIANA! A cow-boy with quirt, lariat, top boots and sombrero, wandering through scholarly Victoria! And yet I know that although life in Victoria may flow in more conventional channels, it is chafing its banks, and pulsing and throbbing with joy and hope and fear, just as truly as the more outwardly impetuous life of the West.

\* \* \*

LIFE in the West is different. One feels the new atmosphere west of Winnipeg. It is difficult to say exactly in what the difference consists, but the difference is there. The East, perhaps, is bound by the traditions of the past; in the West there is no past. In the East a business failure carries with it the element of social disgrace. In the West Browning's philosophy is practically exemplified, inasmuch that no sooner the old hope goes to the ground than a new one, "straight to the self-same mark," is immediately shaped.

AFTERNOON tea! To a Victoria College girl the words call up a vision of pretty gowns, smart bonnets, hand-painted china, sometimes gold, silver and cut-glass brought over seas, wildernesses of palms and roses, silken-hung rooms where perfume and flowers fall in showers, and in the pauses of conversation soft strains of music.

But tea on board a lumber ship lying-in at a sawmill on the western coast—that was different. There was the throb of the engine, the buzz of saws, the clank of machinery and the whir of belts in the adjacent sawmill. There was the lap of the waves, the smell of salt water, the flash of the sea-gull's wing and the sweet breath of newly-sawn lumber.

We clambered up a gangway and down a ladder, and were duly shown over the ship by the gallant captain, who patiently explained the peculiarities of brigs, brigantines, ships, barques, schooners and "four-posters."

This peculiar ship had come from London to Rio, and then around "the Horn" to the western coast, where it was loading lumber for South Africa. The captain spoke of meeting his wife in Africa as casually as one makes an appointment to meet a friend in town.

But the tea in the captain's cabin touched our women's souls. The cabin itself was full of curios, jade, lacquer, shells, corals and rugs. The tea had been shipped in Ceylon, the champagne fingers in London, and the little pies were as food for the gods. Candied ginger and curious eastern dried fruits were produced from a corner cupboard, and altogether we felt that we had had a delightful glimpse into a world and a life of which we knew nothing.

Beneath all the laughter and talk one felt a strong undercurrent of genuine friendliness. That is characteristic of the West, possibly because there is so much change there. People meet and talk and know one another below the surface, then train or trail or boat separates them, and they go their ways with a happy memory that is a real and precious possession.

\* \* \*

A JULY evening on Toronto Bay! There is a dim deliciousness in the thin grey mist that cuts off the gliding canoes from the world of motion on the island, and softens the gorgeous flood of color flung on the water by the electric lights. There is always a boat-load singing, "Good evening. Have you used Pears' Soap?" as a long-metre doxology. One always says, "Now, we'll come home before the *Empress* comes," but later the *Empress* is made an excuse to linger.

So it was summers ago ; so I found it again this summer, only there was an inevitable turning back in thought to other times not long past when, perhaps, but a solitary canoe shot out on the Kootenay Lake. There was no flotilla of boats there, no band, no lights, but the mountains have the entrancing beauty of the Olympians. There is a sea of shimmering, palpitating purple which suddenly becomes a garment of rapturous calm. Later, moonlight floods lake and valley, and the snow-clad peaks gleam with the glory that one conceives as pertaining to the great white throne.

" Come up into the mountains,  
Come up into the blue,  
Oh, soul, down in the valley !  
The way is clear for you.

" The mountains ! oh, the mountains !  
How all the ambient air  
Bends like a benediction  
And all the soul is prayer ! "

\* \* \*

A SABBATH-DAY in the East is familiar to us all, with its conventionally well dressed congregation, the triumphant chords of the organ, the softened light filtering through stained-glass windows, and the subtle perfume breathing through the air.

But a Sabbath-day in the West, where a little flock of people gather and talk before the service as if they were all of one family, is an experience that leaves a vivid impression. Through the open windows one may see beyond the big coulee, the half-breed shacks, a bunch of horses, and farther over, silhouetted against the horizon, a band of sheep from a flock of twenty thousand. One hears with a strange emotion the voice of the little congregation rise and fall on

" Eternal are thy mercies, Lord.  
Eternal truth attends thy word."

I have never yet found adequate expression for that peculiar feeling of isolation and unreality which overwhelms one at the sight or sound of the familiar in unfamiliar surroundings. The eyes grow dim and the lips quiver with the surging wave of memory.

\* \* \*

CONVERSATION in the West is to an Easterner like the reading of a new book. One forgets the cult of curriculums and colleges, and learns to talk of brands, round-ups, rock, smelters, concentrators, new



railroads and the stock quotations. One becomes an authority on salmon, while pelagic sealing grows of much more importance than the finding of least squares. Gradually one incorporates the current expressions into one's vocabulary. No one in British Columbia, *carries* anything; he *packs* it. The children do not throw *stones*; they throw *rocks*. One is not exhorted "to hustle," but "to rustle," while "outfit" may mean anything from a set of tools to a train-load of Chinamen.

\* \* \*

No mere trip really suffices to know the life of the West. When one is fresh from school or college, the man who performs the esoteric gymnastic feat of eating with his knife, or who says "I seen it," is consigned to outer darkness. But when a man has really seen everything from Mexico to Cariboo, it seems of little moment whether he seen it or saw it. Poverty of language becomes a trifle when compared with poverty of experience. One does not despise the small conventions, but one learns to give them their proper place in the perspective of life. Along with the broader view, one inevitably gains a certain depressing knowledge of the hollowness of men and things. But, after all, the new life of a different land is an experience and an education, and truly there seems to be in the West something that fascinates, something in the land of the setting sun that calls you and draws you, and will not let you go till you have drunk its life to the lees. It makes you glad to be yourself and not another, even if that other were happier.

KATE CONWAY.

### PARODY.

PARODY is like many other delightful things in life, that through lack of taste have been so often perverted and misused as to bring down upon them an indiscriminating taboo, falling, like the rain, alike upon the just and the unjust. So many parodies are inane or clownish, so many are offensive to good taste, and the vulgar or insipid parody is so easy to write (and therefore so often written) that many are inclined to deny the parody all literary merit, and to begrudge even the most clever parodist any stronger praise than Lincoln's cautious verdict: "For those who like this sort of thing, this is just the sort of thing they would like."

Parodies of a certain sort anyone can write; such poems as, "The Raven," "Hamlet's Soliloquy," "Excelsior," "My Mother," and

"The Charge of the Light Brigade," have been adapted and travestied by thousands—mostly fools, if we may ourselves adapt Carlyle's famous dictum. And there are parodies of another sort, which must be counted good poetry inasmuch as they give lasting intellectual pleasure by means of verse to refined minds; much rarer, to be sure, but simply because they are works of art, and all art, as Aristotle has it, lies in the realm of the difficult.

If it be asked, what are the qualities of a good parody? it will be found easier, as it generally is with all questions of literary merit or of taste, to illustrate than to define. And so in this article, after dwelling briefly on a few general characteristics, we shall proceed to the more pleasant task of making the acquaintance of some examples of parody that, while not of uniform excellence (being chosen to illustrate various kinds of parody), are still well worth reading, as they were well worth doing.

One obvious distinction between good and bad parodies is in the style: the light touch, the felicitous turns, the verbal dexterity of the skilful parodist can never be classed with the clumsy and ungraceful work of the man who has no real sense of style, and who appears to write rhythmically only because he has the support of the original poem he is burlesquing.

Not merely in manner, however, but in matter also, should the parodist avoid playing the buffoon. Not all literature can be safely parodied. Poems which really touch men's hearts, whether by sublimity of vision and of expression, or by the sense of tears in human things, or by insight into the soul's noblest aspirations—such poems are holy ground, and are seldom profaned even by the vulgar maker of burlesques. To degrade such writings by an application to the lowest and most trivial things may, as Dr. Johnson said of an attempted parody on Milton, gratify the mind with a momentary triumph over grandeur, but the merit remains with the first author. The parodist never spoils for us anything really good. Even if his bad taste leads him to essay such desecration, the attempt will inevitably fail, unless the reader's mind have the same taint as the writer's.

On the other hand, the parodist of taste and skill does often perform a real service by exposing some weakness in style or thought, some affectation or extravagance or unseemliness, in writings that are more popular than perfect. He is, as it has been said, an iconoclast who breaks the images of false gods only. Criticism of this kind is in such cases peculiarly effective; no weapon is so deadly as ridicule in

dealing with mannerisms and foibles, and in Shaftesbury's phrase, "a subject which will not bear raillery is suspicious." If, however, the parodist is to take high rank as a critic he must not merely be able to reproduce striking mannerisms and purely external tricks of style: he must also possess a real insight into the very workings of the writer's mind; he must test the quality of thought, and not simply imitate its outer garb. Thus the skilful parodist requires for the purpose of criticism the same qualities as the skilful interpreter, and we are therefore not surprised to learn that C. S. Calverley, who is conceded to be the prince of parodists, was almost equally eminent as a translator. For perfect work the parodist requires, in addition to this interpretative and critical power, a sense of form, a fineness and certainty of touch, and above all a true vein of humor.

We have then in this critical reproduction, one of the chief divisions of parody—where the aim is to treat certain weaknesses of style or of thought with the raillery they deserve. From its very nature this class of parody is not that most frequently attempted by the incompetent or the frivolous.

A second kind, which more often attracts such people, has mere amusement for its aim, and seeks to secure a humorous effect by such a transformation of some well-known poem that there shall be an echo of both sound and sense, and yet a very different effect produced. This class is of close kin to the pun for punning's sake, and is a favorite haunt of the buffoon. But the examples of really good work in this class are very few, for the reason that if a man possessing a sense of humor and of style is in the vein for fooling, he will generally prefer to be a jester at first hand, and not a mere mimic.

It is to the third class that most parodies (both good and bad) belong. Here we have what may be called a translation or a rendering up to date; in other words we have some well-known poem so altered as, while always suggesting the original, to deal in a humorous fashion with topics of passing interest. This is akin not to the pun for mere punning's sake, but to the pun which is *a'ropos*. Success here depends—apart from the ever-necessary qualities of a sense of humor and of style—upon two things: upon having something really interesting to say upon an interesting theme; and upon the skill displayed in choosing an appropriate original to parody.

In all that has been written, and in the examples that follow, account has been taken only of parodies in verse, these being the most frequent and the most typical. But there are also prose parodies, the most famous being Thackeray's "Novels by Eminent Hands," and

Bret Harte's "Condensed Novels," both extremely good examples of the parody of criticism. In these we have the style, typical plots and habits of thought of various English novelists exhibited in miniature for our edification and amusement. To the same class belong also some of Andrew Lang's "Letters to Dead Authors." Many adaptations, too, of single lines will live as long as most of the longer parodies: for instance, the remark of Calverley who, when out walking one day with James Payn, the novelist, and other friends, heard Payn complaining of the trying pace, and at once quoted from "Macbeth," "The pleasure that delights us physics Payn."

All parody requires, of course, for its success, that the original imitated shall be well known, and in making the following selections I have tried not merely to give representative and interesting examples, but also to confine myself to parodies with whose originals the readers of this article are likely to be familiar.

The trivialities of Wordsworth, at those not infrequent times when—though deserted by the Muse, he still would write, have been burlesqued many a time since the publication of the "Rejected Addresses." The following is by Calverley:

#### PEACE—A STUDY.

He stood, a worn-out city clerk—  
Who'd toiled and seen no holiday.  
For forty years from dawn to dark—  
Alone beside Caermarthen Bay.

He felt the salt spray on his lips;  
Heard children's voices on the sands,  
Up the sun's path he saw the ships  
Sail on and on to other lands;

And laughed aloud. Each sight and sound  
To him was joy too deep for tears;  
He sat him on the beach, and bound  
A blue bandanna round his ears:

And thought how, posted near his door,  
His own green door on Camden Hill,  
Two bands at least, most likely more,  
Were mingling at their own sweet will

Verdi with Vance. And at the thought  
He laughed again, and softly drew  
That *Morning Herald* that he'd bought  
Forth from his breast, and read it through.

Less successful as an imitation, but so good a piece of criticism that it deserves a place, is the following sonnet, of whose authorship I am not certain ; I think it is by J. K. Stephen :

Two voices are there : one is of the deep ;  
It learns the storm-cloud's thunderous melody,  
Now roars, now murmurs with the changing sea,  
Now bird-like pipes, now closes soft in sleep ;  
And one is of an old half-witted sheep  
Which bleats articulate monotony  
And indicates that two and one are three,  
That grass is green, lakes damp, and mountains steep.  
And, Wordsworth, both are thine. At certain times  
Forth from the heart of thy melodious rhymes  
The form and pressure of high thought will burst ;  
At other times—Good Lord ! I'd rather be  
Quite unacquainted with the A B C  
Than write such hopeless rubbish as thy worst.

Nothing better has ever been written in imitation of Scott's poetic style than the "Tale of Drury Lane," in "Rejected Addresses," a portion of which runs thus :

The summon'd firemen woke at call,  
And hied them to their stations all ;  
Starting from short and broken snooze,  
Each sought his pond'rous hobnail'd shoes,  
But first his worsted hosen plied,  
Plush breeches next, in crimson dyed,  
His nether bulk embraced ;  
Then jacket thick, of red and blue,  
Whose massy shoulder gave to view  
The badge of each respective crew,  
In tin or copper traced.  
The engines thunder'd through the street,  
Fire-hook, pipe, bucket, all complete  
And torches glared, and clattering feet  
Along the pavement paced.

Back, Robins, back ! Crump, stand aloof !  
Whitford, keep near the walls !  
Huggins, regard your own behoof,  
For lo ! the blazing, rocking roof  
Down, down in thunder falls !

At length the mist awhile was clear'd,  
 When lo ! amid the wreck uprear'd,  
 Gradual a moving head appear'd,  
 And Eagle firemen knew  
 'Twas Joseph Muggins, name revered,  
 The foreman of their crew.  
 Loud shouted all in signs of wo,  
 " A Muggins ! to the rescue, ho !"  
 And pour'd the hissing tide :  
 Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain  
 And strove and struggled all in vain,  
 For, rallying but to fall again,  
 He totter'd, sunk and died !

Did none attempt, before he fell,  
 To succor one they loved so well ?  
 Yes, Higginbottom did aspire  
 (His fireman's soul was all on fire)  
 His brother chief to save.

Alas, in vain ! He, too, falls while urging on his men—

" What are they fear'd on ? fools ! 'od rot 'em !"  
 Were the last words of Higginbottom.

From Calverley's "Wanderers," written in imitation of Tennyson, I take the following extract, the first portion of which is an amazing *tour de force*, scarcely belonging to the parody of criticism, while the concluding lines hit off admirably the elaborate simplicity of the ending of more than half of Tennyson's English Idylls. The writer has met on the hillside a travelling tinker, who tells him of his manner of life :

' I loiter down by thorp and town ;  
 For any job I'm willing ;  
 Take here and there a dusty brown,  
 And here and there a shilling.

' I deal in every ware in turn,  
 I've rings for buddin' Sally  
 That sparkle like those eyes of her'n.  
 I've liquor for the valet.

' I steal from th' parson's strawberry plots,  
 I hide by th' squire's covers ;  
 I teach the sweet young housemaids what's  
 The art of trapping lovers.

- ' The things I've done 'neath moon and stars  
 Have got me into messes ;  
 I've seen the sky through prison bars,  
 I've torn up prison dresses ;
- ' I've sat, I've sighed, I've gloomed, I've glanced  
 With envy at the swallows,  
 That through the window slid, and danced  
 (Quite happy) round the gallows ;
- ' But out again I come, and show  
 My face, nor care a stiver ;  
 For trades are brisk and trades are slow,  
 But mine goes on forever.'

Thus on he prattled like a babbling brook.  
 Then I, ' The sun has slipt behind the hill,  
 And my Aunt Vivian dines at half-past six.'  
 So in all love we parted ; I to the Hall,  
 He to the village. It was noised next noon  
 That chickens had been missed at Syllabub Farm.

Browning's strongly marked peculiarities have been a constant temptation to the parodist. Of the following the first, which beneath apparent profundity conceals mere "clotted nonsense," is by Swinburne (though published anonymously), and the second by Calverley. Both are, of course, but specimen portions of the parody.

Love me and leave me ; what love bids retrieve me ; can June's fist  
 grasp May ?  
 Leave me and love me ; hopes eyed once above me like spring's sprouts  
 decay ;  
 Fall as the snow falls, when summer leaves grow false—cards packed for  
 storm's play.

One particularly atrocious line satirizes Browning's frequent harsh collocations of consonants—

Ah ! how can fear sit and hear, as love hears it, grief's heart's cracked  
 grate's screech.

Calverley's parody is upon "The Ring and the 'Book."

## THE COCK AND THE BULL.

You see this pebble-stone? It's a thing I bought  
 Of a bit of a chit of a boy i' the mid o' the day—  
 I like to dock the smaller parts of speech  
 As we curtail the already cur-tailed cur,  
 (You catch the paronomasia, play o' words?)  
 Did rather, i' the pre-Landseerian days.  
 Well to my muttons. I purchased the concern  
 And clapt it i' my poke, and gave for same  
 By way, to-wit, of barter or exchange—  
 "Chop" was my snickering dandiprat's own term—  
 One shilling and fourpence, current coin o' the realm,  
 O-n-e one and f-o-u-r four  
 Pence, one and four pence—you are with me, sir?  
 What hour it skills not: ten or eleven o' the clock,  
 One day (and what a roaring day it was!)  
 In February, eighteen sixty nine,  
 Alexandrina Victoria, Fidei  
 Hm-hm how runs the jargon? being on throne.

Such, sir, are all the facts, succinctly put,  
 The basis or substratum—what you will—  
 Of the impending eighty thousand lines.  
 "Not much in 'em either," quoth perhaps simple Hodge.  
 But there's a superstructure. Wait a bit.

Jean Ingelow's poems are not very fashionable now, but the type is so familiar that these first stanzas of Calverley's "Lovers and a Reflection," can be enjoyed by all:

In moss-prankt cells which the sunbeams flatter  
 (And heaven it knoweth what that may mean;  
 Meaning, however, is no great matter)  
 Where woods are a-tremble, with rifts atween;

Through God's own heather, we wonned together,  
 I and my Willie (O love my love):  
 I need hardly remark it was glorious weather  
 And flutterbats wavered alow, above:

Boats were curtseying, rising, bowing,  
 (Boats in that climate are so polite),  
 And sands were a ribbon of green endowing,  
 And O the sun-dazzle on bark and bight!

Thro' the rare red heather we danced together,  
 (O love my Willie!) and smelt for flowers:  
 I must mention again it was gorgeous weather,  
 Rhymes are so scarce in this world of ours.



In justice to Jean Ingelow it should be said that she thoroughly enjoyed Calverley's parodies—for he has still another parody of her poetry—a ballad with a refrain in every stanza in imitation of her "Mopsa"; e.g. :

Her sheep followed her, as their tails did them,  
*(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese,)*  
 And this song is considered a perfect gem,  
 And as for the meaning, it's what you please.

Parodies of the third class are apt to deal with matters of but transitory moment ; many, however, of the cleverest have been written by English university men on subjects of perennial interest to the undergraduate, such, for instance, as the various tragic aspects of examinations. Of these I know of none more clever than two by Hilton, written at Cambridge. The first is modelled after the style of Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinees," and tells of the detection of a certain Tom Crib. Two of the stanzas run as follows :

On the cuffs of his shirt  
 He had managed to get  
 What we hoped had been dirt,  
 But which proved, I regret,  
 To be notes on the Rise of the Drama,  
 A question invariably set.

In the crown of his cap  
 Were the Furies and Fates,  
 And a delicate map  
 Of the Dorian States,  
 And we found in his palms, which were hollow,  
 What are frequent in palms, that is, dates.

The last two lines are, I think, distinctly better than the original. The second of Hilton's poems deserves quotation in full. It is based upon "The Walrus and the Carpenter" in Lewis Carroll's "Through the Looking Glass," a sequel to "Alice in Wonderland." If any reader of these lines is unacquainted with those delightful books, he may consider his education deplorably imperfect.\*

\* The author, recently deceased, was an Oxford Don, and it has been said that the two greatest productions of Oxford in the last generation were Liddell and Scott's Greek Lexicon and "Alice in Wonderland."

## THE VULTURE AND THE HUSBANDMAN.

N.B. --A *Vulture* is a rapacious and obscene bird, which destroys its prey by *plucking* it limb from limb with its powerful beak and talons.

A *Husbandman* is a man in a low position in life, who supports himself by the use of the *plough*.—Johnson's Dictionary.

THE rain was raining cheerfully  
As if it had been May,  
The Senate House appeared inside  
Unusually gay ;  
And this was strange, because it was  
A Viva-voce day.

The men were sitting sulkily,  
Their paper work was done,  
They wanted much to go away  
To ride or row or run :  
"It's very rude," they said, "to keep  
Us here and spoil the fun."

The papers they had finished lay  
In piles of blue and white,  
They answered everything they could,  
And wrote with all their might ;  
But though they wrote it all by rote  
They did not write it right.

The Vulture and the Husbandman  
Beside these piles did stand :  
They wept like anything to see  
The work they had in hand :  
"If this were only finished up,"  
Said they, "it would be grand!"

"If seven D's or seven C's  
We give to all the crowd,  
Do you suppose," the Vulture said,  
"That we could get them ploughed?"

"I think so," said the Husbandman,  
"But pray don't talk so loud."

"Oh, Undergraduates, come up !"  
The Vulture did beseech,  
"And let us see if you can learn  
As well as we can teach ;  
We cannot do with more than two  
To have a word with each."

Two Undergraduates came up,  
And slowly took a seat ;  
They knit their brows, and bit their  
thumbs,

As if they found them sweet ;  
And this was odd, because you know  
Thumbs are not good to eat.

"The time has come," the Vulture said,  
"To talk of many things—  
Of accident and adjectives,  
And names of Jewish kings :  
How many notes a sackbut has,  
And whether shawms have strings."

"Please, sir," the Undergraduates said,  
Turning a little blue,  
"We did not know that was the sort  
Of thing we had to do."  
"We thank you much," the Vulture said,  
"Send up another two."

Two more came up, and then two more,  
And more, and more, and more,  
And some looked upwards at the roof,  
Some down upon the floor,  
But none were any wiser than  
The pair that went before.

"I weep for you," the Vulture said,  
"I deeply sympathize !"  
With sobs and tears he gave them all  
D's of the largest size,  
While at the Husbandman he winked  
Out of his streaming eyes.

"I think," observed the Husbandman,  
"We're getting on too quick ;  
Are we not putting down the D's  
A little bit too thick ?"  
The Vulture said with much disgust,  
"Their answers make me sick."

"Now, Undergraduates," he cried,  
"Our fun is nearly done.  
Will anybody else come up ?"  
But answer came there none :  
And this was scarcely odd, because  
They'd ploughed them, every one !

Another aspect of examinations is shown in the following extract from a parody by "Q" (Couch) of Browning's "Caliban." In it, as in "The Vulture and the Husbandman," reference is made to the examination in divinity (the Rudiments of Faith and Religion) once required of every Cambridge man.

Rudiments, Rudiments and Rudiments !  
 'Thinketh one made them i' the fit o' the blues.  
 'Thinketh, it came of being ill at ease—  
 'Hath heard that ' Satan finds some mischief still  
 For idle hands,' and the rest o't. That's the case.  
 Also 'hath heard they pop the names i' the hat.  
 Toss out a brace, a dozen stick inside ;  
 Let forty through and plough the sorry rest.  
 'Thinketh, such shows nor right nor wrong in them,  
 Only their strength, being made o' sloth i' the main—  
 'Am strong myself compared to yonder names  
 O' Jewish towns i' the paper. Watch th' event—  
 'Let twenty pass, 'have a shot at twenty-first.  
 'Miss Ramoth-Gilead, 'take Jehoiakim,  
 'Let Abner by and spot Melchizedek.  
 Knowing not, caring not, just choosing so.  
 As it likes me each time, I do ; so they.

Finally, let me call attention to the brilliant translations of Horace (applied to latter-day politics) given in Graves' "Hawarden Horace." Those who may not remember the original of the passage I have selected (Odes II. 1., stanzas 4 to 6), will find that a reference to the Latin adds immeasurably to the point and humor of the English. In the original, Horace addresses Pollio, statesman and poet, who was about to write a history of the civil wars ; Graves' poem is addressed to Justin McCarthy, Irish M.P. and novelist, who was engaged in writing "The History of Our Own Times."

You'll be missed, my dear McCarthy, in the councils of the Party,  
 They'll regret you when the wigs are on the green ;  
 For you earned unfading laurels by composing endless quarrels,  
 As the Chairman of Committee Room Fifteen.\*

My prophetic soul can image your description of each scrimmage,  
 Hear the pipers playing patriotic tunes ;  
 Mark the stout shillelagh flatten the constabulary baton,  
 And the peasantry dispersing the dragoons.

\* The Committee room of the Irish Home Rule party.

I can hear the chiefs haranguing, and the brutal carbines banging,  
 See the hero all distrousered in his cell, †  
 And observe with admiration the majestic isolation,  
 The indomitable spirit of Parnell.

For an example of what has been called above the second class, perhaps the parody of Tennyson's "Song of the Brook," already given, will serve. Other examples may be found in the nonsense-verses of the two books by Lewis Carroll, of which I have spoken, and which, to those who have sense enough to appreciate their nonsense, have been a source of perennial delight.

J. C. ROBERTSON.

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### DEAN FARRAR'S SUMMARY OF BROWNING'S MESSAGE.

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IF, then, I might venture to try to sum up in a sentence the main lessons of Robert Browning's life and poetry, it would be somewhat thus: Live out truly, nobly, bravely, wisely, happily, your human life as a human life; not as a supernatural life, for you are a man and not an angel; not as a sensual life, for you are a man and not a brute; not as a wicked life, for you are a man and not a demon; not as a frivolous life, for you are a man and not an insect. Live each day the true life of a man to-day; not yesterday's life only lest you should become a murmurer; not to-morrow's life only, lest you become a visionary; but the life of happy yesterdays and confident to-morrows—the life of to-day unwounded by the Parthian arrows of yesterday, and undarkened by the possible cloudland of to-morrow. Life is indeed a mystery; but it was God who gave it, in a world "wrapped round with sweet air, and bathed with sunshine, and abounding with knowledge;" and a ray of eternal light falls upon it even here, and that light shall wholly transfigure it beyond the grave.

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"O WORLD as God has made it! all is beauty,  
 And knowing this is love, and love is duty."  
 "But love I gave thee, with Myself to love,  
 And thou must love Me, who have died for thee."

—*Browning.*

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† One of the Irish M.P.'s (Wm. O'Brien, I think), temporarily imprisoned for some political offence, refused to wear prison garb, and when his own clothes were taken away while he was bathing, took to his bed and refused to rise. His friends eventually smuggled another suit in.

## Scientific.

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### COLOR IN ANIMALS.

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EVEN to the uninitiated the animal creation presents a wealth of coloration rivalling the plant or the inorganic—the pure white of the ermine, the sober gray of the otter, the rich brown of the sable, and the deep black of the raven, the varying tints of the chameleon, the vegetable green of many an insect or larva, the blue and gold of the butterfly. Man has flattered himself that all this variety has been created for his especial delight, to satisfy his æsthetic tastes, just as he used to fancy that the blue dome of his mansion was decked with bright stars, planets, and constellations merely for his delectation. But man has been learning, has become more humble, and now finds himself subject to laws like to those that prevail in the organic world about him. Hence it is that other reasons than the selfish one given have been discovered for color in animals.

Color itself we cannot discuss. It is a part of Nature, and all that we can do is to find out the uses to which it is put in some cases. I say some cases, because in many cases, such as the color of the blood, or of the coral, we can no more give a reason than we can for the blue of the sky or the green of the grass. As for the rest, there are probably two distinct classes of color, namely, protective and ornamental.

By protective coloration is meant color that secures its possessor from the attacks of its enemies, or from the observation of its prey. As it is thus of *use*, the principle of natural selection prevails, so that those animals whose particular variations of color best protect them from their foes, or conceal them from the acuteness of their prey, stand the best chance in the struggle for existence, or, in other words, are selected from their fellows to perpetuate the race, and at the same time the favorable coloration.

Protection is obtained in many ways, but in none so frequently as a simulation of the surroundings. Thus we find that most animals in the Arctic regions are white, not because it is the color best calculated to protect against the cold, as some have supposed, but for the reason already stated. It is worthy of note that some Arctic animals, such as the musk-sheep, sable, and raven, are not white, but often brown or black. Now, the musk-sheep live in herds, and hence must be able to recognize one another at a distance; the sables catch their prey in

the dark foliage of the pines ; and the ravens are strong and live on carrion, hence do not require protection.

The inhabitants of the desert are the color of the sand, a striking illustration of which is furnished by the lion, and the dwellers in the forests are largely brown or green, according as to whether they live on the brown bark or the green leaves.

Some markings that seem to us so striking when seen in animals removed from their surroundings are found to be peculiarly adaptive to the natural environment of the animals. The stripes of the tiger, or the spots of the leopard furnish good examples. It is stated by hunters that stripes on the tiger so closely resemble the long, dry, yellowish grass and the shadows of the jungle in which it lives, and the spots on the leopard the light and dark shadows of the leaves of its arboreal home, that when motionless it requires the keenest observation to locate the position of these animals. Anyone, too, who has happened to see a garter snake or a milk snake crossing the white road, knows it is a very different thing hunting these little reptiles in the long, green grass.

Very curiously, indeed, some animals add to their color some peculiarity of position or structure in imitation of objects in their vicinity. Thus many caterpillars have the fashion of resting in such a position that their tail or head turned away from the branch upon which they are resting, resembles a twig. Remarkable instances in point are to be noted in certain butterflies and moths, which both in color, shape and venation of wings, are to be distinguished with the greatest difficulty from the dead leaves among which they habitually live. Fair examples may be seen in our own woods, but very excellent ones have been collected from foreign countries, and may be seen in the museum in the Biological building. This imitation of objects may be carried to such an extent that the coloration becomes conspicuous. To the great delight of the naturalist Forbes, a species of spider was found that so closely resembled the excrement of birds that it was by the merest chance that he discovered his mistake. This spider, an inhabitant of Java, usually lies on its back in wait for some unsuspecting insect, usually a butterfly, which, in search of a meal, finds itself in the clutches of what it supposed to be a lifeless mass. This is an example of "alluring coloration."

Perhaps stranger yet is the power on the part of the chameleon and the tree toad of changing their color to suit the color of the locality. This power is due to the possession of pigment cells, whose size may be varied at will. And there is no one but is familiar with

the fact that the hare and the stoat change the color of their clothes to suit the season.

There is not space here for the discussion of egg coloration, but a little observation will show that the following rule is closely followed : Eggs that are always covered or are hidden from observation in any way, are white, while those at any time exposed are protectively colored.

A good many instances of protective coloration have been included under the term "Mimicry." The tropics furnish the best examples. Interesting and instructive specimens illustrating this remarkable device of Nature's are to be found in the museum. If a defenceless animal which is much sought after for food comes to resemble an animal protected either by weapons or by an obnoxious flavor, there will then be a certain "immunity" from attack, and the better the imitation the better the chance for *selection*. It is found that these imitators inhabit the same region as the imitated. They are fewer in number. They are defenceless. They differ in color from the species related to them. Their resemblance to the imitated is only skin deep. In Central America we find that two or three harmless snakes resemble a species of the poisonous elaps. An insect is likewise found with a green back which looks like a green leaf. In the same region there are ants that habitually carry about green leaves thrown over their backs to serve as sunshades. Species of the small family of butterflies, the *Peridæ*, resemble species of the *Heliconidæ*, *Acræidæ* and *Danaidæ*, which are so distasteful that none but the inexperienced bird would eat even if starving.

But there is yet another kind of protective coloration that has already been hinted at. I refer to "Warning" colors. Anyone who has seen the skunk is struck with the conspicuous markings of the animal and his easy gait. His color at once announces who he is, and he feels safe, for everybody recognizes him and will give him right of way. By natural selection those of his species with the most striking coloration will prove most successful in the struggle for existence—they will be the fittest to survive, because they will be sooner recognized than their hapless fellows.

Thus in one way or another the wonderful variety in colors, often disposed in remarkable and fantastic patterns, is not for our pleasure or to satisfy the pride of the possessor, but is present rather as a safeguard to its owner. To be a safeguard we would expect to find great constancy in color and pattern among the members of the same species, and our expectations would be realized. Color is one of the most variable properties, that is to say, among the progeny of a parent

there is greater variation in color than in almost anything else. If, then, color is a factor in the struggle for existence, there must be constancy in nature's choice. Likewise if conditions are changing, the succeeding generation will soon be of a color very different from that of the ancestors. On the other hand, if color is not a factor, then we look for considerable variety among members of the same species—our domestic animals furnish a good test for our conclusion.

There is yet, however, a coloration that by Darwin and Romanes has been classed as ornamental—I refer to the coloration that marks the males from the females of the same species. But even this has been considered by Wallace to be useful rather than ornamental, and in one way or another brought about by natural selection. If merely ornamental, then the only plausible theory for the existence of such is that of sexual selection.

The theory of sexual selection postulates an æsthetic taste, and hence choice on the part of the female of the most attractive mate. This theory, then, can apply only to animals capable of selection at will, that is, to the higher animals. Color is sometimes the ornament that satisfies the taste of the artistic female. Darwin has collected a great many facts to show that some animals have a delight in the beautiful. Birds are known that deck their nests with gaily-colored feathers, and with fireflies. Many seem to be attracted by the brilliant display of their mates. Likewise it is pretty difficult to explain on any other grounds such features as the abundant and gay plumage of many males, and the strange markings, such as are found in the peacock's tail feathers. However, there is no unanimity on this subject. We would heartily recommend to our readers Wallace's "Darwinism" and Romanes' "Darwin and After Darwin," both of which treat the whole subject of evolution in a very clear and entertaining manner, although differing, as in this case, in some particulars, and even principles. Geddes and Thompson in their evolution of sex accept neither the theory of natural selection nor that of sexual selection as an explanation for these so-called ornamental colors; but they adopt the view that these result from the general constitution of the male—the male being considered as a katabolic creature, the waste matter, much of which is pigment, appearing as color.

However this may be, the whole subject of animal coloration affords one of the most interesting matters for observation and thought, and these theories lend a meaning not dreamt of little more than fifty years ago. Much yet remains to be done, many difficulties and seeming



enigmas to be explained, but already we have learned enough to see a significance in the beauty around us that, far from lessening, rather adds to the wonder, love and praise with which we look out on Nature, and from Nature up to Nature's God.

J. H. FAULL, '98.

## SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND WORKS OF CAUCHY.

(From a paper read before the Mathematical and Physical Society.)

AUGUSTIN LOUIS CAUCHY was born in Paris, April 21st, 1789. Had he been as great a general, poet, or novelist as he was a mathematician, we would no doubt hear more about him; but fame and popularity are words as a rule seldom ever applied to a mathematician, and in this Cauchy is no exception.

Of his early life we know but little. He was educated in Paris at the Polytechnic School—the nursery of many eminent men. There by his abilities, especially in mathematics, he drew the attention of his instructors. In 1805, at the age of sixteen years, he completed his course at this school, and desiring to be a civil engineer he pursued his studies in this direction until three years after, when he was employed as engineer of the works that were being constructed at the port of Cherbourg.

Here Cauchy, although busy, did not forget his favorite study, and the result was that he wrote a paper on polyhedra in 1811. The theorems he proved had baffled many mathematicians, but now by those the geometry of Euclid was complete. This paper attracted the attention of Lagrange, who asked Cauchy to solve an analogous problem, which he did in the following year. But it was his papers on Analysis during the years from 1813 to 1815 that drew the attention of mathematicians of his day, and which afterwards gained for him the name, "The Father of Modern Analysis." Many of our modern methods employed in the solution of algebraic problems arose from this perhaps his greatest work.

But let us turn our attention to some of the leading incidents during his lifetime. Among the many changes on the fall of Napoleon in 1815, the French Academy was purged of many of its members, and in spite of the indignation of the French Scientific Society, Cauchy accepted a seat to which he was called, on the expulsion of Monge. This action may be criticised; but we must here add that Cauchy was a strong supporter of the Bourbons, and believed in the "Divine right of Kings," so that his action was but the fulfilment of what was required of

him by his Sovereign. About this time he was made professor in the Polytechnic School where he lectured on Algebraic Analysis, Differential Calculus, and Theory of Curves. On the revolution in 1830 Cauchy left France and resided for two years at Turin, as professor in mathematics. From there he went to Prague to be instructor to the young Duke of Bourdeaux; but after an absence of six years he returned to Paris, and soon after was again teaching mathematics at Sevres.

In 1848 the royal power in France was overthrown and republic established. This government was more tolerant towards Cauchy, who was made professor of Astronomy and Mathematics in the faculty of science in Paris. But in the fall of the republic in 1852 he lost this position because of his refusal to take the oath of allegiance to the new government, but he was shortly after, by special permission of the Emperor, reinstated without taking the oath. He died at Paris, May 25th, 1857.

But we have only mentioned a portion of the works of this great mathematician. From 1830 to 1857 he published in the transactions of the Academy of Paris, over six hundred original memoirs, and about one hundred and fifty reports. Some, on account of the haste in which they were written, are obscure in method of treatment. Among the more important subjects dealt with are the determination of the number of real and imaginary roots in any algebraic equation; his theory of symmetrical functions relating to coefficients of equations of any degree; theorems in calculus especially relating to definite integrals; also a direct analytical method for determining planetary inequalities of long period, besides by his papers on determinants he was the first to bring them into general use. In physics he wrote several memoirs on optics, especially on the quantity of light reflected from the surfaces of metals; and here also we might mention his extensive treatment of the propagation of waves in a heavy fluid.

In private life his character is worthy of note. He was quiet and modest in demeanor, devotedly attached to the Catholic religion, yet in all simplicity, he neither made it a matter to be displayed or concealed, nor did he attempt to wound the feelings of those who held different views. He had rare favors offered him, he never asked for any, he never tried to acquire a fortune, but was content with a modest remuneration, while he gave largely to charity. Among his friends were Lagrange, Laplace, Legendre, Delambre and others noted in science or mathematics, by whom he was held in great esteem. He was a great worker, but he left behind him the fruits of his labors, besides an example of what energy and perseverance can accomplish

R. W. H., '00.

## Missionary and Religious.

### A POEM.

WHEN earth's last picture is painted,  
 And the tubes are twisted and dried ;  
 When the oldest colors have faded,  
 And the youngest critics have died ;  
 We shall rest,—and O ! we shall need it,—  
 Lie down for a moment\* or two,  
 Till the Master of all good workmen  
 Shall set us to work anew.

And those that are good shall be happy ;  
 They shall sit in a golden chair ;  
 They shall splash at a ten-league canvas  
 With brushes of camel's hair.  
 They shall have real saints to draw from,  
 Magdalene, Peter and Paul,  
 They shall work for an age at a sitting,  
 And never be tired at all.

And only the Master shall praise us,  
 And only the Master shall blame :  
 And no one shall work for money,  
 And no one shall work for fame ;  
 But each for the joy of working,  
 And each in his separate star,  
 Shall draw the thing as he sees it  
 For the God of things as they are.— *Kipling.*

### "THE EVANGELIZATION OF THE WORLD IN THIS GENERATION."

**HISTORY.** In 1888 the Executive Committee of the Student Volunteer Movement adopted this startling phrase as its battle-cry. On January 4th, 1896, British Volunteers fell into line with their American brethren by adopting the same watchword.

**Meaning.** To quote from a memorial issued to the Church of Christ in Britain by the Volunteer Movement the meaning is, "Simply

\* "Moment" is substituted for "noon," which slightly changes Mr. Kipling's theology.

that the good news of salvation was intended by God to be made known to the fifteen millions of His present human family, and that the responsibility for this gigantic undertaking lies on all who have been redeemed by His Son. God has 'committed unto us the word of reconciliation,' and from whose lips shall the Heathen now living hear that word if the Christians of the present day fail to discharge the debt? Surely, He who said that 'repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name unto all nations,' wished His followers in every age to carry the message of His love to the whole fallen race.

"We do not understand the evangelization to mean, on the one hand, conversion, which is the work of the Holy Spirit; or, on the other hand, a mere hurried proclamation of the truth of Christ. We understand it to mean that the Gospel should be preached intelligibly and intelligently to every soul in such a manner that the responsibility for its acceptance shall no longer rest upon the Christian Church, but upon each man for himself. Hence the watchword is perfectly in harmony with the leavening influences—educational, medical and pastoral—now in operation in the mission-field.

"As regards the probability of its achievement within the duration of an average life, we hazard no prophecy. Our marching orders require instant obedience without reference to the time that may be occupied. But there is abundant evidence that the Church has the men and the money that are needed. If the missionary enterprise of reformed Christendom were carried out on the scale of the Moravian Church, we should have a force of 500,000 heralds of the Cross, who could be maintained at a cost of one-half the annual savings of Great Britain alone. This vast number is far in advance of what is required on the highest estimate of the needs, especially as the Heathen are more and more responding to the voice of Christ, and going forth themselves to tell their countrymen of Him."

Will every Christian reader make this watchword his own? Will you become distributing centres of the message contained in it? Will you let it be your life-inspiration? Will you stand within the field of its spiritual force? Will you let the Holy Ghost press His claims upon your spirit till you have been impregnated with a spiritual magnetism? It has spoken to many as a strong cry for deeper consecration. We ask the Church of Christ to send forth missionaries without delay. Is our life ringing out an appeal many times louder than even our words?

*Duty.* As a movement, we believe that the watchword expresses

not merely an idea but states a present duty of the Church, which, if realized as such, is easily possible of accomplishment. We therefore would ask you to prayerfully consider the words and see whether they do not epitomize the parting command of our Saviour. We ask the whole body of believers to pray for the "evangelization of the world in this generation," with faith founded on the promise of all power toward those who obey this great command. Moreover, it is not a mere quickening of interest in missions that we seek; it is a definite, sustained and comprehensive appropriation of the opportunities presented before us to-day for evangelizing the whole world in this, our generation.

*Privilege.* High in our hearts would we carry the conviction of wonderful privilege. Privilege is duty illumined by the sunlight of love. It was a memorable day for Gideon and Isaiah and Ezekiel when the Vision passed before them and they were told to tell others that which the angel of the Lord had revealed to them. Our watchword does come to us as a Vision, and now we are privileged to pass it on to the whole Church. Wonderful is God's condescension in the choice of messengers. Sweeter grows the privilege as we understand more the glory of the kingdom of God, and strive more valiantly for its realm to be as wide as the world itself for whom the Saviour died.

*Responsibility.* Responsibility is the completing arc of the circle of duty and privilege. Responsibility and privilege, like the sand and the sea, bound and delimit one another mutually. Responsibility becomes heavier as privilege grows greater. This watchword constitutes a challenge to our secret life, our declaration of purpose—if Volunteers, and our common membership in the Church of Christ. Our secret life must be strengthened. "The forces of the prayer kingdom" are at our door waiting only to be used. The tide of our inner life controls precisely the high or low water mark registered by our outward life among men. Has there ever been a band of young men and young women who need to know so vitally the meaning of "being hid with Christ in God" as those in our colleges to-day? The responsibility is tremendous. Shall we dare to claim the world for Jesus our King and enthrone another in our own heart's territory?

The purpose of such as are already Volunteers must be profoundly affected. Enshrined in that declaration of personal service is the determination to allow nothing but God to prevent its fulfilment. As Volunteers we are beseeching the Church to send us forth. Shall we be content with merely asking? If refused, shall she see us readily slip into some home position of easier life and less discomfort? Brother

men, this watchword means business, and it means business with each of us, first of all. We are members of one body. "If one member suffereth, all the members suffer with it ; or if one member is honored, all the members rejoice with it. Now ye are the body of Christ and severally members thereof." If this watchword has weighted your soul with a new intensity for the salvation of men, you are bound to bring its message to others, and they are compelled to pass it on. It has filled your life with a braver hope ; you must share the inspiration with others. As the Church listens to our appeal she looks to our lives. Christ has promised us all-sufficiency in Him. Shall we honor Him by claiming His good gifts to the utmost ?

In becoming Volunteers some of us took upon ourselves a new responsibility ; the extension of the movement throughout the world and the appeal in this watchword, with its wonderful privilege, cannot be separated from a new increment of duty toward ourselves, our neighbors, and most of all, our Lord. Will you talk about its meaning to your friends ? Will you go aside from time to time and ask the mighty God to bless what you have said ?

Will you, as you walk about, lift it up to God and ask Him to grant the speedy fulfilment of its message ? There will be opportunities of speaking on it at various meetings. Do you long for its accomplishment enough to take time over preparation to speak to others ? to roll your nervousness on Jehovah ? to trust Him to cast out the dumb devil which would strangle your words before they have become speech ?

Lastly, let no one rob us of our cherished hope. The lethargy of our own hearts, the cynicism of statistics must only take us oftener into the presence of Power and Holy Optimism.

"Come, then, Lord Jesus, come,  
Thy Church is calling ;  
The world is old, though still its skies are blue,  
Its flowers are fading  
And its leaves are falling.  
Come in Thy glory  
And make all things new."

RUTTER WILLIAMSON, M.D.,  
*Edinburgh, Travelling Secretary of the Student  
Volunteer Movement.*

## NOTES.

A VERY strong editorial appears in a recent issue of the *New York Outlook*, in which the shameful consequences of Tammany rule are exposed. The article speaks of the disreputable business carried on in low saloons, and of the disgraceful performances permitted in the worst of theatres, etc. We quote a few lines from the article: "Under the new Tammany rule it was certain that the old blackmail system would be revived, and on election night last November, saloon-keepers, gamblers and keepers of disreputable resorts openly rejoiced that New York would soon be, in the slang of the day, 'wide open.' The relapse into the old ways had been gradual, for the terrors of exposure by Dr. Parkhurst have still a certain wholesome effect, but the condition of things has grown steadily and continuously worse during the entire year. To-day vice is almost as unconcealed as it was before Mayor Strong's administration came into power. Common observation shows this: indecent theatres and papers are tolerated; saloons openly violate the provisions of the Raines Law; gambling, both in pool-rooms and in policy-shops, has become common; crimes of violence have increased in number (Magistrate Cornell lately said, 'In all my experience I never knew highway robbery so prevalent as at present'), dives of the most degrading and disgusting kind have multiplied and are springing up in districts heretofore free from them. Mr. Frank Matthews, in *Harper's Weekly*, presents a long array of indisputable facts attesting the increase in vice and crime, and while legal proof of the paying of tribute to police and politicians may be wanting it is impossible not to draw common-sense inferences." It is to be hoped that when a new election takes place the citizens of New York will fight for a clean government, and elect as chief magistrate a man with Christian principles.

THE Executive of the Y. M. C. A. is to be congratulated on the advance step taken in the issuing of neat topic cards for the Michaelmas term. The subjects chosen are appropriate and practical.

THE prospects for the Y. M. C. A. are this year better than ever. The prayer-meetings are well attended, and a hearty interest is manifested by the fellows. It is to be hoped that the Week of Prayer will be characterized by a wonderful baptism of the Holy Spirit.

REV. J. E. LANCELEY gave an intensely interesting and scholarly address to the theological students on Tuesday evening, November 8:h.

ON October 19th, Mr. Gilbert A. Beaver, of New York, travelling secretary for the Y. M. C. A., gave a very impressive address to the young men of Victoria. His subject was "Service," and among other things he said: "In order to realize a high ideal, we must find it in Jesus Christ. We cannot be like Christ unless we study His life in all its relationships. We need activity in our Christian life in order (1) To escape moral cowardice; (2) To escape youthful sins; (3) To escape temptations of intellectual life; (4) To keep spirituality alive."

THE members of the Missionary Society will not soon forget the splendid address given by Dr. Williamson, of Edinburgh, on the evening of October 26th. "Choosing a Life-Work" was his theme. He said there were several considerations to be kept in mind when selecting a vocation in life. We should remember that we belong to God; that we are not our own, but bought with a price, therefore we should ask what God would have us do. We should also remember that the world is God's world, and should sacrifice for the sake of God and humanity. This is imperative, because (1) It is essential to Christian work; a successful Y. M. C. A. means self-sacrifice; (2) Christ taught so much about self-sacrifice; (3) It is important for the sake of a dying world. The speaker exhorted his hearers not to rest content with an indefinite purpose. Have Christ within as a motive power to send them forth. If Mission Boards are overburdened with debt, and Christ commands to go, then men dare not remain at home. God still has ravens; God can still protect His prophets. He is still powerful.

AT the last missionary meeting, held in Jackson Hall, October 26th, Miss Bollert, '00, was elected Vice-President of the Society. The new Board of Management is as follows: Rev. Prof. F. H. Wallace, D.D., Rev. J. W. Graham, B.A., G. J. Blewett, B.A., H. A. Graham, B.A., Miss E. W. Gould, Miss L. A. Chown, J. H. Osterhout, R. Emberson.

THE following attended the Missionary Alliance Convention, held in Kingston, October 10th, 11th and 12th: Miss Graham, W. G. Smith, F. E. Mallott, W. K. Allan, C. E. Cragg, T. R. Whyte, R. A. Spencer. Mr. W. G. Smith, '99, read an exceedingly instructive paper on the subject, "The Best Lines of Approach to Non-Christian Nations on the Part of the Missionary."



## Personals and Exchanges.

### PERSONALS.

*[In order that these columns may become intensely interesting, may we request the graduates to contribute from time to time anything that might be of personal interest to the friends of ACTA.]*

H. W. GUNDY, '98, in a recent visit to the College, renewed many old and pleasant acquaintances.

J. O. CLUBINE, '95, is stationed at Day Mills, in Algoma District.

W. H. HANSFORD, '98, is attending the School of Pedagogy, Hamilton.

MISS ELLA BOWES is in the Ambitious City attending Normal College.

GEO. G. WEBBER, '01, is preaching on the Queensville Circuit, Toronto Conference, where he is ingratiating himself into the hearts of old and young.

J. H. WILSON, '01, has transferred his allegiance to Queen's University, Kingston, where he has been admitted as an undergraduate of third year standing.

DISAPPEARED: A. T. Cushing, '98, said to be somewhere in our Western prairie land. His many friends at College desire information concerning him.

C. W. DEMILLE, '00, paid a flying visit to the "Bob" on Friday last. Many old friends were pleased to meet him.

WE note the presence of Miss I. Kerr, Miss W. Wilson, and Miss M. H. Skinner, graduates of '98, at the Ladies' "Lit." Reception.

NOT long ago, T. W. Ruddell, '97, favored us with a short visit. He is at present pastor on the Cookstown Circuit, and we trust that success will ever attend his efforts in the life-work he has chosen.

J. W. SIFTON, '98, favored us with a few reminiscences at the meeting of the Union Literary Society on Nov. 5th. J. W. is an ardent politician, and in the event of North Toronto being opened, we may look forward to a series of interesting platform meetings to be addressed by Mr. Sifton, and his esteemed political opponent, Mr. Gilpin, '98.

MANY inquiries have been made concerning "Sammy" Tucker, '98, Philosopher, and Prince of Alley Players. So far we have located him on a circuit somewhere in northern Ontario, but nothing definite

can be ascertained. An ample reward is offered to anyone giving information that will lead us to the haunts of the late president of our Literary Society.

WE were glad to note the pleasant face of R. J. Clark, '98, at the reception of the Women's Literary Society. We have not yet forgotten the clever feats displayed by this popular graduate on the hockey rink, and his presence among us on the athletic field or at our social functions will ever be hailed with pleasure by his many friends at Victoria.

W. H. RUTHERFORD, '01, has returned to his home after a pleasant trip to the Yukon District, as a member of a company of Government surveyors.

W. R. CHAPMAN, '95, captain of the Vic. Football Team in the fall of '97, is stationed on the Beeton and Tottenham Circuit, Toronto Conference. We are informed of his popularity at tea-meetings, and other social functions, and are glad to learn of his success in pastoral work among his people. We have only to add that he is yet unmarried, a conundrum difficult to solve.

THE college friends of J. H. Williamson, for two years a student in Arts and Theology, will regret to learn that owing to ill health he has been obliged to give up his pastoral work and go south to a warmer climate for the winter. We trust that in Denver his surroundings will be pleasant and congenial, and that ere long he will return with renewed energy to continue his work among his fellow-Canadians.

IN the early summer amid the singing of birds and the fragrance of flowers, when all Nature was rejoicing, the Rev. R. J. D. Simpson was united in marriage with Miss Boake, of Thornton, Ont. The groom was one of the most popular students of the specialist class of '97-'98, and we are assured that success will attend the efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Simpson on their circuit at Thessalon, Algoma District.

IT is with satisfaction that we welcome back old graduates of Vic. who are pleased to look in upon us when occasion offers. Among others of late has been noticed Mr. H. Langford, brother of Prof. Langford, and one of the most prominent members of the class of '88. He is now engaged in the legal profession at Rat Portage, the most promising town of north-western Ontario.

WORD has been received at college from J. G. Rogers, specialist of '96 and '97, in which he cordially enquires after the many interests and institutions of the University. He is stationed for the current year on the Sylvan and Ophir Mission in Algoma District, where we

are sure he will win the confidence of all by his happy and energetic ways.

G. W. GOODWIN, '97, was a welcome guest at the ladies' reception in October. For the present year he is registered at Osgoode, and we may thus hope to see him often at our various social functions during the term.

THE "Bob" brought back many old graduates for a night of fun. The genial "avoidupois" of V. J. Gilpin loomed up everywhere, and the happy countenance of R. J. Dobson had even a more pleasant smile than ordinary. We regret very much that "Jolly," on account of visual impairment, has been obliged to give up his circuit work for a time. We trust that the trouble is but temporary, and that ere long he will again be pursuing his cherished hopes and ambitions.

THE School of Pedagogy is fortunate in having A. E. Fisher, '98, on its registration roll, for he was ever a prime favorite with the students of his *Alma Mater*. With his genial nature, his kindly sympathy for freshmen, and his intense zeal for attendance on lectures, he cannot be excelled as a "jolly-good-fellow" college student. Success to him in his career in the mountain city.

WHO does not remember A. L. McCredie, '00? Since our last issue reliable information has been obtained concerning him. During the summer months he has been wheeling through Germany, France, Holland, the Channel Islands and Old England. And now, with the "bike" laid aside for the winter, he is engaged in writing articles for the *London Daily Mail*, one of the leading papers of the metropolis. In a letter to the college he expresses his desire to maintain his connection with "Old Vic.," where he hopes on his return to continue his studies in the fall of '99.

THE Windermere Methodist Church was the scene of a happy consummation of events on Wednesday evening, October 26th, on the occasion of the marriage of Rev. R. S. Fralick to Miss Mary Traill, daughter of Mr. Thos. Aitken, Windermere. Mr. Fralick was a member of the specialist class of '96 and '97, popular with the students, and ever interested in the success of the various functions of the College. On behalf of his many friends ACTA extends sincerest wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Fralick for a long and happy wedded life.

MANY ex-students and graduates of the College were present at the "Bob" on Friday evening last. Among others we noticed the familiar faces of J. R. L. Starr '87 and Mrs. Starr '97, Miss M. E. Henwood '94, S. C. Moore '96, C. E. Hollinrake '95, Dr. F. N. Starr,

'89, Rev. G. W. Kerby '88, Brantford; J. W. Graham '93, Rev. E. E. Scott, and the following graduates of '98: B. A. Cohoe, M. D. McKichan, R. J. Clark, F. A. Carman, W. E. Slaght.

THE following graduates of Victoria University are candidates in the Senate elections now in progress, and closing December 1st, '98: In the Faculty of Arts—F. A. Cassidy, M.A.; F. C. Colbeck, B.A., L. W. Hill, B.D.; O. R. Lambly, M.A.; F. W. Merchant, B.A.; J. R. L. Starr, B.A.; J. W. St. John, M.A.; five to be elected. In the Faculty of Law—A. B. Chambers, LL.B.; W. J. Robertson, B.A., LL.B.; one to be elected. In the Faculty of Medicine for the Board, H. W. Aikins, M.D., C.M.; E. J. Barrick, M.D.; for the Senate, E. E. King, M.D., C.M.; L. N. Sweetnam, M.D., C.M.; one to be elected in each instance. The following have been elected by acclamation: Vice-Chancellor, W. Kerr, LL.D., Q.C.; Members on the Board in Arts, H. Hough, M.A., LL.D.; A. Burns, M.A., LL.D.; C. C. James, M.A.; W. R. Riddell LL.B., Q.C.; Member of the Board in Law, J. J. Maclaren, LL.D., Q.C.; Member of the Board in Theology, E. A. Chown, B.A., B.D.; Member of the Senate in Theology, R. P. Bowles, M.A., B.D. Votes are returnable to A. R. Bain, LL.D., Returning Officer, Victoria University, on or before December 1st, 1898.

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## EXCHANGES

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“STRAIGHT is the line of Duty;  
 Curved is the line of Beauty;  
 Follow the first and thou shalt see  
 The latter ever following thee.”—*Ex.*

IN the *Varsity* of November 2nd, appears a cleverly written article entitled “A Summer Medley,” by “Anon.” Its literary style is excellent, and its descriptions and delineaments are so touched by the hand of an artist, that one's interest and sympathy are called forth in spite of himself. The contribution is justly regarded as one worthy of merit and praise.

“ART little? Do thy little well, and for  
 Thy comfort know  
 Great men can do their greatest work  
 No better than just so.”—*Goethe.*

ONE of the brightest and most interesting Exchanges which come to us is the *Notre Dame Scholastic*. Its number of the 22nd October is

dedicated to the memory of The Marquis de Lafayette, one of the most devoted friends of early America. The characteristics of the great Frenchman are set forth and discussed from so many standpoints, that one cannot fail to catch a wider glimpse of his heroism and self-sacrifice on behalf of liberty and civilization in our Western Hemisphere.

## A LOVE COMEDY.

## SCENE I.

SWEET Ruth and Jack  
(Oh, what bliss!)  
Sat in the porch  
Closelikethis.

## SCENE II.

Then pa came in,  
(One quick kiss)  
Found them sitting  
Like this.—*Ex.*

WE are in receipt of two numbers of *The Student*, a weekly, published by the students of Edinburgh University, Scotland. Coming from over the sea, and bringing a description of College life in the older Universities, it finds a warm welcome in our hearts. Imperialism is now the motto of the British race. In no better way can it be encouraged and developed than by strengthening the bonds of sympathy and fraternity existing between the Universities of the Mother Land and those of younger, but of no less stalwart growth, in her vigorous colonies. The College men of Canada have a part to play in the realization of this Imperial Ideal, and it is for them to obtain such a training as will enable them to bear bravely the responsibilities not only of Canadian but also of *British* citizenship.

## SHAKESPOKES—IMPROVED.

All the world's a road,  
And all the men and women would-be cyclists;  
They have their mountings and their fallings off,  
And one man on his way hath many spills,  
His tires being punctured oft. First comes the novice,  
Wobbling and squirming on his unsure wheel,  
Twisting his ankles, hand, and face  
Into most wild contortions; cutting strange figures,

Full of strange ways, and curious instances,  
 His words unprintable ! Then the expert,  
 Sticking at nothing, whirling gaily on,  
 His bell an instant terror ; the distant haunts  
 Of men invaded. Even the lady fair  
 Apes his sad lunacy, and puts her foot  
 Unto the pedal—playing the man  
 Upon a pair of wheels—unmaidenlike.  
 And so they play their game. And then he shifts  
 Into the hot and melancholy scorcher ; lightning fast,  
 With hands gripped hard, and dromedary back,  
 The world to him a flying panorama,  
 His goal somewhere behind it. Last scene of all  
 That ends this strange, eventful round—  
 A crash of broken spokes and bones, and sounds  
 Of dread explosions, while unholy language  
 Floats on the wayside air, where now a wreck  
 He lies, sans teeth, sans limbs, sans bike, sans everything.

—*The Student*, Edinburgh.

#### FRESHETTE'S REPLY.

"Where are you going my pretty maid?"

"Oh, just to the library, sir," she said.

"To study?" "Well, yes ; I'll open my book, and then,

"Like the senior girls, I shall study—the men."

We are in receipt of a very interesting number of *The Argosy*, published by Mount Allison University, Sackville, N.B. In an article entitled, "Novi Homines," by "Amicus," there is given some good practical advice to freshmen, which is well worthy of perusal by every student.

All nature is an open book,  
 The hills' green sides its pages,  
 The blooming flowers in every nook  
 Its magic thought through ages.

—J. J. S., *Notre Dame Scholastic*.

## Locals.

IT is reported that President VanWyck has applied for the position of captain of the ladies' hockey team.

REMEMBER the Conversat! It has been fixed for the 2nd of December. Paste this date in your hat!

DR. JOHN, in describing to a class in elocution his experiments with a dog to see what effect angry tones would have upon it, tells the class that the dog cringes and runs away. Just at this juncture Higgs interrupts with the remark, "Do you not think the expression of the face had something to do with it, Dr.?"

ONE of the specialists, evidently impressed by the magnificence of the collation at the Ladies' "Lit." reception, was overheard to remark, "I would like to buy a couple of dishes of ice-cream, if you please."

THE B.D. class met for organization and elected the following officers: President, A. P. Addison; Vice-President, A. R. Chapman; Secretary-Treasurer, H. A. Graham; Alley Captain, A. R. Chapman.

ROBERT has a new dog, a "Spanish setter," obtained through the kind offices of Dr. Edgar. Notwithstanding its foreign extraction, it is rapidly acquiring a knowledge of the English tongue and promises to prove a worthy successor to a long line of notorious predecessors.

WE wonder why the Athletic Union, or "somebody," doesn't order a bicycle stand for the accommodation of the numerous cyclists of the College. The lack of a stand similar to the ones in use at Varsity is causing considerable inconvenience to those who daily have to grapple with three or four other wheels in order to extricate their own. "Somebody" thinks that it is the province of the Athletic Union to provide such luxuries around the College, while the Athletic Union looks at the matter from a different standpoint. It all depends on the point of view.

### THE CONVERSAZIONE.

OF course you are going to the Conversat. The student who misses our chief social function misses one of the best privileges of our college life. Our opportunities for acquiring the polish, which we prize so much in those who are in daily contact with the best social life, are all too rare, and no student should hesitate for a moment to avail himself of the opportunity which the Conversat. affords in that connection. No expenditure will yield him a better return than the dollar which a student pays for a ticket to Victoria Conversazione. The

arrangements made for this year by the committee insure a function that will be just as great a social, musical and æsthetic success as was last year's *Conversat.* The Harry Webb Company will cater.

The Committee in charge are: B.D's.—A. P. Addison, B.A. (Chairman), R. H. Bell, B.A.; 4th year—G. A. Winters, N. W. DeWitt (Treasurer), S. J. Courtice: 3rd year—W. J. Spence, A. F. Fraleigh, W. B. Smith (Secretary), 2nd year—R. J. McCormick, W. H. Wood, H. G. Martyn; 1st year—J. M. Bell-Smith, R. Stewart, C. B. Bingham; Specialists—H. J. Uren, A. D. Robb, C. E. Cragg.

#### MANDOLIN AND GUITAR CLUB CONCERT.

ONE of the most important and interesting events in connection with the College this year will be the Mandolin and Guitar Club Concert which will take place in Association Hall on Tuesday evening, December 6th. This will be the first time Victoria students have attempted to run an entertainment on such a large scale since Victoria made her home in Toronto. The Mandolin and Guitar Club since its organization in 1894 has made rapid advances in proficiency and to-day stands without a peer in Canada. The club has been one of the most prominent features in all our programmes of late years, and though the remuneration in such cases, as compared with expenses, has been slight, if anything, the boys have always given their services cheerfully. It is hoped that the students, graduates and friends of the College will show their appreciation of the services rendered and the honor done by the club for our College by turning out and supporting them. The expenses in connection with the concert are rather high but popular prices will prevail—25 and 50 cents. The programme promises to be unusually bright and interesting. The club will render a number of entirely new selections which the boys are now busy rehearsing. "Prof." Le Barge will display his versatility by appearing in a number of new specialties. The Varsity Banjo Club is down for a couple of numbers and the services of two or three popular vocalists will be secured. The management will leave nothing undone to make this one of the most successful concerts of the season. A prominent portion of the gallery will be reserved for Victoria students and it is hoped that the students will show their loyalty to this popular institution of our College by turning out *en masse*. C. E. T.

THE regular meeting of the Women's Literary Society was held on Wednesday, November 2nd. Miss Duckett, pianist, was added to the officers elected at the last meeting. After the business was transacted, an impromptu debate called everyone present, perforce, to



their feet Witty and wise were the arguments drawn forth by one of the burning questions of the day : " Does Sunday morning commence at twelve o'clock Saturday night ? " The musical roll-call which followed accounted for the great demand for the " Book of Familiar (?) Quotations " at five minutes to four. An interesting paper was read by the President, Miss Kyle, on " Modern Opera," an instrumental solo bringing the meeting to a close.

Who shall deny that Shakespeare was gifted with the powers of a prophet and a seer, when he reads in " As You Like It "—

" He that a fool doth very wisely hit,  
Doth very foolishly altho' he smart,  
But to seem senseless of the *bob*."

And again in " Troilus and Cressida "—

" You shall not bob us out of our melody : if you do, our melancholy upon your head."

NEW Freshette, to her companions—" I am struck by the splendor of a sudden thought."

FRESHMAN VAN— has inspired his fellow-students with awe-ful reverence by writing his Latin prose in rhymed couplets.

On Thursday evening, November 3rd, a concert was given in the College Chapel, under the auspices of the Board of the Women's Residence Association. The presence of a large number of students in the audience evinced their appreciation of the generous efforts of the ladies in their behalf. Soloists from some of our leading city churches kindly lent their services for the evening, and were assisted by our Glee Club and Mandolin and Guitar Club. This was the first appearance of the clubs in public this season, and we feel confident in predicting for them a very successful year. At the close of the programme the performers were served with light refreshments in Alumni Hall.

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#### THE FRESHETTES.

LISTEN, while I tell the story  
Of six maidens, wise and winsome,  
Who to classic halls of learning  
From the green lanes of the country,  
From the quiet town and village,  
Came with hearts yet fresh and simple ;

Full of hope and great ambition,  
Full of longings, yearnings, strivings  
For the wisdom of the sages.  
As in former years they came not,  
But observed a novel order ;  
One alone, a single Freshette  
To our halls came, unattended.  
And our hearts were touched with sadness,  
Each one vying with the other  
To bring solace to the lone one,  
And as far as in their power  
Each one pleaded to be to her  
Sister, cousin, friend or brother.  
Scarce a fortnight glided o'er us,  
When one morning to our rapture  
Came another smiling Freshette,  
Then another and another,  
Each week adding to their number,  
Until six in all were entered.

First came Annie Whitburn Allen,  
Burdened with a world of worries,  
Bright, vivacious, all undaunted,  
Smiling sweetly on the Freshmen,  
Fleeing madly from "those sophies" ;  
She, despairing in her loneliness,  
Took a kitten as companion,  
Soothing it with sweet compassion.  
Yet it Miss Finch refused to enter  
As its years were still too tender.  
In the Woman's Literary  
She doth guard the bag of money.  
In debate she's always ready—  
An example to her elders.  
Thro' the old "Bob's" fiery furnace,  
Thro' kind seniors' ministrations,  
She'll bring, doubtless, in the future  
Honor to her *Alma Mater*.

Sweet companion to be to her  
Came at length, Miss Bertha Duncan.

She needs not an introduction  
Lest it be to bashful Freshman,  
For last year we learned to love her.  
Hamilton, no doubt, has fired her  
With ambitions and ideals,  
Grant her then, Dame Nature, kindly,  
Health and strength for their fulfilment.

We one morning, gazing eastward,  
Saw a maiden fair approaching,  
Blue eyes scanning tower and window.  
"Freshette," cried we in a chorus,  
"'Tis Miss Annie Ward from Lindsay.  
Some one told us she was coming."  
Joyously we ran to meet her,  
Joyously we bid her welcome.

"Welcome," sing we to Miss Lackner,  
For to some she is no stranger.  
Bringing back the days departed,  
And the ever tender memories  
Of the "kindergarten classes."  
An enthusiastic student,  
Yet no slave to classic learning ;  
On the tennis court already  
We have seen her gaily sporting.  
Dr. — and his dear darlings  
Her will find all ready waiting  
At his coming in the spring time.

With the class of Honor Moderns  
Enters next Miss Smith, Kathrina  
M.M.D. from London City.  
Dark and slight and seeming modest,  
She has not yet her powers asserted ;  
If 'tis true, as lately rumored,  
She can lull us with sweet music,  
Then indeed will she be treasured.

Should you ask me, "Who's Miss Shaver?"  
I would answer "She's the *Freshette*  
Who has been the last to sever

Ties of home her work to enter."  
 From the far-off Rocky Mountains,  
 Through her natal town of Woodstock,  
 Come to shine in "Honor Moderns."  
 She has no respect for Seniors,  
 Sorrows o'er their imperfections  
 Offers hints for their improvement  
 Enterprising and ambitious  
 Fortune kind must shine upon her.

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#### LADIES' LITERARY SOCIETY RECEPTION.

THE Ladies' "Lit." held its annual reception on the evening of October 28th. The ladies fairly excelled themselves as hostesses and higher praise than that cannot be given. Alumni and Jackson Halls were very tastily decorated in the college colors, while the ACTA room was so nicely arranged as a quiet retreat for tête-à-têtes that a regular Klondike rush was kept up to locate claims. After the Reception Committee had done their best to make every one acquainted, and time had been given to fill the promenade cards, the promenading was begun. So inspiring was the music that refreshments alone could have induced the promenaders to stop. As soon as the refreshments, which aroused the admiration of all, had been partaken of, the promenading was resumed, and it was only after the frantic efforts of the mistress of the ceremonies and the repeated playing of the National Anthem that the guests were induced to retire from this, one of the most enjoyable receptions ever held in Victoria. May there be others!

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#### THE "BOB."

ANOTHER "Bob" has come and gone forth into the realm of history. From the minds of the Sophomores a great weight has been lifted, for the "Bob" of '98 was, both literally and figuratively, a howling success. The members of the Second year now feel at liberty to attend lectures, while the Freshmen have had the fear removed that their every act was being watched and noted for future use. The strife is o'er; everything will now settle down into its old routine; the Freshmen have at last been initiated into the mysteries of the "Bob," and are now fitted to take their place among their fellow-students.

On Friday evening, November 11th, the twenty-sixth anniversary of the great and glorious "Bob" was held on the main floor of the College.



There were present undergraduates, graduates, and friends of the College without number. In the chair was W. F. Kerr, B.A., LL.B., '84, while as his assistant and adviser, in case things did not go just exactly right, there was Baron James LeRoy Van Wyck, '02.

As an opening chorus, "The Soldiers of the Queen" was sung, after which came the Chairman's address, given in Mr. Kerr's own pleasing style. Following this address came a "Symphony in Q Minor," by the "Bearandcozowski Orchestra," which held the audience spell-bound throughout the whole performance. The Freshmen's troupe turned positively green with envy.

Under the heading, "The Menagerie Catalogued," came the registration of the Freshmen. The quotation that went with this heading expresses very nicely what was represented:

"The times have been  
That when the brains were out the man would die,  
And there an end; but now they rise again."

Following this scene came the Indian pow-wow, in which the Freshmen and *the* Freshette were represented in Indian costume. Each excited and gesticulating Indian made an eloquent and awful plea for the possession of "the lovely Allentaha," the solitary maiden of the tribe. The "Galvanized, Garrulous, Gesticulating Gang of Goslings" portrayed the exciting times of the Freshmen's first class-meeting and their election of officers.

Next came the "Bob" Song on the Freshmen in Arts. The song, a genuine poetic gem, was rendered in Percy Punshon's "own peculiar way."

In the next scene the theological brethren were made to answer for their past misdeeds before the District Meeting. They have all promised to do better in the future. The Faculty were then introduced to the audience and had their characteristics depicted in a pleasing manner.

The next item was the Specialists' "Bob" Song, also written by Mr. Punshon, and set to the music of "Darling Sue." It was, as its accompanying quotation stated, "A hit, a very palpable hit." Immediately after it came a selection rendered by the combined forces of the orchestra and German band. So exquisitely was this rendered that tears were observed in the eyes of many.

"Mammy's Little Pumpkin-colored Coons" now proceeded to give a minstrel show, in which jokes new and old were hurled at the

innocent public. Such songs as "Honey Does You Love Your Man," "Mammy's Little Pumpkin-colored Coons," "She's the Warmest Baby in the Bunch," were rendered with all the fervor of a plantation hoe-down.

A certificate of ownership of a placer claim in the Klondyke gold fields, with some samples of its output, were now handed over to Robert, who replied in a speech easily the feature of the evening. After everyone had partaken of the refreshments, which were now served, they slowly wended their way homewards, pleased that this, the "Bob" of the class of '01 had taken its place as one of the best "Bobs" ever held. Congratulations are due the "Bob" Committee for their efforts and the success which has crowned them. Long live the "Bob"!!

## NOTES.

Shepherd Van Wyck had his flock completely under his control. When he oped his mouth no lamb dared bleat.

We believe the "Bob" would have been an even greater success if it had been shortened by a couple of acts. It should be timed to end at twelve, not at one o'clock.

We rather deprecate the Freshmen's trick of blowing peas at the performers. It isn't funny enough for the "Bob."

During the course of the evening telegrams regretting their inability to be present were read from a number of prominent people. We append a few:

*Devil's Island—*

Cannot get away. My country thinks my presence here is necessary.—Dreyfus.

*Cairo—*

Government hastening me through as soon as possible, but fear I cannot get to the "Bob" on time.—Major Marchand.

*Pekin—*

Wife won't let me out.—Emperor of China.

*Hotter-there-than-here—*

Don't think I could do much good at your "Bob." Am needed elsewhere.—Mephistopheles.

The clever cartoons on the walls were the work of Mr. Percy R. Johnson, and are worthy of special mention.

## POLICE COURT NEWS.

THERE is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in the Freshmen Class. The richest joke of the season has been perpetrated upon them, and it has worked—oh, my, how it has worked!

During one of the "Bob" practices one night recently, the Freshmen and First Year Specialists appeared in a body at the College and demanded admittance. When this was refused them they kicked up a considerable rumpus and made their presence so noticeable that a couple of policemen were attracted to the scene. The next morning three of them were served with pseudo-summonses by a pseudo-policeman. Horrors! What was to be done? Embryo preachers and a minister's son in the police-court! They gathered the other members of the class and it was unanimously resolved to stand by each other to the death. On the morning of the supposed trial the two classes marched down to the police-court in a body only to find out, after half-an-hour's wait, that the whole affair was a hoax! The rest of the week was spent in holding a series of protracted indignation meetings.

## ITEMS.

"AN indignity has been put upon us."—*Freshies*.

"WASN'T that a hot joke on the freshies?"—*Everybody else*.

"IT wouldn't have been so bad if we hadn't had to walk down to the police-court in all that slush."—*Nixon*.

"I AM surprised that such a joke should have been played in a Christian institution."—*Coates*.

"IT is presumption to think that we would have been taken in by a bogus document."—*Knight*.

"THE perpetrator of this joke is liable to a fine of \$200 and seven years' imprisonment."—*Van Wyck*.

"IF we hadn't had to pay that lawyer's fee!"—*Van Wyck, Knight and Curts*.

The meeting of the "Lit.," held on Saturday evening, October 29th, was especially interesting owing to the fact that the Honorary President of the Society, Dr. J. J. Maclaren, was present and gave a short address. A reading was given by W. K. Allen, and then came the debate, "Resolved, that the United States of America is justified in the retention of the Philippines." The affirmative was upheld by C. H. Shephard and J. R. VanWyck, while the negative was in the hands of A. N. St. John and H. E. Kellington. Dr. Maclaren, who



had kindly consented to act as judge, decided in favor of the negative. Some new honorary members were nominated and elected, namely, Dr. Sweatnam, Dr. McKenzie and Dr. Mills.

PICK-UPS.

(In the debate on *The Lady or the Tiger*.) "Mr. Speaker, by a process of inductive reasoning, I am forced to the conclusion that the princess directed her lover to the lady. . . . I know *by experience*." —Cragg, '00.

"This theological team is as hard to beat as the Calvinistic theory." —Addison (*on the alley board*).

The following appropriate and *brilliant* remark was made while the last football game was being played in the darkness: "Now is the time to shine, boys."

"What do they mean by *Alma Mater*?"—Green.

"This is a great violin and a greater player."—Artie. As certain sounds were drawn forth just then it was agreed that he was a *grater*.

The old question, "When are you going to get the rest of the tennis played?" has been satisfactorily answered at last. "As soon as the rink is finished."

"Did you ever hear that song, 'There are no flies on us?' We are going to sing it at the Bob."—Knight.

"What will you give me for a poem for ACTA?"—Millyard. "Six months."—Editor.

## Athletics.

OH, for a larger campus!

Don't say you can't afford it,  
For surely you've some sense,  
The Union must be supported,  
Come, pay your 50 cents!

THOMPSON has won laurels by his clever full-back kicks.

OUR teams have come through the siege of the League series with but few fractures. They fought well, but were not rewarded with the success we could have hoped for. However, we are consoled with the fact that

"They who fight and do not win,  
Theirs 'twill be to fight ag-in."

## FOOT-BALL.

OWING to the fact that our campus is so small, and that therefore our men were unable to fit themselves properly for the games, we could hardly have expected better results. In the Senior series Victoria was scheduled with three games. In the first one, which was called on October 18th, three or four of our foremost players were disabled, so it was considered advisable by the management to give it to the Dents by default.

In the second game, October 27th, our eleven lined up before the Toronto Meds on the Varsity lawn. The game was keenly contested throughout. Our forward line, however, through lack of combination, was unable to make any successful rushes on goal, while their opponents were unable to elude our strong defence. The last part of the game was played in the dark, when the Meds succeeded in scoring. However, a protest might justly have been entered, for it was thought by all that the goal was scored from an off-side play.

Our team next met the S.P.S. on November 1st. All through our boys had decidedly the best of the game, and in a few minutes after the game started, Wilson scored, but an "off-side" claim was allowed by the referee. In the second half, from a penalty kick, a goal was cleverly scored by Amy. Thus the score remained, and our boys were consoled by one victory.

## INTERMEDIATE SERIES.

On October 27th, Vic. II. met the Dental II. in the first game of the intermediate series. The game was anything but a closely contested one, and resulted in an easy victory for Victoria. In the first half one goal was scored, which, in the second, was followed by two more.

But in the match with Varsity II. on November 11th, our second team found foemen worthy of their steel. Through some previous misarrangement, however, all our team were not on hand at the hour appointed so that the captain was compelled to play two or three substitutes. As a result Varsity won by one goal to nothing; but had we had our regular team, there is no doubt but that we could have defeated them.

## INTER-YEAR FOOT-BALL.

The schedule of matches has been partly played off. The first teams that lined up were the Grads and Specialists vs. the Third-year. The Third year won by a score of one goal to nil.

The second game between First and Third years was a keen one. Because of the fact that '01 have seven men on the Senior team, it might be expected that they would have an easy victory; but the Freshmen played hard and fast, and manfully took their defeat. The score stood 3 to 1.

In the second round the Third-year and Specialists-Grads. combination played a tie game, the Third year thus winning the series by a majority of one goal.

Again the First and Second years met, but this time Wilson was not able to play. The Freshmen at first decided to default the game, but at last took courage to meet the Second-year "Formidables." The match was hotly contested, and on-lookers from both years had innumerable opportunities to cheer the mighty deeds of their respective teams. The Sophomores were again successful by a score of 1 to 0.

The Third and Fourth years will next try conclusions, and the winners will meet the Sophomore team in the final match for the cup. Much latent talent has been revealed during the course of these games, and next year, if we mistake not, Victoria will have the strongest team she has had since her palmy foot-ball days in old Cobourg.

To our mind it is a significant fact that some players need a special and very pressing invitation every time they are expected to turn out for practice or for a match. The spark of loyalty must burn dimly in such souls. The spirit of unselfishness is just as desirable a quality in a foot-ball man as it is in a Y.M.C.A. man, a Literary Society man, a Tennis man, or a "Bob" Committee man.

#### ALLEY.

THE Alley matches have, as usual, supplied their profundity of amusement. The first match was played between the B.D.'s and '01. Hassard, "Murphy" Graham, Addison and Chapman composed the B.D. team, while Millyard, Amy, McIntyre and Bridgland represented '01 class. Obviously the latter team were so sure of victory that they neglected practice, and to the surprise of the class, and indignation of themselves, they were beaten by a score of 34 to 30.

The contestants in the second match were fourth and first years, Holmes, Winters, Wilson and Toll representing the former, while Burwash, Burwash, Badgley and Lawrence fought in the interests of the Freshmen. The score was a very close one—25 to 24 in favor of the Seniors.

Never this season has the alley board drawn such a crowd, nor

have we ever witnessed a more laughable game than when the First and Second year Specialists lined up. The second-year men, viz., Knowles, Uren, Westman and Spencer, had it decidedly their own way. However, we can understand the defeat of the first-year men by reason of their ignorance of the tricks of the game. The score resulted 90 to 11 in favor of the Senior Specialists.

## TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

### OPEN HANDICAP.

SEMI-FINALS.	FINALS.	WINNER.	
Winters .....	Winters .....	Amy. 11-13, 6-1, 6-3, 2-6, 6-4.	
Medd .....			6-2, 4-6, 11-9.
Fergusson .....	Amy .....		
Amy .....			6-1, 6-8, 6-4.

### OPEN SINGLES.

SEMI-FINALS.		FINALS.	WINNER.
Paterson .....	} Paterson .....	6-1, 6-3.	} Paterson. 6-3, 6-3, 8-6.
MacKinnon .....			
Medd .....	} Medd .....	8-6, 3-6, 6-4.	
Clare .....			

## Do You Wear Gloves ?

We desire to test the value of the advertisement placed in this journal. We will give every student who mentions this paper and presents his colors, a pair of Kangaroo

Gloves worth \$1.35 for \$1.00.

This offer holds good for two weeks only from this date.  
This applies to any student attending any of the colleges.

The Students' **Chas. E. Goodman,** 302½ YONGE  
... Furnisher STREET ...

# PLANNING AHEAD.

PRELUIMARY.	1ST ROUND.	2ND ROUND.	3RD ROUND.	FINALS.	WISCONSIN.
15 Ostrhoff	15 Fergusson	15 Fergusson	15 Fergusson	15 Fergusson	15 Fergusson
15 Webster	15 Ostrhoff	15 Webster	15 Webster	15 Webster	15 Webster
15 Grange	15 Grange	15 Grange	15 Grange	15 Grange	15 Grange
15 Sisson	15 Sisson	15 Sisson	15 Sisson	15 Sisson	15 Sisson
15 Dobson	15 Dobson	15 Dobson	15 Dobson	15 Dobson	15 Dobson
15 Stillman	15 Stillman	15 Stillman	15 Stillman	15 Stillman	15 Stillman
15 Anderson	15 Anderson	15 Anderson	15 Anderson	15 Anderson	15 Anderson
15 Walker	15 Walker	15 Walker	15 Walker	15 Walker	15 Walker
15 McConnack	15 McConnack	15 McConnack	15 McConnack	15 McConnack	15 McConnack
15 Barnes	15 Barnes	15 Barnes	15 Barnes	15 Barnes	15 Barnes
15 Nixon	15 Nixon	15 Nixon	15 Nixon	15 Nixon	15 Nixon
15 Wood	15 Wood	15 Wood	15 Wood	15 Wood	15 Wood
15 West	15 West	15 West	15 West	15 West	15 West
15 McCallach	15 McCallach	15 McCallach	15 McCallach	15 McCallach	15 McCallach
15 Smith	15 Smith	15 Smith	15 Smith	15 Smith	15 Smith
15 Davidson	15 Davidson	15 Davidson	15 Davidson	15 Davidson	15 Davidson
15 Bailey	15 Bailey	15 Bailey	15 Bailey	15 Bailey	15 Bailey
15 Winters	15 Winters	15 Winters	15 Winters	15 Winters	15 Winters
15 Coates	15 Coates	15 Coates	15 Coates	15 Coates	15 Coates
15 Scott	15 Scott	15 Scott	15 Scott	15 Scott	15 Scott
15 Milsap	15 Milsap	15 Milsap	15 Milsap	15 Milsap	15 Milsap
15 Allen	15 Allen	15 Allen	15 Allen	15 Allen	15 Allen
15 Wilson	15 Wilson	15 Wilson	15 Wilson	15 Wilson	15 Wilson
15 Barber	15 Barber	15 Barber	15 Barber	15 Barber	15 Barber
15 Kuhn	15 Kuhn	15 Kuhn	15 Kuhn	15 Kuhn	15 Kuhn
15 Hannon	15 Hannon	15 Hannon	15 Hannon	15 Hannon	15 Hannon
15 Porter	15 Porter	15 Porter	15 Porter	15 Porter	15 Porter
15 Green	15 Green	15 Green	15 Green	15 Green	15 Green

**LADIES' OPEN HANDICAP.**

PREDECESSORS. ROY NO.		1st ROUND.		2nd ROUND.		FINALS.		WINNERS.	
30 Miss Johnston	Mr. Mrs. Cox	Miss Cox	By default.	Miss Johnston	6-4, 1-6, 6-2.				
15 Miss Ker	Miss Johnston	4-6, 6-4, 6-4.							
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Vol. XXII.

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No. 3.

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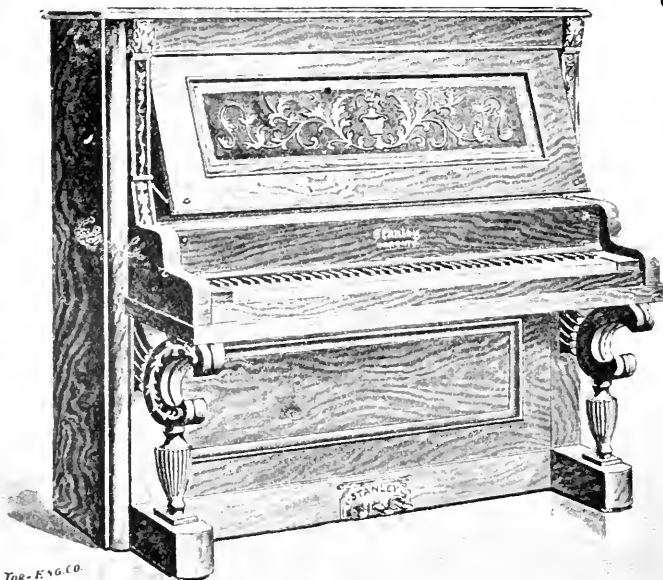
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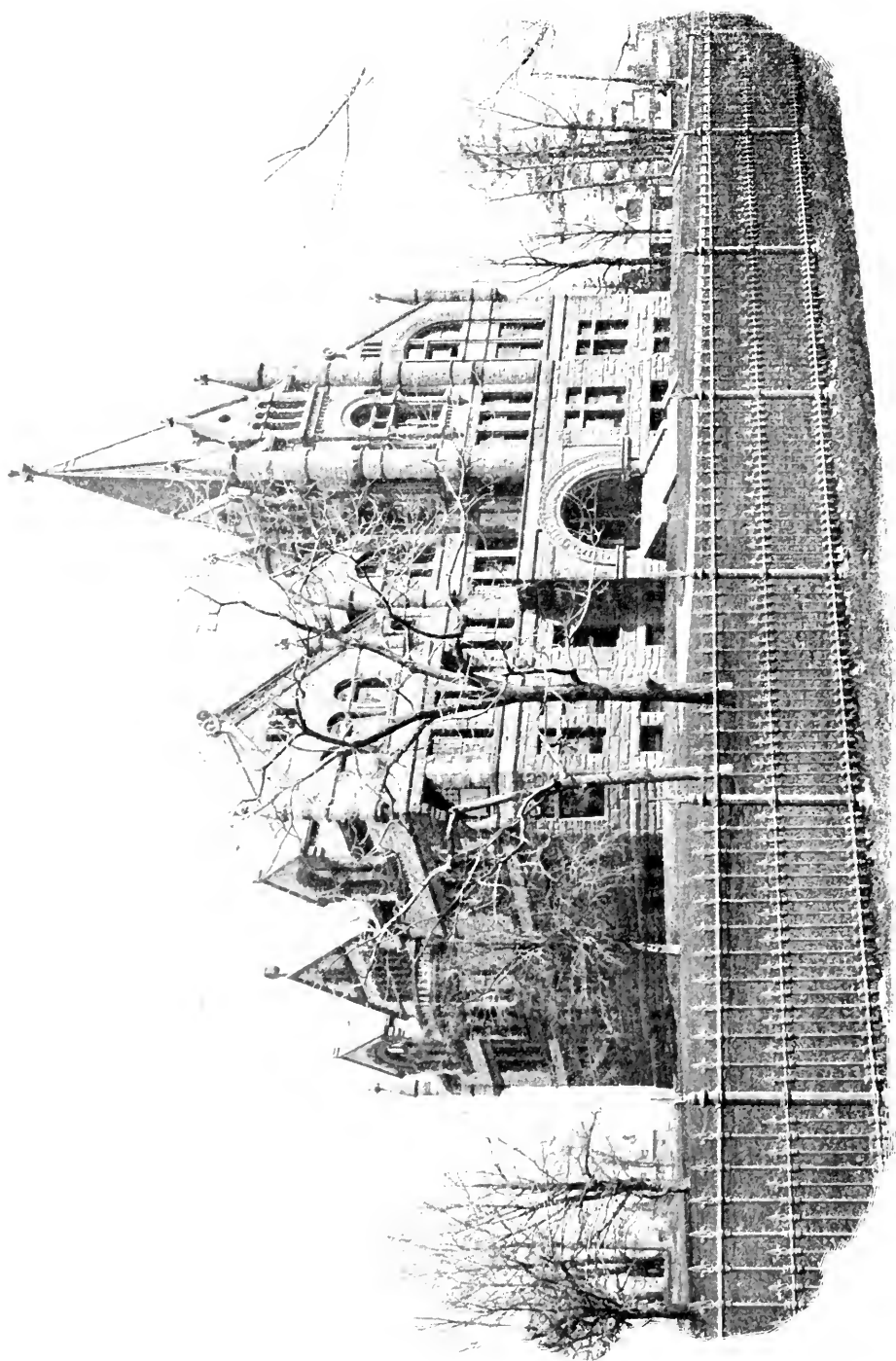
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VICTORIA UNIVERSITY, TORONTO.

VOL. XXII. TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1898.

No. 3.

## CANADIAN LITERATURE OF 1898.



### A Critique of Canadian Writers

By *Prof. L. E. HORNING, Ph.D.*

Gilbert Parker,  
Ralph Connor,  
Seranus,  
Marshall Saunders,  
J. W. Longley,  
Bliss Carman, Joanna E. Wood,  
Charles G. D. Roberts,  
Rev. E. H. Dewart, D.D.,  
Dorothy Knight,  
Blanche L. Macdonell,  
Etc., etc.



QUITE recently there was presented to this University a unique collection of Anglo-Canadian poetry. Our best thanks are deservedly due the gentleman who so kindly gave it, and who had been so painstaking in its collection. But when the books were placed in my private office, to be catalogued, I can hardly describe the sense of disappointment which came over me when I looked at the two hundred or more volumes, filling only three short shelves, knowing that so much of it all does not repay reading. Was this the English portion of the Canadian literature we have heard so much about in these latter days? Not that I want five hundred volumes or more. The whole literature of Greece can be put on one shelf, and Pindar does not take up any more room than MacIntyre. Compare Pindar and MacIntyre? O ye Muses! Surely I can do something better

with my time than pore over so much worthless stuff when, in this busy world, so little time can be snatched to read the best literature which will delight and has always delighted the best minds of all ages and nations. The literature of Greece alone has had a most tremendous influence on the world. True, some reader may reply, but this has been saved from a greater mass, and your comparison is therefore unfair. My answer is, "Would that such a fate would overtake the larger mass of what is now written, whether English, foreign or Canadian!"

But how was this great literature of Greece produced? Assuredly not at the same rate nor in the same way as so much of the modern. But our information on methods of production among the Greeks is necessarily meagre, and we must put some of the moderns on the stand. Take, for instance, Goethe. We know that the creative impulse was strong in him, in 1771, when he produced "*Goetz von Berlichingen*." But though a powerful drama and full of Shakespearian traits, it did not then see light through the medium of the press. His mentor and critic, Herder, plainly told him that Shakespeare had spoiled him, so it went back into the crucible, and two years later was given to the world purged of a good deal of its dross. Take his "*Iphigenie*," in its four known forms, each representing years of thought and labor. Especially in his "*Faust*" we have the greatest monument in any literature to the length of time and depth of thought and revising care put upon his work by any known author. But let us come nearer home. Those who have seen the manuscript of Dickens' "*Christmas Carol*" will at once say, "How many changes! Surely they were not all necessary!" But the author evidently thought so. Probably all of us have read the story which recently went the rounds of the press, that Kipling had thrown that wonderful poem of his, "*Recessional*," into the wastepaper basket, from which grave it was so fortunately rescued by his wife.

It is indeed quality that tells, and quality is not found in the works of an Annie S. Swan or an E. P. Roe, than whom no author enjoyed a greater popularity among a large class of readers in the days of my boyhood. Marion Crawford is another case in point. The promise of his earlier works is not fulfilled in his later ones, because he composes too rapidly, and does not give enough care to his characters, plots and style. Quality is found in the works of those who toil and moil, who recast and mould, mould and recast, until something beautiful comes out of the furnace. A work of literature must represent the life of its maker, for unless it does—unless the

maker have a message to tell—he can lay no claim to the title of *vates* or seer, which the ancients considered a necessary office of the poet.

It is rather difficult to define what is meant by message. Pleasure all works of literature must give, and some say that *that* is the real aim of true literature. But this is too narrow a conception, unless that pleasure produces some thought which tends to the elevation of the ideals of life in the reader or hearer.



W. A. FRASER.

That the maker of a work of literature have a message is a necessary requirement, but an equally important requisite is that this message be delivered in proper form. Browning fails, mainly because he paid too little attention to form, while, on the other hand, the devotees of art for art's sake go to the other extreme. Now, it will not do to excuse crudeness in work by an apology for the youth of the author, or by inveighing against criticism, whether latter-day or old-time. How many of the present day authors would willingly pass through the severe apprenticeship of seven years, which Guy de Maupassant is said to have served under his master Flaubert? Seven years, and everything produced in that time was destroyed. But Maupassant stands out as the prince of story-tellers. And just here let me say, that it seems to me a pity to see so many of the youthful attempts, of even renowned authors, reprinted and sown broadcast over the land. These "sins of youth," as they may properly be designated, add nothing to the fame of the author, though an acquaintance with them may form a necessary step in the study of his evolution. On the other hand, nothing would be lost to the world were these, and many more, buried in oblivion. We might then hope to compass some of the really good literature there is in the world.

I have elsewhere made mention of the crying need for criticism in Canada. It is a pleasant duty to note that our chief magazine is doing something along this line. But I think that when *The Canadian Magazine* has the battle so well-nigh won, the duty to hew to the line becomes all the more imperative. And yet I can well understand what plaintive petitions are made to editors and managers, which would all but melt a heart of stone, and there are publishers who want a *quid pro quo*, a good notice for a good advertisement. It, then, becomes almost imperative to pay a competent

critic, possessed of good judgment, a salary large enough to put him beyond any financial worry and give him a free hand and good backing. As it is now, the so-called criticisms or reviews in our papers and magazines are absolutely worthless as a guide to the merits of any particular book. This applies not only to Canadian but to American and all other papers and periodicals, to a greater or less degree, as, for instance, to the review in the *New York Herald* of the works of a professor in a Western university, which attributed Freytag's "Rittmeister von Alt-Rosen" to the Professor, with the information that he was considered by competent critics to have written even better than the German. Many other egregious blunders and indiscriminate puffing were in evidence throughout the article. The public has, therefore, a right, and a most just right, to complain of the ignorance of reviewers. If a distinction is ever to be made between criticism and advertisement, honest, capable critics must do the work. I am well aware of the hue and cry raised against latter-day criticism, part of which I believe to be justified, but by no means all. Criticism means passing judgment after weighing evidence, and presupposes in the judge a previous training. Who would think of elevating a hodcarrier to the bench in our courts of justice because those who are to be haled before the tribunal do not want one versed in the law? Yet a good deal of the scorn hurled at latter-day criticism partakes of this nature.

One great difficulty which critics here in Canada have to contend against, is that there is just now a demand, in a certain sense a pseudo-demand, for a Canadian literature. What is a national literature? We may answer, one that reflects national characteristics. In what do these consist? The passion of love manifests itself in much the same way, whether the Romeo and Juliet be English or Greek, German or Chinese. There can be little difference in that. But the setting in which it may be found will differ in different countries, where the habits of thought, the climate and the perspective differ, and here is where we may, indeed must, look for national characteristics. And yet, that is after all an outward trapping, which must not be allowed to exceed certain well-defined limits. And so it is with the other passions and *motifs*. Here is where style and technique have their place, and hence our authors must be trained, and must always train themselves, that is, exercise relentless self-criticism.

Still another difficulty is a proper appreciation of what literature really is, and what is its true aim. Now, it is the height of folly to insist that all books are literature, unless we are willing to accept De



*From Photo by Russell & Sons, 17 Baker Street, London.)*

*Yours very Sincerely  
Gilbert Parker.*

Quincey's definition and divide into two classes, *literature of power*, or literature proper, *i.e.*, the resultant efforts of imaginative creative genius, and *literature of knowledge*, that which has as its aim the addition to our store of knowledge, of fact. The former will give pleasure and, incidentally, profit; the latter profit and, incidentally, pleasure. Didactic, controversial and scientific works are not literature proper, but works of genius are, and belong alone to this class.

By what standard are we to judge a work of literature? Is every lyric poet to measure up to Tennyson, every dramatic writer to Shakespeare? That would be hard on most present day authors. But some critics go farther still, and compare with Horace and Virgil, with Sophocles, and Pindar, and Theocritus. Is that just? Is it not true that these older writers wrote for an *aristocracy* of readers, while we have to appeal to a *democracy*? In our modern levelling-up, do we not also level down, and must we not change our ideals and our criticism? No Grecian *washlady* had the latest production of a May Agnes Fleming open before her as she beat her master's linen white on the stones of the running brook. Literature has undoubtedly lost in the process of levelling-up, and, I fear, without a gain to match. But if we try another course recommended, and praise the good only in each author, whose judgment is to be trusted? Surely not that of a novice? Or must we carefully ascertain what each author is capable of and judge him by himself? What various judgments would then be passed! That plan is not adopted in any department of life that I know of—we hold our ideals higher.

But whatever standard the critic has to adopt, he has also to properly distinguish between the different divisions of true literature, such as drama, comedy, lyric poetry and the different classes of fiction. Too little is known, I fear, of the nature and essence of these different forms.

But some may now ask, Who is to train our critics and where are they to get their training? I have elsewhere said that the duty of providing this lies with our Universities. A Professorship of *Æsthetics* and allied subjects should be established, and all students in any literary department should be required to take some work in such department. With properly qualified and thoroughly sane teachers, there would go out from the different universities a body of students from year to year, who would, on filling their various positions in life, gradually but with ever-increasing influence, raise the standard of taste and culture, and make it impossible for anything but good literature to succeed, a consummation devoutly to be wished.



Now, let us see how this all applies to the books of the year in Canada which lie before us. Of course it will be impossible, with the space at our disposal, to give anything like a minute analysis of each work, however profitable such an attempt might be.

The feature of the year has been the prominence of fiction, poetry for some reason or other sinking into the background.



DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

Gilbert Parker, our best Canadian writer, has in his last published book, *The Battle of the Strong* (Copp, Clark Co.), taken his subject from the Isle of Jersey, and the stirring times of the Revolution. The play of forces on the development of each character is well and skillfully wrought out, and finds a climax in the heroine, Guida Landresse. Her story is that of a beautiful girl with two lovers, the one playing her false when he thought she would be a drag to him in his ambitious schemes, while the other is the prince in disguise who comes to his rights at last and makes Guida happy. A simpler exposition and a

quicker plunge *in medias res* would have been to the advantage of the book. But it took even Shakespeare a long time to learn that.

*Hypnotized?* (Ontario Publishing Co.) is a story by a British Columbia journalist, Julian Durham, with the scene laid in England and the problem that of unconscious hypnotism. As this author has not, so far as I know, dealt with Canadian subjects, it will, perhaps, be better to wait until such a work from her pen appears.

*Black Rock.* To the Editor of the *Westminster* belongs the credit of having discovered the story-teller of the year, Ralph Connor. His book is a tale of mission work among the miners and lumbermen of British Columbia; of their struggle with the demon whiskey, and their victory under the leadership of the, I had almost said, sporting preacher, Craig, and his wonderfully endowed lieutenant, Mrs. Mavor, afterwards Mrs. Craig. The preacher is an honor graduate of Toronto University, and therefore it is no surprise to find frequent references to friendships formed there—and more especially to Rugby football, to which sport the hero is devoted. And there was need of all the pluck that is developed by the game, for the battles they had to fight were against a more insidious foe than ever tried their mettle on the campus. The characters all stand out clear and distinct, each playing well his part in the development of the story. It is not difficult to tell what school the author attended in learning his art, for the names Maclaren and Crockett come unbidden into the memory, and yet one is not made to feel that the author is a servile imitator. Individuality is everywhere in evidence in the work. Nor do the minor characters suffer at the hands of their creator. Graeme, the boss of the lumber camp; Connor, the wonder-working physician, whose unique prescription—a cablegram—was so potent in driving out mountain fever at the critical moment; Nelson, the victim of drink, who was rescued from his thralldom and closed a noble life by a death for his master; Billy, whose pathetic struggle against the common enemy is so beautifully told; and even Slavin, the reformed bartender, all and sundry enlist our attention from start to finish. Usually a story with the setting of this one is only secondarily of literary merit, and this still shows the earmarks of its origin, which was to interest the readers in missionary work among the workers in the wild west. But Love is Lord of all, and gives a very human interest to all the actors in the drama. Throughout the work we are made conscious of the greater freedom which prevails in those wild districts to the breaking down of the narrow barriers of creeds and to the emphasizing of the universal in all our beliefs.

Taken all in all, it is a capital story which gives great promise of further good work on the part of the author, and his next work will be looked forward to with pleasure. But let him prune carefully, he is capable of the very best.

*The Forest of Bourg-Marie*, by Mrs. Harrison (Morang), is another of the good books of this year. The scene is laid in the Province of Quebec,



REV. C. W. GORDON ("Ralph Connor.")

and the characters are the superstitious *habitants* of that province, which is so rich in legends and historical associations. There is the wonderful old trapper, Mikel le Caron, deeply learned in that intricate science of woodcraft, a dreamer, who hopes some day to see the manor, of which he is the lawful seigneur, restored to the glory it had in the seventeenth century. But the last scion of his race is Magloire, who ran away from him when about fourteen years of age, and, after

an absence of nine years, returns to show how greatly he has degenerated in Milwaukee, where he has been barber, pictureseller, coachman and what not, besides having lost all love for religion and his mother church, and has become a blatant orator on all socialistic topics. A third character which wins our sympathy is Nicolas Lauriere, the apt pupil of Mikel the trapper, and in his way a thinker. He is a lover of the woods and river, moved to his really poetic depths at the sight of a beautiful sunset. A hunchback, with the singularly unsuitable name of Pacifique, makes the fourth chief actor in the scenes. Minor parts are played by the *curé*, who was a true father to his people, Joncas, the trapper friend of Mikel, and several others who had been friends of Magloire in his youth. Strange to say, there are really no women in the story, for Magloire's mistress, Kitty, has a very subordinate part, and the two *Canadiennes* are barely mentioned. Mrs. Harrison possesses a thorough acquaintance with the life of the habitants whom she portrays, and in general her book reads well; but there are faults in the way of reflections and explanations which might have been avoided. Moreover, the whole chapter entitled "The Cure's Garden" is not necessary to the development of any of the characters and, therefore, might with advantage have been dispensed with. As a whole, however, the story is an excellent one and makes a very welcome addition to our Canadian literature.

*Rose à Charlitte* (L. C. Page & Co.) by Marshall Saunders, author of *Beautiful Joe*, is a tale of Evangeline's land. It is a great improvement on her previous work, but might have been compressed a good deal without detriment to the story. The characters are fairly well drawn, but are scarcely instinct with life. This criticism may also be passed on *Juaith Moore* (Ontario Publishing Co.), by Joanna E. Wood. This author's first story, *The Untempered Wind*, has more power than her second, the characters of which are rather effeminate. I cannot agree with the editor of *The Canadian Magazine* in ranking her with Gilbert Parker, but still I feel that she can do good work if she takes time.

*Diane of Ville Marie: A Romance of French Canada*, by Blanche L. Macdonell (Briggs), is the first longer work by a comparatively new writer. The scene is laid in Ville Marie, about 1690, at a time when attacks by Iroquois and English make the lives of the French settlers hazardous. Diane de Monestrol, a ward of Jacques Le Ber, finds herself in due time in love with young Du Chesne, who has lost his heart to Lydia Longloys, a beautiful English girl rescued from the Indians. Du Chesne loses his life in a battle against

the English, and Diane, marrying the Duke de Ronceval, returns to France to do pure and lovely deeds, buoyed up by her unconfessed but undying love for the unfortunate Du Chesne. The book is pure in



J. W. BENGOUGH.

tone (as are all that have been mentioned in this review), but there is nothing startling in the characters, though they are fairly well drawn. Diane is an exception, and stands out clearly before us. But in this

work, too, we miss that firm grasp of the material and skill in development of the plot, which is so necessary to the success of a story. The story seems long drawn out at the beginning. Then there is quite a decided tendency at "fine writing," a fault that seals the fate of many books. The opening paragraph is a very good example of this, and many other instances are found in the different chapters.

Turning from fiction, what do we find in poetry? In his work, *Essays for the Times* (Briggs), Dr. Dewart has collected the few poems which he has published at different times since 1869. When Dr. Dewart writes anything he has something to say, and we are glad to have these pieces preserved for us. It seems to me a pity that he does not do more in this direction, but under-production is far better than over-production.

*Cuba, and Other Verse* (Briggs), by Robert Manners, contains some very good work, but is uneven. The humorous poem on "The Early Worm of Unhappy Memory" is quite a success, and so is "His Reply to 'Her Letter.'" "Night" contains some fine descriptive stanzas:

Above yon looming cliff, whose sombre height,  
Black 'gainst the sky, o'erlooks the slumbering sea,  
Thou (*the moon*) soar'st aloft, dissolving into light  
The waters, cradled to tranquility.

Mounting on high, soon doth thy radiance fill  
The earth and sea—most welcome on the deep  
Where thy bright beams with hope all wanderers thrill  
Who in the night across the ocean sweep.

Unfortunately other stanzas are weak, and the transition bad. The whole work is only fair.

*Thayendanegea, an Historico-military Drama*, by J. B. Mackenzie, is a work of duty to appease the shade of the neglected chief, Joseph Brant. The author is not a dramatist, and that makes one sorry for the poor shade. The dedication to Prof. Clark is the most surprising of all, incomprehensible. The book has not a single merit, unless it be the historical notes.

*The Vision of the Seasons, and Other Verses*, by Dorothy W. Knight (Drysdale), is a very plain case of the need of every poet being armed with a good-sized pruning-knife. Miss Knight rushed into print at *eleven* years of age. I am not acquainted with her previous booklets, but a good deal of the present one should never have seen

the light of day in the present form. For instance, here are the closing lines of "January":

"Now observe the windows and look at the delicate frostwork.  
Thick on the large panes, but thinner and lighter on small ones,  
Sometimes 'tis traced like leaves, and sometimes as stars or as landscapes  
Now you see high mountains, and now a field or a footpath,  
Drawn and outlined entire in the beautiful, wonderful frostwork.  
This is a winter song, a picture of January's glory,  
This describes the splendor of the beautiful January weather."

Minute description! Moderate prose! But here is something much better:

#### A MEMORY.

A slope of snow and a mild March day,  
Some bare plum trees 'gainst a sky of gray,  
And a happy child with her sled at play.

A wee brown bird on a dripping bough,  
A song both simple and sweet, I trow,  
And the child has stopped—she is listening now.

So clear, so plaintive, that little strain,  
She longs and listens, it comes again,  
She is thrilled with pleasure through every vein.

Now three years gone is that March sky's gray,  
The wee brown birdie has flown away.  
But the child's heart rings with the song to-day.

There is plenty of proof through the different poems that this young girl loves nature in its different forms, but in all kindness we would advise her to be very severe in self-criticism.

After this had been written, a letter was handed me, in which the encomiums of Roberts, Lighthall, Fréchette and others on Miss Knight's work were cited. I have no wish to be unduly severe on the young author, but I wonder how in all honesty such unstinted praise can be given. Praise the good, certainly, but point out the weaknesses as well. Do not spare the rod, else the child will most assuredly be spoiled.

What *dear* little books Lawson, Wolfe & Co. do put on the market! How Shakespeare and Chaucer must envy modern poets! And what a mellifluous versifier Bliss Carman is! *By the Aurelian Wall* is a book of elegies to Keats, Shelley, Blake, Stevenson and

others, including Paul Verlaine, with whom, doubtless to my everlasting damnation as a lover of literature, I have no sympathy. But what is to be expected from such a Philistine? And yet I know a poet, German 'tis true and not of small account, Goethe by name, who was a master in versification, but there is a world of meaning in his honey-sweet tones. Anyone acquainted with "Faust" will bear me out. What are we to make of this stanza from the opening elegy?



JOANNA E. WOOD.

"He learns the silver strain  
Wherewith the ghost'y houses of grey rain  
And lonely valleys ring,  
When the untroubled white throats make the spring  
A world without a stain."

Lines two, four and five are the puzzles.

I have also a strong dislike to the sentiment in some of Carman's work. A striking example is the elegy "To Raphael," to which I must refer my readers. Now, there is no doubt that Bliss Carman is a gifted poet, but I must say that I do not think he is doing work



worthy of him or of his art. Protesting, methinks he doth protest too much, that the poet must be free, gives no right to license, and this, to my mind, is Carman's weakness. At any rate, no one with the full flow of life in his veins and full-fledged hopefulness in his breast can have any patience with decadence and squalor. And though we all know that a few of the "dear good people on familiar terms with God," as Carman puts it, are somewhat of a nuisance, yet no sane healthy nature can deny that the life and example of the Saviour of men influences to a greater or less degree the lives of almost all men who count for something in this world and who are doing something real for its good. Moreover, the dead women who

"Dared to make desire a duty,  
With the heretics in hell!"

are no models for us, and are not accepted as such by any decent person.

Some fine work is found in Roberts' *New York Naturnes*. Here is a little gem :

"Said Life to Art—"I love thee best  
Not when I find in thee  
My very face and form, expressed  
With dull fidelity,  
  
But when in thee my craving eyes  
Behold continually  
The mystery of my memories  
And all I long to be."

How much the following lines say !

#### "IN DARKNESS

I have faced life with courage,—but not now !  
O Infinite, in this darkness draw Thou near.  
Wisdom alone I asked of thee, but Thou  
Hast crushed me with the awful gift of fear."

Roberts is doing good work in both verse and prose, as witness his *Forge in the Forest*. But what about nationality? some reader may ask. Well, Carman and Roberts are Canadian-born and have treated Canadian subjects; but how are we to distinguish between English, Stateser and Canadian poets? We all speak, with very slight differences, the same tongue, and the growing cosmopolitanism, now so much in evidence, tends decidedly to the wiping out of minor differences in writings. Then how can we expect much difference?

*The Lord of Lanoraie, a Canadian Legend*, by Robert G. Starke (John Lovell & Son), is a very fair attempt to do for our country what Sir Walter Scott did for Scotland.

*Camp and Lamp* is a collection of stories and verse by Samuel N. Baylis (Drysdale), of various weight and merit.



WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

Besides books of verse and works of fiction quite a number of other works, published during the present year, have been handed to me for review. I shall notice them only *en passant* with very brief words, seeing that this article is already long enough.

Dr. Dewart's *Essays for the Times* is a valuable collection. I do not know whether the author has any more essays in reserve, but I could wish that he would give us some more on Canadian

authors like the one on Sangster. He is the best qualified judge we have. "Confessions and Retractions of an Eminent Scientist" (Romanes) is a very striking essay and suggestive of thought. "Questionable Tendencies in Current Theological Thought" is well developed and will interest even if one should not agree with the author throughout. In fact, all are interesting, keen and instructive, but, personally, I should like to see some more on literary subjects and a division into two books.

*Love*, by Attorney-General Longley, of Nova Scotia (Copp, Clark Co.), is a dissertation on "The Greatest Thing in the World." There is much that is very excellent, but the author raises, especially in the chapter "What Love is Lawful?" and leaves unsettled, a good many puzzling questions. Repetitions are somewhat painfully frequent and seem to me a fault in style.

*A Critical Study of In Memoriam*, by Rev. Dr. King, of Winnipeg (Morang), would be a useful book to a beginner in the subject but contributes nothing new for the more advanced student, nor could one dispense with other aids. The style is not felicitous, and the long sentence of the opening paragraph of the preface is a very fine example of what to avoid in writing.

A great many works are now appearing in the way of contributions to the social history of our country. They are valuable sidelights, but cannot be called history proper. Those before me are "Pioneer Sketches of Long Point Settlement," by Egbert A. Owen (Briggs); "Pathfinding on Plain and Prairie," by McDougall (Briggs); "The Making of the Canadian West," by R. G. MacBeth (Briggs); "Steam Navigation," by James Croil (Briggs), a valuable contribution to the history of our waterways; and a book of very rambling, styleless sketches by Thomas Conant (Briggs). This last I have seen elsewhere. Perhaps the colored plates may suit the taste of the general public, but they do not seem to me to particularly enhance the value of the work. Canadian history, based on a study of the original authorities, has to a large extent yet to be written. Miss Young's "Stories of the Maple Land" (Copp, Clark Co.) is a selection from the stirring incidents in our history told attractively for children. Herbin's "Grand Pré" (Briggs) is an instructive guidebook to Evangeline's Land.

In conclusion let me say that this essay, undertaken at the urgent solicitation of the editors of "ACTA," does not claim to be a complete review of all Canadian works which have appeared during the year, nor does the writer profess to be infallible in his criticisms, which after

all are, as are all such, to a great extent a matter of personal opinion. But I cannot close without saying that I believe Canadians have been making rapid strides in literary production, and that we ought to look for and confidently expect better things in the near future.



### Plus Ultra.

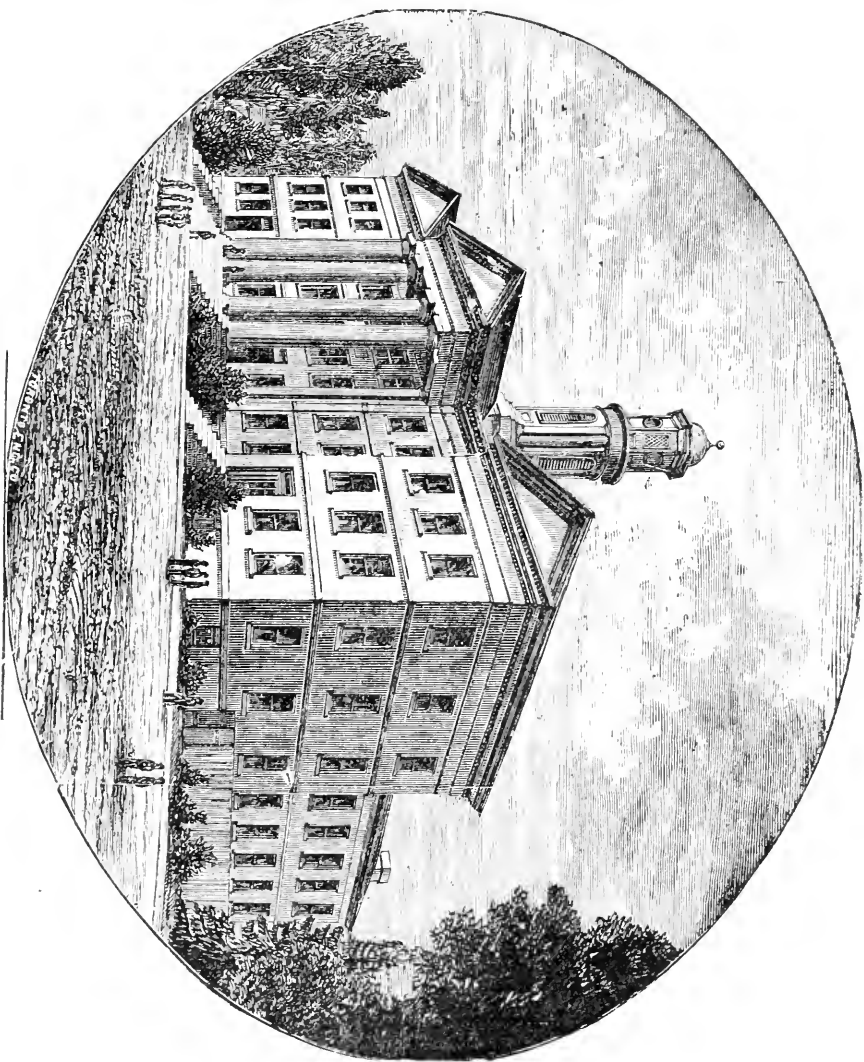
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ONE more song and then away,  
 Strive no more to gain her ear ;  
 One more prayer for Love to pray,  
 Silence then and darkness dear.  
 Light of Love through darkness brought,  
 Sweetest songs for her enwrought —  
 She will neither see nor hear.

Little worth but for her sake  
 Held I all that life might spare :  
 All my art I strove to make  
 As a garland for her hair.  
 Life and Love and Art together  
 Pass like leaves in wintry weather—  
 Neither takes she thought nor care.

No more Love and no more song !  
 What is left for Life to say ?  
 This : When sombre hours grow long,  
 Memory's lamp shall light thy way.  
 Love in dreams can know no waning ;  
 Seldom Love survives the gaining ;  
 Touched,—it withers to decay.





"Old Vic," Coleridge

## Stone Breaking.

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MARCH wind rough  
Clashed the trees,  
Flung the snow ;  
Breaking stones,  
In the cold,  
Germans slow,  
Toiled and toiled :  
Arrowy sun  
Glanced and sprang.  
One right blithe  
German sang  
Songs of home,  
Father-land :  
Syenite hard,  
Weary lot,  
Callous hand,  
All forgot :  
Hammers pound,  
Ringing round ;  
Rise the heaps,  
To his voice,  
Bounds and leaps,  
Toise on toise :  
Toil is long,  
But dear God  
Gives us song,  
At the end,  
Gives us rest :  
Toil is best.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

Department of Indian Affairs.

OTTAWA, November, '98.

## A Review of Some Recent Fiction.

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THE pre-eminent quality of all books of fiction lies in their power to amuse. To help to beguile an idle moment, or to divert us from the heavier mental occupations of our days, is the supreme mission of the novel. And yet the novels that merely amuse have no enduring quality. Our best writers introduce other elements besides pure diversion. To judge from those that are acknowledged as the best we have, the presenting and discussing of social, religious and moral questions comes within the scope of the novel. It is noticeable that the books which take the strongest hold on popular imagination are not the most diverting. Shakespeare wrote to draw audiences to the theatre, and it is quite conceivable that "Much Ado About Nothing" or "The Merry Wives of Windsor" pleased those rude audiences much better than "Othello" or "Hamlet" could do. Yet we to-day are better informed regarding the two latter than the two former, because of some quality quite distinct from mere diversion.

To thoughtful readers, then, the novel presents two phases, its material and its motive or message. As to material, we must bear in mind the conditions under which recent novelists are working. During the many years since the first novel became popular, writers innumerable have exercised their art in this department, with the result that it is becoming more and more difficult to find material for novels that has not been worked over and over again. Mine after mine has become an army of gold-seekers. Placer mining is no longer profitable in the old fields, and now it has become necessary to search for new fields, or to delve deep down and with great labor to be searching to find some store of the precious metal. The gard goes to the wilds of Africa and South America, to find his material; Kipling to far-off India with its wild and stirring, strange life; Crawford to Italy; Ian Maclaren and Crockett to the peasantry of Scotland; Anthony Trollope to a lonely island in the Mediterranean or some equally remote spot in the heart of Europe. On the other hand, Hardy writes of the unheroic of the lower and middle classes, soothing their wounds and cauterizing their sores with the skill of a surgeon. Hall Caine deals with life and its struggles as it appears to the native Manxman.

The second consideration with respect to choice of material is that the novelist must suit the every-varying taste of the times. When Scott began to write his famous series, he had almost to create a taste for his books. But the novelist of to-day finds a more or less refined and educated palate to which he must accommodate his wares. He cannot copy after his predecessor, for he must write for his own age. "The rude man," quotes Carlyle, "needs only to see something going on. The man of more refinement must be made to feel. The man of complete refinement must be made to reflect." To the rude man, who desires only to see something going on, the drama, and that of the roystering and hilarious comedy type, addresses itself with peculiar fitness. Dramatic production is almost a thing of the past, which would go to show that as readers we have reached the stage of more or of even complete refinement. The writings of one of the great poets of this age are addressed to the reflective quality, to the subordination of the purely emotional. Browning's poetry, with its keen and subtle analysis of character and motive, requires the exercise of the reflective faculty for its proper appreciation and understanding. If poetry, hitherto held to be the region of pure emotion, has so surrendered to the domination of the intellect, what may we expect of prose fiction? So we find some of the best novels a close and careful study of social and economic conditions, or an analysis of the secret motives that possess the human heart. I refer now not to the purpose novel, such as Bellamy's "Looking Backward," or Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Robert Elsmere;" but rather to such books as George Eliot's "Romola," or Hall Caine's "Christian."

The second part of our study will be devoted to the message which is conveyed through the novel of to-day. The word "message" appears perhaps too dignified and sacred a term to be applied to the novel, and should be applied, one would think, rather to the utterance of the prophet or the preacher. Yet I do not think we shall be far astray if we regard the novelists as minor prophets, some of them false possibly, or lacking in courage to utter what lies within them. The man who writes books for the public is, in his private capacity, not much wiser or more far-seeing than one who never writes. But when he writes he is, or should be, under inspiration. At the least, he is, as it were, under oath, and dare not utter things inadvisedly and without duly pondering upon the truth of his utterance. In his essay on Scott, Carlyle speaks of this message: "In the heart of the speaker there ought to be some kind of gospel-tidings. . . . Literature has other aims than harmlessly amusing indolent languid men." He further



suggests that all literature worthy of the name is "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for edification, for building up and elevating." In the following we may find something of those qualities of which Carlyle speaks.

The extreme type of Thomas Hardy's novels is found in "Jude the Obscure." Jude Fawley from early boyhood was possessed of an ambition for college education, leading toward the Church as a profession. He pursues his purpose unflinching through the years of his boyhood and youth. He buys Latin and Greek grammars, and while he drives a bread-cart he picks up some smattering of the classics. His plans are well laid. Being dependent upon his own exertions, he chooses the occupation of stone-cutter as one most likely to afford him employment in the city of colleges. To Oxford, after long years of waiting, he wends his way. Here he will finally succeed or fail. In conjunction with, or rather we should say against, his intellectual longings, Jude has to fight, of outward circumstances, poverty and social traditions; and inwardly an appetite for strong drink and the animal passion of sex. The theme therefore resolves itself into a conflict between the mind and spirit striving upward, and the world and the flesh dragging and keeping him down. Shall the powers of darkness or the powers of light gain possession of him? Or to state it more to the purpose, shall the man succeed in establishing himself in the innate dignity of his manhood, or must he give up the fight and confess at last that the stars fought against him? From this viewpoint, the message of this book is one of discouragement. He not only fails to make a scholar and a bishop of himself: he fails even to preserve his native manliness and integrity. After giving up his university plans, he drifts into drunkenness, debauchery and bestiality, and dies in the prime of life, alone, calling for a cup of water to slake his dying thirst, while his coarse, brutal wife has left his side for an hour to enjoy the gay scene of a holiday exhibition.

The foregoing is only a bare outline of the story. There is a great deal more in it of an equally depressing nature. It belongs to what has been styled the "literature of despair." Jude marries one woman, divorces her, and lives with another whom he has not married. His life with the former is wretched, with the second fairly happy. This one he loves and continues to love, evidently because he has not married her and sworn to love. The inference is plain. There is a suggestion of paganism in the author's reference to a good old Anglican Church as a "temple to the Christian divinities."

Realism, sensualism and pessimism are the principal notes struck

in this book,—all notes of despair, for his realism paints the darker shades of human life and character; his sensualism confesses that the animal in man is still superior to the mind; and his pessimism declares that circumstance, fate, or what you will, is still stronger than human skill or human endeavor.

It must be admitted that the sensualism of the book is offensive. True, sensualism is the theme; but it need not have been made so shockingly prominent. While Jude is preparing for college, he accidentally meets a young girl, whom he soon marries. Here is the description of the girl: "She was a fine dark-eyed girl, not exactly handsome, but capable of passing as such at a little distance, despite some coarseness of skin and fibre. She had a round and prominent bosom, full lips, perfect teeth, and the rich complexion of a Cochin's egg. She was a complete and substantial female human, no more, no less." These are illustrations that can be quoted; others, more direct and much more gross, I refrain from citing.

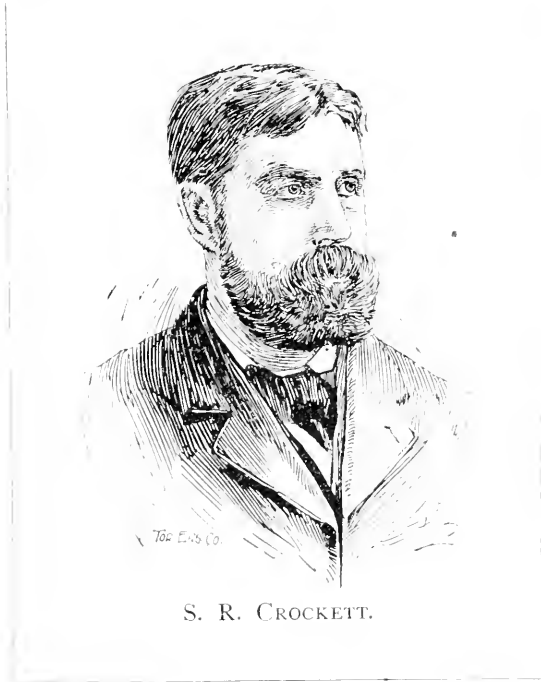
The realism is equally prominent with the sensualism. Arabella Donn, Jude's wife to be, scrapes an acquaintance with him by throwing a piece of pig's offal at him. Their intimacy receives a considerable impetus while the two, a short time later, chase a pig that has escaped from Arabella's guardianship. When they marry, a source of income is hoped for from a pig which they fatten during the autumn. The killing of this pig is the theme of one chapter, and the author shows a master's skill in elevating this ignoble scene into the domain of the tragic, and making it a factor in the disagreement that finally separates husband and wife. The boiling of the water, the catching of the pig, hoisting him on his back, scraping off the bristles, plunging in the knife, and the attendant squealing of the unhappy victim, all are depicted with studious attention to details.

After Jude had been some time at Oxford, battling with all sorts of discouragements, he wrote letters to the heads of various colleges in that city, stating his difficulties and asking their advice. He received one reply, as follows: "I have read your letter with interest: and, judging from your description of yourself as a workingman I venture to think that you will have a much better chance of success in life by remaining in your own sphere and sticking to your trade, than by adopting any other course. That, therefore, is what I advise you to do." On the strength of this "terribly sensible advice," Jude got drunk.

This selection and presentation of the discouraging elements in the common unidealized life of humanity is what constitutes the

pessimism of Thomas Hardy's novels. It is easy to see how a more sanguine writer would conduct his hero over the same obstacles to a triumphant success. That the hero admits the truth of the advice, and is consequently discouraged and debased, is in keeping with the tone of the whole book.

As was said before, "Jude" is the extreme type of Hardy's novels. All of his books contain elements of great beauty. The picture of



S. R. CROCKETT.

dairy farm life in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is idyllic. His "Woodlanders" is enchantingly beautiful in its description of woodland scenery. In "Jude" the reader is impressed with the conviction that here is a writer whose sympathies have gone out to the unlucky and unheroic of humanity. Stripped of its indecent coarseness, this novel treats boldly and frankly certain social evils. Taken at its best, the purpose of the book is indicated in the following speech delivered by Jude in the streets of Oxford: "It is a difficult

question, my friends, for any young man—that question I had to grapple with, and which thousands are weighing at the present moment in these uprising times—whether to follow uncritically the track he finds himself in, without considering his aptness for it, or to consider what his aptness or bent may be, and re-shape his course accordingly. I tried to do the latter, and I failed. But I don't admit that my failure proved my course to be a wrong one, or that my success would have made it a right one: though that is how we appraise such attempts nowadays—I mean, not by their essential soundness, but by their accidental outcomes. If I had ended by becoming like one of these gentlemen in red and black that we saw dropping in here by now, everybody would have said, 'See how wise that young man was to follow the bent of his nature!' But having ended no better than I began, they say: 'See what a fool that fellow was in following a freak of his fancy.'

"However, it was my poverty and not my will that consented to be beaten. It takes two or three generations to do what I tried to do in one; and my impulses—affections—vices, perhaps, they should be called—were too strong not to hamper a man without advantages, who should be as cold-blooded as a fish and as selfish as a pig to have a really good chance of being one of his country's worthies."

"Simon Dale," by Anthony Hope, is in tone and purpose quite the opposite to "Jude." Jude determines to be a bishop, no less, and his determination, if nothing else, should fortify him in his virtue. Simon Dale is a young man of no particular pretensions to virtue, living in the dissolute times of Charles II. Jude's virtue is attacked by a coarse and ignorant country wench—and he succumbs. Simon comes within the allurements of the most fascinating woman of her time—the notorious Nell Gwyn. What enables him in the moment of supreme temptation to resist the siren is simply the love he bears a pure and queenly maiden, near whose room he passes and whose voice he hears singing a low love-song. And that love which keeps him pure enables him to act the man. This is a spiritualizing love, which manifests itself as often in Anthony Hope's novels as does a sensual passion in Hardy's. Respectively, these two sentiments form the *motifs* of the two authors.

Barbara Quinton and Simon Dale had spent their childhood and youth together in their country house at Hatchstead. She had gone to London as Maid of Honor; he to seek his fortune at the court. King Louis of France was visiting Charles at Dover, and during this visit the infamous Treaty of Dover was enacted. As an incidental

bargain in the treaty, Barbara, unknown to herself, was bartered to Louis. The boat that carried Louis back to France carried also Barbara, under pretence of going as maid of honor to Madame the King's sister, who was soon to follow. But Simon Dale goes, too, and with his strong arm and quick wit he saves the innocent and unsuspecting girl from a fate of shame.

The book presents in every respect a complete contrast to the one previously considered. Its personnel is exalted, and the incidents are romantic. Sensualism exists, and is candidly confessed, but it does not triumph, and its presentation is stripped of its grossness. Dealing as it does with an age of licentiousness and infidelity, the story is nevertheless clean and wholesome in moral tone. The historic personages are carefully and accurately depicted. Charles is made no better and no worse than the Charles of history, and Louis of France, the foremost man of his time, suffers no detraction at the author's hands. Simon holds a pistol at his head at one moment, determined to win his point even at the expense of the life of the august libertine; at the next moment he is lost in admiration of Louis' coolness, bravery, and princely demeanor. The conversations are exceedingly clever, and it is here, perhaps, where Anthony Hope excels. And, lastly, the hero is just such a one as any true-minded and honorable Briton might aim to be.

To declare that honor and virtue may be retained in the midst of such surroundings as the court of the most profligate of English kings; to set forth that sturdy independence, both of person and conscience, is more to be desired than power and place, even about the person of the king: to represent a choice of privacy and retirement, with a good conscience, as preferable to court life with its debasing influences, and that choice made by a young man who is neither a prude nor a Puritan; above all, to teach that there is no better thing a man can do than to perform at his best the duty that lies nearest to him, whether it be to uphold the liberties of his country or to rescue a lady from the embraces of a princely libertine, and leave the mysteries of life and the inherent evils of society to a Higher Power; these are the inspiring and encouraging doctrines of "Simon Dale."

Hall Caine's "Christian" deserves our attention next. It belongs to the realistic school with Hardy's "Jude," but is conceived in a very different spirit. There is no irreverence or scoffing here. It is a careful study of the conditions, social and religious, that characterize London in the last decade of the nineteenth century. It is intensely modern. The bike and the bloomers come under discussion in a

fashionable assembly, and the dulcet tones of the hand-organ grind out "Sweet Marie." The working girls of the modern Babylon come in for a full share of treatment, and their victimization by the wealthy and fashionable men of the town. Hospitals, gambling dens, monkish cloisters, behind the scenes in theatres, the Ultramontane leanings of the High Church, the Derby—all these and similar scenes and conditions are depicted with realistic faithfulness. In the midst of these scenes two principal characters move, and add life and interest. Glory Quayle, with her abounding vitality, her scintillating wit, and her ever-varying moods and emotions, is a most interesting, if complicated and inexplicable, piece of femininity. John Storm is an intense, gloomy, serious, semi-fanatical religionist, full of high and heroic plans for the amelioration of society, but failing at every turn. Now he is defeated by the worldliness and indifference of the Established Church and her ministers, and he turns for consolation to a brotherhood of monks, who take upon themselves the triple vow of the mediæval knights—poverty, obedience, and chastity. His passionate nature makes this life of inaction and passivity intolerable, and he is soon found in the world again, preaching and founding homes and clubs for working girls. He is defeated here by having the church where he preached sold over his head for a theatre. He finds another church, and here he preaches righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come. He draws great crowds and his name is held in veneration. But his preaching concerning judgment upon the wicked is applied by his excited hearers to the wicked city of London, and soon Rumor hints of the day and the hour when these things must take place. The day comes, and panic-stricken crowds fly from the doomed city. No destruction follows, however, and a warrant is issued for John Storm's arrest as a stirrer-up of sedition. He finally meets his death in a street fight.

The book is realistic, decidedly so. Besides, it offers no bright hope for the future of humanity. In all the social fabric erected by the author's imagination, no one is found upon whom we can rely with hope. Archdeacon Wealthy is too intent upon things of the world and too utterly selfish to be a redeeming force. The brotherhood of monks despair of social regeneration, and are intent only upon their own salvation. Drake is a creature of good impulses, but is tainted with the malady of his time, and lacks steady moral purpose. Mrs. Callander and Lady Ure are more promising, but one is tottering to the grave, and the other is neutralized by a wicked and worthless husband. And Glory Quayle? Well, we never know where to find

her. One day she may be planning to consecrate her life with John Storm to works of charity and mercy, and the next she may be lunching with fast gentlemen friends in questionable resorts. These with John Storm are the best characters, the author tells us, of which society is composed. The hero himself is entitled the "Christian," as pre-eminently exemplifying the life and teachings of Christ.



REV. JOHN WATSON ("Ian Maclaren").

The thoughtful reader will, I fancy, be inclined to question the fitness of this appellation. John Storm is a man of great singleness and unselfishness of purpose, and of considerable moral integrity. But that he is so far perfect as to be worthy of the title, "The Christian," is less evident. He lacks tact, he lacks consistency of purpose, and he lacks sanity of judgment. He utterly fails to "make friends to himself of the mammon of unrighteousness." How can a man overcome the

world who cannot overcome himself? So far from understanding his own time, he does not understand himself, and, as the author plainly indicates, he mistakes his love for Glory Quayle for the love of God. Hence the hero fails, not because of the "perfidy of circumstances," nor because of the unfitness of the principles by which he was guided, but chiefly because he was unfit for the work he had to do. The great error of the book is therefore in its title. The book is miscalled, and should be known by any other name than by "The Christian."

While it would be rash, on account of the great scope of the work, to say that this or that in particular constitutes its theme, it nevertheless is not difficult to perceive that the author is heavily charged with a message of condemnation for the Established Church. So thoughtful and significant is his deliverance on that question, proceeding from the mouth of John Storn's uncle, the Prime Minister, that we feel impelled to quote it here, and therewith conclude the review of a book which, despite some weaknesses characteristic of most of the work of its most gifted author, is yet one of the strongest and most thoughtful novels that have appeared in this modern age :

"Never in history, so far as I know it, and certainly never within my own experience, has it been possible to maintain the union of Church and State without frequent adultery and corruption. The effort to do so has resulted in manifest impostures in sacred things, in ceremonies without canonical significance, and in gross travesties of the solemn worship of God. Speaking of our own Church, I will not disguise my belief that, but for the good and true men who are always to be found within its pale, it could not survive the frequent disregard of principles which lie deep in the theory of Christianity. Its epicureanism, its regard for the interests of the purse, its tendency to rank the administrator above the apostle, are weeds that spring up out of the soil of its marriage with the State."

Out of a countless number of very recent books, we have found space to review only three. Many good judges might take issue with the selection, and say that we have not reviewed the best books. This can be said of the selection, that the works and the authors are representative. Each of the authors is a master, and has won fame in the field of fiction. Each has a well-defined and distinct view of his art, and each works among material quite different from the others. Hardy challenges our assent to his outspoken utterances upon the evils of modern society. His social philosophy is destructive ; custom, convention, and those safeguards such as marriage, parent-hood, and religious faith, all are swept away, and society is left with nothing but natural religion and primitive communism. Very few will be

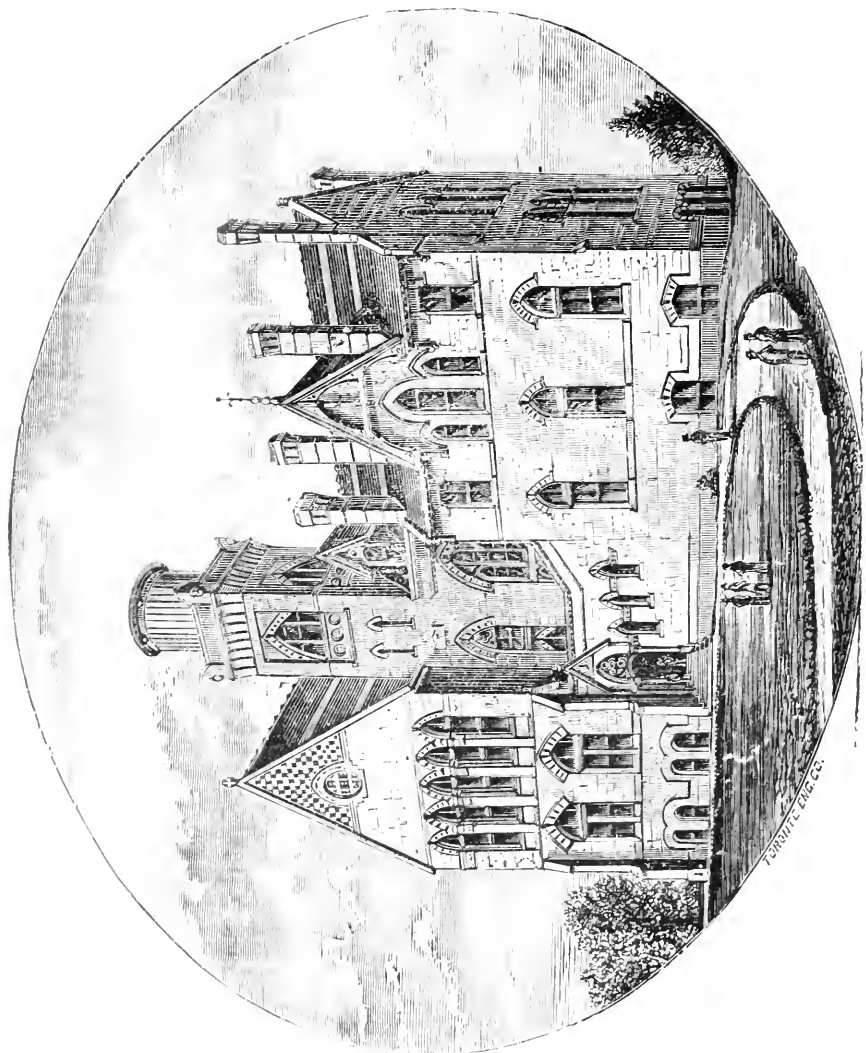


inclined to forgive such iconoclasm. Hall Caine is fully as realistic as Hardy, but not so destructive; quite as critical, but more reverent. These two, the realists, profess to hold a mirror up to nature, or as it were, to photograph society. Anthony Hope and the idealists *select* their material to suit their artistic views. The books of the realistic school have their purpose in invigorating, chastening and warning. They say, "Woe to you that are at ease, that look about you in easy satisfaction with the world and with self. Here are evils that have not been corrected by you, and wrongs that have not been righted." The idealists, on the contrary, cheer and elevate. While not denying or obscuring the evils about us, they urge the efficacy of the human will in overcoming them. They say, "Man can be what he wills to be." The realists say, "Man must be what fate or circumstance permits him to be."

Time will not permit us to do justice to the multitude of other recent writers. We can only mention such books as Conan Doyle's "White Company," and Stanley Weyman's "Gentleman of France," treating of the mediæval chivalry with all its virility and charm; and of Gilbert Parker's Canadian stories, so true to Canadian life and history. Kipling, the poet of militarism and imperialism, and the author of some of the most popular stories of the day, is voluminous enough to be treated separately. Barrie, Crockett, and Ian Maclaren form a school by themselves,—the "kail-yard school." Upon Crockett the mantle of Scott has fallen. The humor and pathos of the Thrums stories are the delight of every natural heart. Barrie has achieved a distinct success in a comparatively unexplored field. "Sentimental Tommy" will remain a monument to his loving sympathy with the little joys and sorrows and "endless imitations" of child life. In this theme he is a worthy rival of James Whitcombe Riley. As for Maclaren, his creations are immortal. His humor and his sadness are alike irresistible. He appeals to the heart with a directness that is almost painful. And who can fittingly describe his Jamie and Domsie, Drumsheugh and Posty, and McClure, and Marget Howe and her scholar son, whose life faded away beside the "Bonnie Brier Bush"? That mystical union of tender pathos, sadness and triumphant hope, which is so marked a characteristic of Maclaren's work, is well expressed in the concluding words of the "Scholar's Funeral": "It was a late November day when I went to see George's memorial, and the immortal hope was burning low in my heart, but as I stood before that cross, the sun struggled out from behind a black watery bank of cloud, and picked out every letter of the Apocalypse in gold."

Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph.

J. B. REYNOLDS.



FARADAY HALL, COBOURG.



ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

### The Minstrel.

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THROUGH the wide-set gates of the city, bright-eyed,  
 Came the minstrel : many a song behind him,  
 Many still before him, re-echoing strangely,  
 Ringing and kindling.

First he stood, bold-browed, in the hall of warriors,  
 Stood, and struck, and flung from his strings the roar and  
 Sweep of battle, praising the might of foemen.  
 Met in the death-grip :

Bugle-voiced, wild-eyed, till the old men, rising,  
 Gathered all the youth in a ring, and drinking  
 Deep, acclaimed him, making the walls and roof-tree  
 Jar as with thunder.

Then of horse and hound, and the train of huntsmen,  
Sprang his song, and into the souls of all men  
Passed the cheer and heat of the chase, the fiery  
Rush of the falcon.

Singing next of love, in the silken chambers  
Sat the minstrel, eloquent, urged by lovely  
Eyes of women, sang till the girls, white-handed,  
Gathered, and round him

Leaned, and listened, eager, and flushed, and dreaming  
Now of things remembered, and now the dearer  
Wishes yet unfulfilled ; and they praised and crowned him,  
They, the beloved ones.

Gentlest songs he made for the mothers, weaving  
Over cradles tissues of softest vision,  
Tender cheeks, and exquisite hands, and little  
Feet of their dearest.

Into cloisters also he came, and cells, and  
Dwellings, sad and heavy with shadow, making  
All his lute-strings bear for the hour their bitter  
Burden of sorrow.

Children gathered, many and bright, around him,  
Sweet-eyed, eager, beautiful, fairy-footed,  
While with jocund hand upon string and mad notes,  
Full of the frolic,

He, rejoicing, followed and led their pastime,  
Wilder yet and wilder, till weary over  
All their hearts he murmured a spell, and gently  
Sleep overcame them.

So the minstrel sang with a hundred voices  
All day long, and now in the dusk of even  
Once again the gates of the city opened  
Wide for his passing

Forth to dreaming meadows, and fields, and wooded  
Hill-sides, solemn under the dew and starlight.  
There the singer, far from the pathways straying,  
Silent and lonely,

Plucked and pressed the fruit of his day's devotion,  
Making now a song for the spirit only,  
Deeper-toned, more pure, than his soul had fashioned  
Ever aforetime.

Sorrow touched it, travail of spirit, broken  
Hopes, and faiths uprooted, and aspirations  
Dimmed and soiled, and out of the depth of being,  
Limitless hunger.

First his own strange destiny, darkly guided ;  
Next, the tragic ways of the world and all men,  
Caught and foiled forever among perplexing,  
Endlessly ravelled,

Nets of truth and falsehood, and good, and evil,  
Wild of heart, beholding the hands of Beauty  
Decking all, he sang with a voice and fingers  
Trembling and shaken.

Then of earth and time, and the pure and painless  
Night, serene with numberless worlds in woven  
Scripts and golden traceries, hourly naming  
God, the Eternal,

Sang the minstrel, full of the light and splendour,  
Full of power and infinite gift, once only—  
Only once—for just as the solemn glory,  
Flung by the moonshine,

Over folds of hurrying clouds at midnight,  
Gleams and passes, so was his song—the noblest—  
Once outpoured, and then in the strain and tumult  
Gone and forgotten.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

Post Office Department,  
OTTAWA, November, '98.



THE lithe wind races and sings  
 Over the grasses and wheat—  
 See the emerald floor as it springs  
 To the touch of invisible feet!

Ah, later, the fir and the pine  
 Shall stoop to its weightier tread,  
 As it tramps the thundering brine  
 Till it shudders and whitens in dread!

Breath of man! a glass of thine own  
 Is the wind on the land, on the sea,—  
 Joy of life at thy touch!—full grown,  
 Destruction and death maybe!

*Very sincerely Yours,*

*Theodore H. Rand*

## Historical Fiction.



DISCUSSION of Browning's "Strafford" at a Browning Club the other evening raised a question as to the value and legitimacy of historical fiction, either in the form of drama or in that of the novel. Historical fiction is difficult work, and is apt especially to awaken the critical sense of the student of history who is keenly conscious of divergence from fact. False coloring is almost inevitable.



GOLDWIN SMITH.

Shakespeare, however, has managed to avoid it in his really historical plays, such as those of which the subjects are English history, and perhaps we may add "Julius Cæsar." Nobody would reckon as historical in anything but names, "Timon of Athens," "Troilus and Cressida," or even "Antony and Cleopatra." Nor is "Macbeth" a historical play, though the story is taken from early Scottish history. Charles Keene's presentation of it on the stage in historical costume

was a dramatic platitude. In Shakespeare's historical plays you may find an anachronism, such as the introduction of artillery in "King John," but not false coloring. Scott's imagination, second in power only to that of Shakespeare, reached well back to the Covenanters; it reached tolerably to the reign of James I., perhaps even to that of Elizabeth; but when he comes to the Middle Ages the false coloring prevails, and such a presentation of mediæval life and character as "Ivanhoe" or "The Talisman" is a circus in which only boys can thoroughly delight.

Misrepresentation of historical characters, which is almost unavoidable when they are made subjects of fiction, is injurious to truth, as it tends, in proportion to the vividness of the fiction, to impress our minds with false conceptions. Browning's dramatic picture of Strafford is true, inasmuch as Strafford was no vulgar apostate from the cause of liberty or servant of despotism, but a really great man in his way, with a political ideal; though had his course not been arrested, he would most likely have destroyed the constitution. His ideal was probably much the same as that of Bacon. He would have had a grand administrative monarchy, with an advisory parliament, and judges who, in Bacon's phrase, would be "lions beneath the throne." Himself would have been the King's chief minister, and the head of a beneficent government. No doubt he also wished to reform Charles's administration; it was thus that he incurred the enmity of the queen's circle; though, with great deference to Mr. Gardiner, it is impossible to hold that the cant word "Thorough" in the correspondence between Laud and Strafford, means merely administrative reform or anything but the assertion of prerogative. The relation between Strafford and Lady Carlisle is certainly made by Mr. Browning too warm and romantic. Lady Carlisle was simply a clever woman, devoted to political intrigue, and as ready to carry it on with Strafford's arch-enemy as with Strafford. Nor is it conceivable that Pym should have retained the affection for Strafford which Mr. Browning makes him show, and which forms the most striking feature, and, in its conflict with public duty, the central idea of the drama. It would have been impossible for him to arraign and denounce Strafford as he did in his speech on the impeachment, if any such feeling had lingered in his heart. Day-light and gas-light do not go well together, and in historical fiction the gas-light generally prevails.

GOLDWIN SMITH.



## Daulac—A Tragedy of French Canada.

(Founded on the life and character of Daulac des Ormeaux, the hero  
of the Long Sault.)

### ARGUMENT.

THE FIRST ACT opens on a bleak autumn night in a country chateau in France where Daulac's uncle, an aged gentleman, and his cousin Helene reside. Desjardins, the family notary, a scheming but able villain, who has estranged the old man from Daulac, persuades him to sign a will disinheriting Daulac, and leaving all his property to Helene. He then murders the old man. In ACT II. Desjardins meets Daulac on his return from Paris, where he is a soldier about the King's person. Daulac speaks of his desire for glory on the battlefield, and of an offer he has received to go to the New World, but expresses his reluctance to leave his cousin, whom he loves, and who loves him, and his uncle, whom he thinks still living. Desjardins tells him of his uncle's death and of his disinheritance. Daulac is horrified. Desjardins works on his sense of honor, and Daulac decides to go away, but desires to see his cousin once more. Desjardins precedes him, and appealing to Helene's pride, she dissembles her sorrow at Daulac's departure. ACT III. opens in Montreal a year later. Desjardins, who has just arrived, hears of the danger to the colony from the Iroquois, and intrigues with the Governor to get Daulac to lead a sortie against them. Partly by his connivance, but also fired to patriot ardor at the daily atrocities of the savages, Daulac appeals to the young men to join him in an attempt to save the colony. Seventeen young men leap to their feet and pledge themselves to follow him. He then meets Helene by chance, and in spite of Desjardins and the Church, to which Helene has given all her property, they determine to marry. In the FOURTH ACT they are just married, when Desjardins enters with a message from the Governor asking Daulac to fulfil his promise at once and proceed against the Iroquois, who are advancing down the Ottawa. Daulac obeys and goes. Helene reads the message, and Desjardins takes her to the church, where she sees Daulac and his companions take the last Sacrament parting them forever from all earthly ties. Desjardins then confesses his love. She repulses him. She faints. Desjardins steals her betrothal ring, determining to follow Daulac and drink his cup of vengeance to the full. He goes out. Helene revives, and expresses her determination to follow Daulac and share his fate. THE FIFTH ACT is given here in full. The ruling motive of the play is to show the shrewdest wiles of an evil and malignant nature opposed to the simple, unsuspecting nobleness of a lofty soul, and defeated by that very nobleness itself.

### ACT V.

SCENE I.—PLACE: The Long Sault, a sheltered spot near the fort.

TIME: Night. *Enter* HELENE and FANCHON.

FANCHON. O madame, stay not in this terrible place.  
Death creeps about us, looks us in the face,  
O stay not, this is death.

HELENE. Yea, all life too; back, back, the way you came  
Or this same death you prate of in his net  
Will mesh another victim!

FAN. O noble lady, what is this poor longing,  
This love of life and heat and moving sound,  
That makes us cowards to the crowding dark?  
I sorrow to leave you, yet I dread to die.

HEL. Quick ! haste, or 'tis too late. Fear not for me !  
Quick ! kiss me Fanchon, now good-bye, good-bye !

FAN. Forgive me, madame, that I love to live.

HEL. Go ! Go ! May you be happy, happy as I.

FAN. O madame !

HEL. Farewell ! (Hélène pushes her out, she goes out sobbing)

O now I've reached my zenith as a plotter,

Could I but make a noise I'd like to sing,

Or lilt and dance around, like any child.

'Tis strange, with death about me like a wall,

There creeps across me this fantastic mood ;

But I could laugh and sing and cry by turns,

For I am his, he cannot send me back.

Yea, I will die first. O you foolish world !

Little you know what woman will do for man ;

'Tis said by shallow-pate philosophers

That there be nothing equals woman's wit,

That renders woman so unconquerable.

'Tis something 'twixt her two breasts planted deep,

Pulsating her whole being, called the heart,

And be she guided thus, what menaces

The dreams of subtlest intellect, crumbles down

To airy nothings at her constant will.

O stars ! that rise and know me true to him,

Ere you do set, will see us die together !

(Footsteps heard. She gazes swiftly around and glides into a shadowy corner. An Indian war cry is heard in the distance.

*Enter DAULAC with cloak and sword.*)

DAULAC. Another dawn will usher our souls to Heaven.

(*Enter DESJARDINS disguised as a Huron chief.*)

DESJARDINS. Ha, ha, ha !

DAULAC. Avaunt, Fiend !

DES. (advancing into the light and opening his blanket).

Know you me not ?

DAUL. 'Tis you, Desjardins ? Methought you were the Huron  
In paint and feathers hidden from my ken,  
But now you laughed as harshly as the fiend,  
When he mocks mortals ushered into hell.

DES. 'Tis well said, Ha, ha, ha !

DAUL. What mean you ? Why this coming in a mask,  
When you by joining in our open act,

Had shared our glory? I had not dreamed you martial;  
But rather subtle, wise and full of cares,  
A friend to moor to in the deeps of life;  
But now I greet you sudden built about  
With unsuspected virtues. Welcome, friend,  
A soldier hand I give you in this breach,  
Where ere another sunrise we will sleep,  
To save La Nouvelle France.

DES. Nay, nay, not yet until you know the truth!

DAUL. The truth?

DES. I am no soldier full of oaths and follies,—  
Glory I crave not, knowing its poor lease;  
Country I own not save where I may thrive.  
I'm not so drunk with patriotic dreams.  
To snuff my candle in such breach as this.  
Nay, Daulac, you are wrong, on other matters.  
'Twixt me and thee, I come to thee to-night.

DAUL. What mean you, Desjardins, why this sinister mask?

DES. Are you a dauntless spirit?

DAUL. Whatever Daulac's faults, and he hath many,  
No mortal ever turned him where he faced!

DES. Then, know the truth, this is the true Desjardins,  
The other was the mask.

DAUL. The mask?

DES. Yea, the mask. Thou need'st all thy bravery,  
Whereof in pride thou boastest thyself possessed.  
'Tis easy dreaming, full many hearts are brave  
When glory and achievement lie ahead,  
Like splendid hills, topped by more splendid sunset,  
Making a crown of memory o'er their deeds,  
Where immortality lights them to their rest.  
But when in starless midnight, all unwitnessed,  
The sharp encounter runs, with shaking shame,  
And hideous obloquy and dead men's bones,  
Then who is brave, who glory-hearted then,  
When cruel death camps round the ebbing hours,  
Bidding to silence?

Ha, ha, with thee it is another matter,  
Yea, 'tis a sterner road to travel then.

DAUL. Desjardins,  
I know not if thou art mine olden friend,

Who counselled me oft upon my youthful follies,  
Or whether thou art some fiend, in my last hours  
Sent hither in shape of him to shake my spirit ;  
But man or devil, I do say to thee,  
Thou can'st not daunt me.

DES. Wait, wait, speak not so fast, my noble soldier ;  
Desjardins' vengeance hath not burned in vain.  
Wait, wait, thou gilded idol, blinded fool,  
Till thou hast met the master of thy fate,  
Then thou wilt tremble !

DAUL. Desjardins, chance before the dawn I die,  
But tell me what dread sin I sinned against you,  
That makes you such a devil in this hour ?

DES. Ha, ha ! 'twill take some time, but could I spread  
This hour of agony over many years,  
For bitter ages, I would die anew,  
To see you suffer as you will to-night.  
You think you are a hero, you who are  
A poor tricked creature, taken in my cunning.  
You ask how you have sinned ? In your whole being !  
You crossed my nature since your earliest years.  
All that you had I lacked, I speak it plain,  
And hated you with an instinctive hate.  
You little knew the hell that walked your side,  
The enemy that crept into your life,  
That probed your very weakness, searched your follies,  
Studied the deep recesses of your nature,  
To take you in this final trap at last.  
Had I not reason ? What you had I envied,  
The form, the spirit, the charm, that dazzles men  
And leadeth women as the magnetic needle  
Is drawn to either pole. Had I not reason ?  
You had what my soul lacked !

DAUL. Great God ! Great God ! Can such a nature be ?

DES. Great God ? What hath a God to do with thee ?  
You cheat your spirit with a vain conceit  
That deity hath guided all these years  
Your being to this one great act of glory,  
This splendid deed of high heroic valour,  
Wherein through death you hand your memory down,  
Immortal and resplendent to all days.

But know the truth, 'twas I, not He, who guided  
Your poor fool-nature, blinded, to this pass,  
Where men will laugh to scorn the self-built hero,  
Taken at odds in his own childish dreams,  
Aping in play the demi-gods of Greece,  
Uselessly ending, in fountain spout of glory,  
A self-marred life, he did not dare to live.

DAUL. There is a something in your very voice  
That freezes my being. No thousand thirsting tongues  
Of angry eager steel poised at my heart  
To drink its fountains had power to wake the dread  
My spirit feels to know that all these years  
Your soul has been so near me. Of a truth,  
We live next door to beings all our days,  
Quaff social beakers at the self-same inn,  
Tread the same streets with similar joys and cares,  
Share the same roof, yea, even board and bed,  
From eager youth to pining, palsied age,  
To part as strangers at the very end.  
Yea, sooth, it is indeed a wondrous world.  
But to be shown long after many years,  
The path you treaded nightly cunningly hid  
A precipice to gulf you at the end,  
Is not a thousandth part so dire and dread  
As this unmasking of a hidden hate.  
God knows I am a poor slow-minded man,  
Following one impulse all my days :  
If I have had the folly to dream of fame  
Beyond my merit, Heaven hath rebuked me daily.  
I know not of your subtle sophistries  
That seek below the surface to confound  
The simple-minded, who have only duty  
To light them on to what is best in living ;  
I may not ken your wisdom, mayhap I am  
O'er blinded by my passions to achieve,  
Following the path of those who went before me ;  
But I know this—that in my poorer insight  
The simple following of those noble voices  
Who point in lofty dreams to aid our fellows,  
Is greater far than all the deep intrigue  
Builded of all the sophistries of hell.

I am a simple soldier without wisdom,  
 Save that which serves for valour ; without knowledge,  
 Save what a man should know : but I am certain  
 What I have done is right in eye of God,  
 And my best instincts :—though I die to-night,  
 This sleeping world, this mighty-brooding mystery,  
 That dreams in awe of its own majesty ;  
 Those wondrous rolling orbs that light each other  
 Along the endless ways of outer space ;  
 All tell me I am right and whisper comfort.

DES. Ha, ha ! this demi-god, he is above me,  
 Out of my reach, my envy cannot touch him,  
 Wait, wait, till I do tumble his soul to earth !  
 (To Daulac.) Wait, wait, my Daulac, how about *Helène* ?

DAUL. She is an angel, far beyond your hate,  
 Or my poor love.

DES. Beyond your love perchance, but not my hate.  
 Have you never in your innocence dreamed  
 The one supremest reason why I hate you,  
 Is that I love *Helène* ?

DAUL. You—love—*Helène* ?

DES. And why not ? May the moth not love the star ?  
 The bat bathe in the moonlight with the eagle ?  
 Yea, I have loved her, secret, all these years.  
 'Twas I who separated you in France,  
 Drove you out here, trapped you into this corner ;  
 And now I tell you, petted fool of heaven,  
 I am your master, I will wed her yet.

DAUL. O God in heaven, tell me is it true  
 That yonder devil is not flesh and blood,  
 But some grim phantom ?

DES. Yea, more ; to teach you what a patch your honour,  
 When 'tis too late to mend it ; would you know it,  
 She's not all yours !

DAUL. Devil, your life shall answer, pollute not  
 That angel memory by such hellish slander.  
 Though I be sworn to heaven a million times,  
 I am yet a man ! (Draws sword.)

DES. Ha, ha, ha, ha ! I fear you not !  
 You are too great a soul to trample a gnat

That stings like me ; know you your marriage ring ?

(Holds the ring up.)

DAUL. Great God ! It is ! It is her wedding ring !

What mist is this that creeps before my spirit ?

Nay ! nay ! I am foresworn ! By earth and heaven,

She is as pure as that same heaven itself,—

And you a liar !

DES. (starting back). I am a liar, aye, ha, ha !

What proof have you that I am what you say ?

Yea, die in doubt. Here is your wedding ring.

You trusted Heaven ! Where is your wife to say I am a liar ?

(HELENE comes out and confronts him.)

HEL. That Heaven you slander takes you at your word, and  
I am here.

DES. Great God ! curses ! curses ! I am beaten,

Yea, beaten, beaten, at the very last, and by the woman !

DAUL. Helène !

HEL. (rushing into his arms). Yea, Daulac, Helène, come to  
die with you.

DAUL. My love ! my angel love !

(A gun is fired. HELENE screams.)

HEL. Daulac, I die ! I die !

DAUL. (supporting her to a heap of fir). O God, she is shot !

HEL. Kiss me, my love, I could not live without you.

DAUL. O, Helène ! tell me that you do not suffer.

HEL. Nay, Daulac, I die happy in your arms. (Dies.)

DAUL. (laying her gently down). Dead ! O, dead !

O universe of love so soon extinguished !

(Turning to DESJARDINS, and drawing his sword.)

Now, Devil, to settle with you.

DES. Yea, yea ; this is the work I'd fain be at.

(Draws.) Now, vengeance, vengeance, match with Daulac's fate !

DAUL. Desjardins, though it be my latest hour on earth

I could not die till I had finished you !

(They fight long and hard. DESJARDINS wounds DAULAC.)

DES. Ha, ha ! mine, mine !

DAUL. No ; by the stars of heaven no ! Take that—aye, that !

(Runs DESJARDINS through. DESJARDINS falls and lies on  
ground, gasping. He tries to get up, then crawls toward  
HELENE's body.)

DES. Yea, mine ! Yea, mine ! in death ! in death !

DAUL. Back, back! (Prevents him.)

DES. Curse you! curse you! (Dies.)

(A loud war-whoop rises, and Indians with raised hatchets rush in from all sides. DAULAC lifts HELENE's body and placing his foot against DESJARDINS' body, turns, takes sword in hand and confronts them. They all start back in tableau.)

DAUL. La Nouvelle France, my lovèd Nouvelle France,  
I die, I die for thee!

*Curtain.*



### The Future.

†T were not well that we the folds should raise  
† Of that thick curtain of futurity  
Which veils from us the things that are to be  
Amid the shadows of the coming days.  
For who of us could tread the common ways  
Of life, serene and hopeful, if he saw  
The sentence of th' inexorable law,  
Like the doomed king, where'er he turned his gaze?

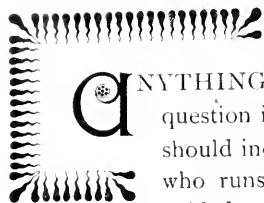
Kindly the All-wise has kept that prescient lore  
Beyond our reach. It is enough to know  
(Ah! lesson hard to learn) that, as men sow,  
They reap—nor worse, nor better, less nor more.  
Thus taught the Prophets with inspired tongue:  
Thus Nature warns and thus her bards have sung.

JOHN READE.

MONTREAL, November, '98,



## Ethics of Art and History.



ANYTHING more than a brief sketch is out of the question in the limits of a magazine article. But art should indicate the signs of the times so clearly that he who runs and reads should not err. We are told, guided as we are in our study of the unwritten past by shapen flints and stone implements only, a very consistent story of the character of the tribes who used them. Their domestic improvement is made evident in their rude and simple pottery. And the more delicate shaping and beautifying of designs reveal the increase of domestic comfort towards a condition of luxury. The metals, copper, silver, iron, gold, wrought with increasing skill and invention, indicate with some precision the improvements which marked the passing centuries. And the great monuments, which still sentinel deserted ruins, convey their mute chronicle of dynasties and thrones and temples and pageants and glory and decay as with a wistful and patient expectancy of a brighter age.

If these material things supply reliable records of the social progress of the human family, does not the growing power of the expression of ideas in picture form still further illustrate the same thing? Evidence of moral development and religious ideas meets the student everywhere.

For the sake of brevity, I shall confine my study to pictorial art, as it gives most emphasis to abstract ideas. This narrows the time limit to about five centuries. During this period a vast amount of material has been gathered and preserved; but much of it would be of little service to the student of tendencies. There is, however, one special department which stands in high relief amongst the rest, in which habit of thought and moral conviction can be studied to advantage. This is the department of Sacred Art.

In order to understand fully the significance of the work of any period, the usual method would be to study the social conditions of the time which produced it. The effect, therefore, which follows a cause will lead us naturally to infer the cause or condition when we see the effect, and this will enable us the better to appreciate the relationship of art and history.

Prior to the Renaissance, pictorial art was almost entirely of a religious character, yet the dark ages from which the light emerged could not be said to be favorable for the encouragement of any pure and beautiful ideal. The monastery and convent supplied almost the only retreat for those who sought freedom from vice and wrong. Men who sought such retreat found its leisure and atmosphere favorable to the culture of various arts, such as penmanship, wood-carving, pottery, glasswork, illuminating, stone-carving, higher architecture and painting.

The themes of the religious writings, particularly those in the ancient Scriptures—ever picturesque and grand—stirred the pulses of



*N. Hofmann.*

Christ and the Rich Young Ruler.

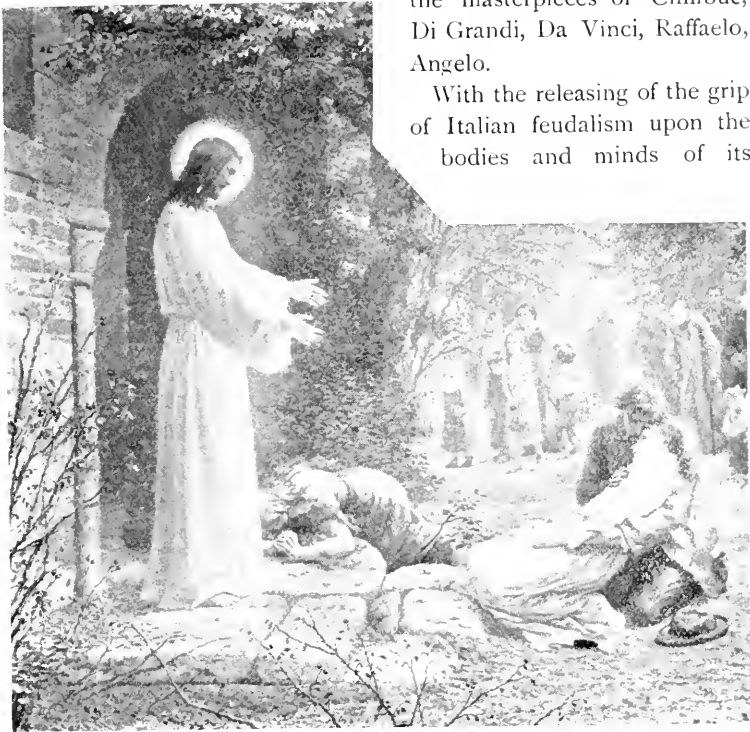
the artists to achieve, in drawings and color, pictures of those hallowed scenes. Outside the cloister men were of two classes, nobles and slaves. To be noble was to fight and win, then fight to defend the winnings; to be a slave was to toil and moil for life and master, and fight whenever summoned in the master's cause. Little chance for culture, little reck on soft virtues for soldiers—art was for the men with petticoats. Such conditions could not well produce other than one result, namely, Monastic Art.

But a social change was in progress, to which the Guelf and Ghibbeline struggles contributed in no small degree. Many sturdy and independent mercenary chiefs and free-spirited North men, their

retainers, had settled or squatted upon holdings in Tuscany. They knew their value as fighters, and gloried in their personal freedom ; and they created an unrest amongst all classes, whose contagion spread to the cities. This awakening came as a daybreak whose aurora unfettered the genius of men ; and the artists, instead of servilely painting conventual designs at the command of the Superiors, began also to think for themselves, with the immediate

result that there soon appeared the masterpieces of Cimibue, Di Grandi, Da Vinci, Raffaello, Angelo.

With the releasing of the grip of Italian feudalism upon the bodies and minds of its



*Dietch.*

“ Lord, have mercy upon us.”

minions both art and letters responded to their impulse for expansion. But the nobles were poor and the Church was rich ; consequently, she that had nursed a feeble art in the cells of her convents through the dark ages, became its patron as it afterwards grew strong in the free air of a Renaissance. The artists who were not monks remained worshippers at the shrines of the Church, and so between the patron and the worshipper was evolved the sacred art

that is the standard by which art both sacred and secular has hitherto been measured.

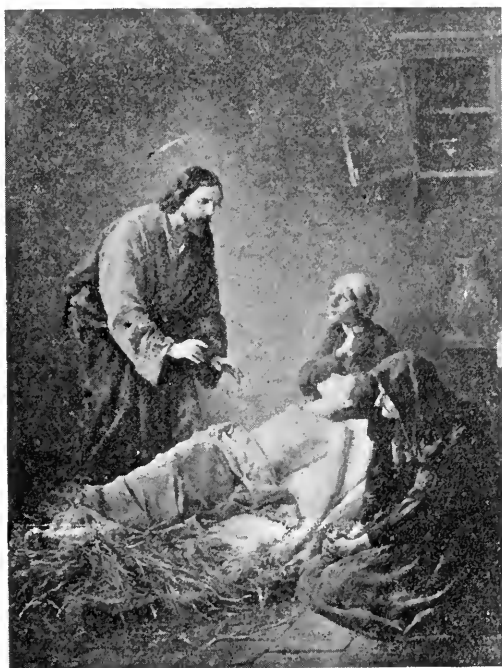
History makes us familiar with continuous unfortunate alliances into which the Christian Church was led by Knights-bishop and Knights-errant during the stormy centuries that succeeded the scarcely less stormy Crusades ; years darkened with a moral effeminacy which reached its climax of folly in later years, in a wide-spread sale of indulgences that shocked the conscience of the world, and in a general moral paralysis that did not greatly revive even under the galvanism of the Reformation. During these later years the successors of Raffaello reproduced from the cloister mere reflections of his great master-pieces. Corregio, Dominichino, Fra Angelico, and many other meritorious names painted impressively, and with a certain personal distinctiveness, yet the idea was Raffaello's. The subjects and their general style of treatment already existed. What moral decrepitude began, revolutions completed. But the process of consolidating feudal states into kingdoms was going on. Nations were born. Rulers received crowns from the Church, but eventually wearied of Episcopal interference, with the result that in brief time kingly patronage given to the Painters Royal first competed in and then unpopularized the art market of the monastery. Commissions for historic pieces drew the pencil away from ecclesiastical designs, and Sacred Art fell into decline and now is mourned as dead.

Has the sorrow of this loss, a sorrow that sighed in poetry and in the pages of romance, that has flavored with bitterness and mingled with tears the chronicles of history, has it been without hope? Or has the golden grain of a vital art been flung into the earth that a richer growth might spring forth whose fruit shall be to both earth and heaven a "hundred fold more worth"?

Intervening history brings a certain fascination into competition with its value as a record of change. Vast changes in the political and social conditions of the nations of Europe, many of which have vitally affected this continent, prepare us in a measure to appreciate the work of the present century.

This age is characterized by its scrutiny of every material and condition that affects a truth even if that truth, have in it man's temporal well-being or eternal salvation. Three centuries ago, owing to prevalent illiteracy, faith was abject, necessarily, whether in the intercourse of trade among the people, or in the teachings of the only learned class of the day. It was providential, as we understand the term, that the magic lever of knowledge was held in the hands of a community

whose *raison d'être* was their belief in a God of holiness and a Christ Redeemer of the souls of men. Their faith saved the race from moral extinction, and it stamped the record of the people's simple trust upon the missals and panels and canvases that shame the impious banter of half-enlightened scoffers to-day. But this century permits men to probe deeper into the mystery of God and to perceive



Zimmerman.

Christ, the Consoler.

profounder meaning in the teachings of Jesus and more all-touching significance in His life.

That the art of to-day feels the influence of this scrutiny is certain, as a little study with this thought in mind will show. Many pictures within the sacred circle express a devoutness less formal and more unconscious; possess less stage manner and more altruism; exhibit less of the adornment and precision of the conventicle and more of

the pathos of the soul that has learned for itself the meaning of vicarious suffering right down in the throbbing populations of the world.

It is here where the notable difference will be observed distinguishing the religious art of this period from the mediæval epoch. It may be found in the subtle declaration of this century's art that, after all, the revolution at the beginning, the reaction that followed, the experiments of the mid century and the philosophy of recent years have rendered a service indeed both to man and to art. Revolution dethroned dogma



*Ferd. Pauwels.*

“If thou seek Him with all thy heart He will be found of thee.”

but did not destroy religion; reaction demolished mysticism and stimulated research; experiment has been carried into the domain of the faculties of the mind, and the philosophy of these later days finds a place for faith. Poetry, music, painting, with a prescience not illogical, knew this faculty always and anticipated its triumph.

To-day art has as usual given form to conviction and proclaims the honesty of it. To-day, as through the last four generations, art has not affected the mystical but sought the real; and to quote from an article written since this was begun, “The young men of to-day possess a sympathetic curiosity for religious questions that is unpre-

cedented. In the new laws revealed by the sciences of mind and nature they are disposed to look for that which can confirm the ancient intuitions of theology and to continue under other names the traditions where the wisdom of the past has been concentrated. They have a marked taste for what is nowadays called symbolism ; that is to say, a form of art which, although painting reality, is constantly bringing it once more into communication with the mystery of the Universe." Hence it is that the majority of the pictures we might enumerate seem charged with a deeper meaning and give evidence of a spirit of more liberal charity and a sincerer trust in God than even those of the sixteenth century. While all the nations have sacrificed to idols of their own creation—mockery, profligacy, naturalism, negation and indifference—there has been more than a remnant that has not bowed the knee to Baal.

Whilst in every age there are examples of erratic tendency, because the crass in the nature will find its expression in art, the general tendency whether forward or backward, upward or downward can be estimated from the average as well as from the highest. In the great exhibitions of Europe, which give the gauge of achievement in the art world, there never was a period when the sentiment expressed in art was of so high an order as in recent years. Pre-eminence is not indeed very conspicuous in this excellence. The high ideals prevail, and in their midst the highest achievements may be looked for. And the conclusion presses itself upon us that we should in these days scan the constellations for stars of higher magnitude—suns that wax brighter than ever before. And as we scan we read the signs of the world's progress and the prophecy of yet better days.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, likely of Arthur Schopenhauer, featuring a large, stylized initial 'A' and a long, sweeping horizontal line at the bottom.

### Spirits of Air.

UNFASTEN the door and let me go,—  
The beautiful world is wide.

I hate the roof and the floor below :  
Unfasten the door and let me go.

There's a leap and a thrill outside.  
For the Spirits of Air, they are everywhere,  
And they blow me a merry call.  
Why should I linger? What do I care  
For door and window and wall?

It's O, for the rush of the storm in your ears,  
And a hurry across the hill!  
Wait, voices strange, that the wild heart hears;  
Wait for my hand, I shall have no fears,  
And carry me where you will!  
Hark! the Spirits of Air! They are everywhere;  
And those who listen will hear:  
But the thunderous roar as their dark wings clash,  
Their terrible smile in the lightning flash  
Is never a thing to fear.

A song of the strange and beautiful lull  
That comes when the gale is shrill!—  
When the Storm-king stoppeth to catch his breath,  
And no more shrieketh and muttereth  
And the quivering earth grows still;  
When the changeful Spirits on tip-toe creep  
A quieter song to sing,  
When the weary tree-tops a silence keep,  
And the world is a child to be hushed to sleep,  
And the wind is a tender thing.

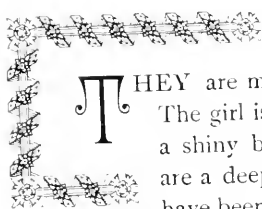
O! what is the charm of a fire-lit room,  
When the beautiful world is wide?  
The life without is as sweet and wild  
As the song of a bird or the heart of a child,  
And how can I stay inside?  
For the Spirits of Air, they are everywhere,  
And they blow me a merry call.  
And follow I must, for what do I care  
For door and window and wall?

ANNIE CAMPBELL HUESTIS.





### The Home Coming.



THEY are mother and daughter one can see at a glance. The girl is fair, the woman has been ; the girl's hair is a shiny brown, the woman's has been ; the girl's eyes are a deep blue, full of fun and gladness, the woman's have been ; the girl's cheeks are of a wild rose flush, the woman's have been ; the girl is plump and soft and good to see, the woman has been. There is something pathetic in the sight of them sitting side by side in the car.

They are objects of special interest from the time they get on the train at Chicago until they get off at a Canadian country town. There seems a perfect sympathy between them. They are friends and good comrades. You gather from these and other facts that they have lived much by themselves. The girl's childishness shows in the faded woman ; the woman's quaintness lends itself to the girl. When they speak their words can be heard above the rumble of the train. They are from the big prairie homestead and have had plenty of space for themselves. I doubt if the girl knows how to whisper.

There is not a man in the car but is ready to tell them the name of every town and city we pass. The drummer stumbles over his grip in his eagerness to be of service in opening a window ; the tall college lad leads them out to lunch ; the burly old fellow in the black silk skull cap hovers over them like a homely old guardian angel ; the asthmatic old lady offers them peppermints ; the gruff Englishman, who keeps his newspaper and a wall of reserve between himself and his fellow-passengers in general, thaws enough to listen at times to their gossip.

The woman grows nervous as the day wears on, she fidgets, she looks at her watch, she wonders if the train is not behind time.

"Fifteen years is a long time to be away from kin and country—a long, long time, Janie." Her voice has a tremble in it. Somehow you feel the homesickness of all these years touch you. "Oh, Janie, if you knew how I've longed to have someone about me who would talk of home."

The girl pats her hand lovingly. "Homesickness must be a mortal mean feeling," she says. "I never had it."

"Mean! I'll tell you what it is. It's being starved and famished for something you know in your heart you can't get; it's wishing and waiting for what's out of reach; it's—" She breaks off suddenly and looks out of the window. The Englishman rustles his paper noisily; a husky cough escapes the old gentleman in the skull cap.

"It all comes back to me to-day," she goes on. "We've done well out West, and everybody allows it was the best move your pa ever made when he sold his fifty acres in Ontario and got five hundred in Dakota. But it was awful hard on me. There wasn't a woman within fifteen miles—nobody to talk to but your pa—and you can imagine how much company he'd be with all that work on his hands. Oh, how tiresome it was! I used to fancy I heard the maples fluttering in the wind, and saw the old house with the windows covered with jessamine and morning-glories. No other spot is ever quite so dear as the place you are born and brought up in. And when I'd break down and cry for father, mother, and Tom, and everybody, your pa used to tell me there was no use worrying over trifles. Trifles!"

"Pa didn't understand," says the girl, apologetically.

"No, he meant all right. Fifteen years is a long time," with a weary sigh. "I was young and bright, and—yes, pretty when I said good-bye, and I'm coming back an old woman. Loneliness and work are hard things on women, Janie."

The Englishman throws down his paper and gives his coat collar an impatient twist. "Deuce take these women and their sentiment," this twist says as plainly as words.

The little faded woman from the prairie is not thinking of her audience at all. She is going home, home, home, and exhilaration and nervousness render her garrulous. She has kept these secret old memories locked in her heart for a long while, and now, with the welcome and gladness so near, it is a perfect joy to pour them out to Janie.

"You never knew anybody like mother. They don't grow such women out West. 'Make the best of it, dearie,' she said at parting,

but I just couldn't at first. I was homesick for the old folks and the old places, for the creeks, for the hill we climbed on our way to the village, for the very hedge along the road, for the creaking gate, for everything. I couldn't get the ache out of my throat, and I fairly hated the miles and miles of prairie—got it into my head the sky didn't come down as close to the earth as it did in Canada."

"You poor little mammie !"

"One night I nearly scared your pa to death. You were so sick I thought you were dying, and I couldn't stand to see your little face growing whiter and whiter. My heart was breaking, and I rushed out-



JEAN BLEWETT.

doors and called 'Mother ! mother ! mother !' as hard as I could. The cows lifted their sleepy faces over the bars to look at me, I remember, and your pa came running out bareheaded. I went back as quiet as could be, so quiet that I've often thought that God hearing me cry out for her took it as a sort of prayer and answered it right away."

There are big tears in Janie's eyes and in my own. The man in the skull cap blows his nose noisily ; the asthmatic old lady, in an ungovernable fit of generosity, empties the whole bag of peppermints into the little woman's lap ; the Englishman turns his back on the whole sentimental lot of us and looks out of the window.

It is sunset of a spring day when we leave the Detroit river behind

and go flying through Canadian territory. She grows more excited. "Look, Janie," she says, "you never saw such a sky in your life; look how it bends over the trees yonder. Nobody need tell me it doesn't come closer here than it does in Dakota."

As the dark comes on she grows quieter, and after a long silence we hear the girl telling her not to cry.

"I'm not crying, at least not much," comes the broken answer. "I'm just thinking. When I saw my parents last I looked like you look now, and—oh, Janie, I've got so old and homely they may not know me. Your pa used to say I was vain of my looks, but I wasn't; only it's hard to know I'm so changed. See the grey hair and the wrinkles, dear."

The faded blue eyes, wet and wistful, seek the girl's bright face. The girl looks lovingly back. "You're the prettiest woman in the world, that's what you are," she cries emphatically.

The brakesman calls their station. We all bustle forward to help them off. "Allow me," says the Englishman, and fairly carries them both to the platform where a fine old couple stand waiting. The light shines on them. We all share in the joy of the home coming. We hear a glad cry, a smothered sob. It is the girl with the wild rose cheeks and the soft brown hair that the father clasps first. Why not? She is more familiar than the grey-faced woman, more like his girl, his pretty girl who went away. But a mother makes no such mistakes. Her eyes change not nor note a change, and the faded little woman is gathered close to the bosom where she rested as a child. The train moves on and all of us are very still.

JEAN BLEWETT.





### The Snow-Drop.

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WHEN, after many days, the snow was dead,  
Its white soul, lingering on the earthy bed,  
Became this flower,—its pure pellucid bloom  
With Spring's most chill and virginal perfume fed.

*Yours faithfully*  
*Chas. G. D. Roberts*

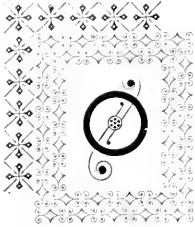
105 E. 17th Street,  
NEW YORK, November. '98.



HON. G. W. ROSS, LL.D.

## Literature and Canadian Writers.

*By the Minister of Education.*



CCASIONALLY we hear of some misgivings with respect to the growth of a distinctively Canadian literature. On the one hand it is alleged that no such literature exists, and this is held up as a proof of the sterility of the Canadian mind and our utter poverty of thought and sentiment. On the other hand it is claimed that we have a Canadian literature of rare excellence, and that only the pedant and pessimist would ever think of controverting such a self-evident proposition. To argue either proposition would be merely to present a series of statements or opinions with respect to Canadian authors, of little value except in a court of experts where literary men of the highest standing were the judges. The catalogue of any public library in Canada will show that Canadian authors are not wanting in productivity. Whether their work possesses literary merit or not is merely a matter of opinion.

As an apology for the alleged sterility of Canadian authors it is said that the constituency of readers in Canada is so limited that no man of genius would take the trouble to appeal to its literary judgment for approval. The precedents of history, however, go to show that great authors are not moved by census tables in producing their literary wares. Shakespeare wrote when education in England was at a very low ebb, and when its population did not exceed five or six millions. The same may be said of Milton and Addison. Burns wrote some of his sweetest songs to please a few "cronies." "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was written for an obscure country paper. In modern days when poets are paid at the rate of a guinea a stanza by some great publisher, an author may feel the stimulus of expectancy, but formerly it was not so. Cowper's letters to Mrs. Unwin and Lady Hesketh were models of literary finish, although intended only for the eye of a single reader. The literary instinct or aptitude, or whatever it may be called, is not begotten of the applause of the pit or the double-leaded type of the publisher. It is inherent in the man, and expresses itself in discrimination of language and thought, and does not require necessarily the stimulus of a large constituency of readers to make its power apparent. Macaulay was as eloquent at the dinner table as on the floor of the House of Commons. Goldwin Smith is as accomplished in conversation with one person as in an article in

the *North American Review*. The stars shone as brightly over the prairies of America before the days of Columbus as they do now with millions of people to appreciate their glory. True genius of any kind does not wait for a constituency; it makes a constituency; perhaps not at once, but always sooner or later.

But what is meant by a Canadian literature? Is it a literature so stimulated by Canadian thought as to reproduce like a map or chart the coloring of Canadian life, or is it a literature possessing the merits of the best products of English authorship in other parts of the world? With regard to the first proposition it may be said that a parochial or local coloring is not necessarily a quality of good literature. Some of Shakespeare's strongest plays, "Hamlet," or "Julius Cæsar," have no local coloring by which the nationality of their author might be ascertained, and yet they rank among the products of the greatest of English authors. A similar observation may be made with respect to many of our best works of fiction. Mere local coloring is not an essential characteristic of literature, otherwise a gazetteer would be better reading than "Sartor Resartus." We cannot, therefore, take the varied life and thought of Canada as the only basis for determining what is Canadian literature.

But, after all, should there be such a standard? Does literature depend upon any locality for its life and power? Rather is it not something entirely independent of national boundaries and the petty subdivisions which men in their greed for conquest have made of the sorely teased and tormented universe? When we speak of Canadian literature, therefore, should we not bear in mind something more cosmopolitan than the effusions which are ear-marked by some Canadian publisher or copyrighted in the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa? There is but one standard for literature, a standard which no one can define, but which every man of taste can recognize. When Canadians write for Canada, they must be judged by this standard. If it stands the test, it will not be called Canadian literature, but the literature of the English race and the English language. And whether it has local coloring or not, whether it was written for a small constituency or a large one, it will survive and bring credit to Canada and its author.

A poet has said, "True happiness has no localities, no tones provincial, no peculiar garb." The same may be said of true literature. If we seek for anything else in Canada, we rob literature of its dignity and circumscribe its sovereignty as "that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin."

G. W. Ross.





### The White Door.

“WHEN I come,” said the Year, “to the white door of death,  
 I shall wreathe me in blossoms snowy white ;”  
 But the blossoms blew away on a rainy morn in May,  
 And Spring vanished with them in the night.

“When I come,” said the Year, “to the white door of death,  
 I shall bind me in grasses to the waist ;”  
 But the grasses, tall and sweet, burned and perished in the heat,  
 And Summer bore them off with her in haste.

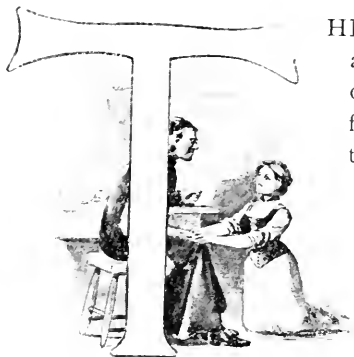
“When I come,” said the Year, “to the white door of death,  
 I shall wrap me in garments red and gold ;”  
 But the leaves that fluttered down turned a melancholy brown,  
 And Autumn slept with them upon the mold.

Then ragged went the Year to the white door of death ;  
 But everyone who looked upon her said,  
 “Ah, the fair and lovely Year !”—seeing not her costume drear,  
 But thinking of the life that she had led.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

FENWICK, ONT., November, '98.

## Brown Witch and Black Abbe.



HE warm dusk of the loft smelt pleasantly of dried sage, marjoram and other herbs which hung in bunches from the roof. From three chinks in the south-east gable streamed three long streaks of yellow light, wherein the dust motes danced merrily. The place had an air of security and peace. I could not bring myself to believe that my precious life was in any very real peril—and of a priest, too! Nevertheless, I moved

softly as a cat, for was not the priest none other than the notorious Black Abbé, La Garne, whose treacheries we in Halifax had cause to rue? And had not Madame been very positive that my scalp was in instant demand? I crept across the light planks till I reached a spot nearly over the door, well under the eaves. There I lay down, and noted with satisfaction that I was so hidden by a pile of yellow squashes that if one should trust his head curiously above the trap-door the loft would appear quite untenanted. In the flooring whereon I stretched myself there were several knot-holes, by means of which I could command a fairish view of the room below.

I could see the fire flickering lazily under the pot which hung in the wide, dirty fireplace. I could see the heavy, well-scrubbed and whitened table, with its wooden platter of barley-cakes, and its bowl yet half full of the new milk which my haste had not left me chance to finish. I wanted the milk, for I was thirsty from my long tramp over the Piziquid trail; and I roundly cursed the interrupter of my meal. Then light steps on the sanded floor diverted my thoughts from the bowl of milk; and Madame's slender figure came into my restricted line of vision. My eyes rested upon her with a keen interest as she busied herself deftly over household affairs. How small were her feet; how small, though brown with sun and somewhat toil-hardened, were those two nimble hands! I admired the fine poise of her head, with the heavy hair, low over the ears, hair of the darkest brown, shot with

ruddy color where the sunshine got caught in it. Her dress was of the light greyish Acadian homespun linen, and a bodice of dull dark blue fitted her waist and shoulders trimly. Her sleeves were rolled up to the elbows, displaying brown arms very slim and shapely. I wished she would look up, that I might see again her amazingly large, dark eyes—black, you might say, save for a tawny fire in them. In our raw little town of Halifax, at this time, there were few women, and none to make man's head turn twice, except, maybe, two or three of the younger officers' wives. I thought how this Acadian beauty would be admired in Halifax, and I said to myself: "She is surely not a woman of the habitant class. She seems city-born, and not ungently bred; and I'll wager there is blood in those fine veins that does not all derive from Jacques Bonhomme!"

In this reverie I grew so interested that for the moment I forgot my situation. The hard planks irked me, and I changed my posture with a portentous creaking. On the instant the heavy table below was drawn sharply over the floor, cloaking my noise. I had but time to marvel at her quickness of resource, when a shadow darkened the open doorway, and a harsh, masterful voice demanded:

"Daughter, has the Englishman passed this way?"

"Yes, Father LaGarne," came her respectful and ready answer. "Will you not honor me by resting here a little?"

"How long since?" asked the curt voice.

"An hour, perhaps, or less, Monsieur l'Abbé," was the reply, a trace of coldness coming into Madame's tones.

The visitor noted the change. He was not at the moment ready to offend. He wanted willing and full information. He stepped inside and stood near the table, so that I could note his spare, hardy, dark-robed frame, the indomitable spirit that spoke in every movement. But his face I could not see.

"Pardon me, my daughter," he said more graciously, "I am in haste to catch this fellow. The fool is crossing me on this errand. It is necessary he should be removed, for a lesson to the other fools at Halifax. Did you talk with him? Whither was he bound?"

"Yes, Father," said Madame, very graciously; "he was courteous, and talked freely during the few minutes that he paused here. He said he had come to get cattle from the Grand Pré farmers for the garrison at Halifax, and to forbid the sending of our cattle to Louisbourg. He was going straight to Monsieur de Lamourie, whom he counted upon to further his errand."

The visitor stepped quickly back to the door and gave a guttural

call. At once I heard the furtive, confused approach of moccasined feet, and with both hands grasped the pistols in my belt. There were a few sharp orders given in the Micmac tongue, which I did not understand ; then I heard a measured loping as a band set out upon the run down the road towards Grand Pré. I could not see, of course, and I was troubled to know whether he had sent all his savage followers, or was keeping a reserve at hand.

On this point I might have trusted the ready wit of my hostess. As the Black Abbé turned again into the room and seated himself beside the table, just where I had been sitting so few minutes before, Madame asked him, in a tone of irreverent banter :

"Why do you send six of your twelve red lambs, Monsieur l'Abbé, to capture one lonely Englishman ? Is he, then, so redoubtable a warrior ?"

The Black Abbé did not seem annoyed at the question.

"I know not of his prowess, my daughter," said he, "but he is an Englishman, and so, liable to be blundering and brave. It is well to be on the safe side when dealing with him. Six are none too many. I pray you, bring me some milk !" and I saw him break a piece of the fresh barley-cake.

The milk she fetched at once, in a brown pitcher, and poured it for him into a pewter mug.

"And why have you kept the other six Indians here with you ?" she asked. "They make me nervous. I don't like them !"

He laughed cynically.

"Again it is well to be on the safe side," said he. "I never know when I may need them ; these are pregnant times. Since when have you grown nervous, Madame La Fleur ?"

"Can you ask that, Father La Garne ?" she rejoined coldly.

"Tut, tut," said he, with careless impatience. "That husband of yours can have been no great loss to you ! and he has been dead these two years. Don't reproach me, Madame La Fleur. You never loved him. A thief and disgraced, he came here from Quebec."

"True, I never loved him ; but I kept a good home for him and he made a home for me," she answered very coldly. "And here, where he was not known, he might have recovered something of what he had lost ; but you twisted him around your finger and made him your tool. Oh, he was pitifully weak : but it is lonely living here ! Can you reproach me if I grow nervous ? Poor creature though he was, I owe the English a grudge for his death !"

I tried every knot-hole within reach to get a glimpse of La Garne's

face, but in vain. I could see only his black-frocked knees and heavily-shod feet. He laughed meaningly.

"Oh, yes, my daughter," he said, "you owe these English a grudge. But this fellow is coming—I have seen him; and you say he is very courteous. Perhaps you think these English owe you a new husband!"

I grew hot with rage at the coarseness of it; and I saw Madame's beautiful face flush dusky crimson under its clear tan. She drew herself up haughtily.

"How dare you, sir, insult me? You take advantage of my unprotectedness. What excuse have I given you for such an insinuation?"

"Oh!" he answered, his voice grown soft and sneering, "though he is an enemy, and on an errand hostile to your people, you have entertained him here at your table. Here is the bread of which he has been eating. Here is the bowl of milk from which he drank!"

"But, Father," she protested, growing suddenly anxious and persuasive, "you would not have me refuse a cup and a loaf to any wayfarer, surely?"

"He is very comely and courteous," he sneered. "You acknowledged it yourself!"

"I did not!" she cried angrily.

He ignored the contradiction.

"How long ago was it, my daughter, that he went by?" he asked, with a smoothness in which I discerned danger.

"An hour, perhaps, Father La Garne," she answered frankly and without hesitation.

There was a pause, to me full of significance.

"Marie La Fleur," he said, drawing out each syllable, "you have lied to me!"

The suddenness of the accusation confused her.

"What do you mean?" she gasped.

"The milk is not yet dry on the edge of the bowl where he drank!" went on those edged syllables. "I command you, tell me at once where he is! You dare not defy me, Marie—"

"I dare!" she flashed, but with a sob of fear in her throat.

"Think, think just a little, my daughter!" he continued, his voice sweetening to the note of utmost menace.

She burst into tears.

"Oh, no! It is true. I dare not!" she cried, anger and fear contending in her words. "I do fear you! Oh, I hate you, but I fear you! I will tell you everything."

She stopped, as if the words choked in her throat. Would she, then, betray me? My heart sank—not with fear—but with an anguish of disappointment. I could not dream of her a traitor! But I set my teeth, and thought of a good fight to be fought within the next two minutes.

She got her voice again, and the intensity of hate that thrilled it startled me.

"May my bitterest curse rest upon you," she said slowly. "You force me to defile my soul with treason. I fear no man living but you, you dishonorer of Holy Church."

"Never mind about that, woman!" said he, "you are trying to gain time for him, I see! Tell me where he is—or I give you over in his place to—"

She fell on her knees and clutched his gown.

"I will tell you!" she sobbed. "But spare him, spare him! Would you slay my soul?"

"Enough!" he growled, tearing himself away and stepping to the door, "I will absolve you! But you have no more time for choice! I will call them."

Her voice grew calm, as with resignation of despair—and clutching my pistols, I rose to my knees, feeling that the moment had come.

"He went," she said, "stepping on those stones so as to leave no trail—"

(Could I believe my ears? What an astounding actress! And no traitor! All this a part of her matchless contriving!)

"I told him," she went on, brokenly, "to follow those stepping-stones, through the swale to the spring, and then run down the bed of the brook till he came to the path through the pasture and the birch wood over to the— No! no! I cannot tell you, for then he will have no chance of escape. He will die like a rat in a hole!"

"Thank you!" said the Black Abbé, quietly. "That will do. I know the cave. I might have thought of it myself, and spared you these qualms!"

He stepped to the door, and there was a rapid exchange of gutturals. Then the moccasined footsteps fled away softly toward the cave.

But La Garne did not go. He came back into the room, where Madame crouched upon the floor, sobbing.

I wondered if she would get me away, or if I had better come down and settle my enemy at once. I had acquired such confidence in her resources that I decided to wait a minute or two before taking things into my own hands.

"Stop being a fool, now," he said impatiently. "Get up and bring me food, and be thankful that you have not forced me to teach you a lesson!"

"My God, do I need more lessons?" she wailed. But she arose, went to a closet and fumbled therein for a few seconds.



\* \* \* "Turning upon his heel with a kind of disdain, he left us without farewell, and strode rapidly down toward Grand Pre."

"Make haste, my daughter!" said he, more smoothly and more dangerously.

With a movement swift as light she turned and faced him, the table between them. Her voice came cool and steady:

"Lift but a hand, or give one call, and you are a dead dog, Monsieur l'Abbé!"

She had him covered with the muzzle of a large pistol. Before he could make any reply I had sprung across the loft and was down the ladder.

"You wonder among women!" I whispered, as I passed her. Then I went and stood before the astonished priest.

"I regret to be uncivil, Monsieur," said I, politely, "but I must bind and gag you, with no loss of time, or else silence you in a more effectual manner."

I paused to consider, studying his face carefully the while. It was a strange face, repellent but powerful—the head high and narrow, the mouth wide and thin-lipped, the nose very long, with an aggressively bulbous tip, the jaw wolfish, the eye pale, small, keen. Here was no lack of courage, I could see.

"She has outwitted me, I am beaten. Can we not make terms?" he asked calmly, looking me straight in the eye.

"We have small time for parley," said I. "It is plain I must kill you unless I can trust your oath!"

"I keep my oath—when I give it!" said he, curtly.

I turned to Madame, whose great eyes were flaming with excitement, though the rest of her face was as calm as a statue's. To the question in my own eyes she assented with a lowering of her brows.

"Swear to me by the Holy Ghost, Sir Abbé," said I, "that neither directly nor indirectly will you execute any vengeance upon Madame La Fleur for this day's doings. That to the utmost of your power, and without mental reservation, you will guarantee to Madame La Fleur and to myself safe passage back to Halifax, and that any tenant whom Madame La Fleur may place in this house shall not be molested in his work, or hindered in the payment of his rents! Please repeat this after me, word for word!"

The grim face stiffened, the keen eyes glanced through the window.

"It is not yet time for them to return," said I, "but if you refuse we shall need all the time we can secure, so you must decide on the instant. I shall be sorry to kill you if you say no, but I really cannot wait!" And I set my sword point convenient to his neck.

He shrugged his shoulders with an excellent coolness.

"I will swear!" said he.

Then, word by word, I gave him the oath, and, word by word, he clearly enunciated it.

I lowered my point and bowed. "You are a bad priest, but a brave man, Monsieur," said I, civilly, "and I am quite at ease now."

"But, Monsieur," interposed my fair hostess and saviour, "you



have received for me a safe conduct to Halifax! Might I not claim the honor of being consulted?"

"Time pressed too sharp for ceremony, Madame," said I. "But, as you must know, I overheard all your conversation with Monsieur La Garne; and you must know it is impossible for you to remain here!"

(She blushed scarlet and made to speak; but I gave her no time.)

"I beg that you will permit me to escort you to Halifax, and place you under the protection of the Governor and his excellent lady. What more I would beg I dare not yet, Madame, lest raw haste should bungle a hope but born this hour past, and still diffident; though, sure of itself, it has already grown to be the greater half of my heart.

"You speak in hard riddles, Monsieur," she said gravely, "but I desire you not to unravel them at present. I will go to Halifax because I think that will be wisest, and I thank you for your courtesy, Monsieur."

La Garne arose from his chair with a sarcastic smile which set my blood boiling. He went to the door, and was met by six of his followers just back from their vain errand toward Grand Pré. The vanity of it they had learned from one of the Abbé's spies before they had half covered their journey. Their dark, gleaming eyes betrayed no astonishment at my attitude of easy fellowship with their master. He addressed them with autocratic brevity.

"Go with this gentleman and this lady to Halifax," said he. "See that no hurt comes to them. You will answer to me for them until they are safe within the English walls."

Turning upon his heel with a kind of disdain, he left us without farewell, and strode rapidly down toward Grand Pré. I looked into the great eyes of Madame—and in that look I spoke the love which it would have been presumptuous for my lips to utter. She blushed, looked down, but seemed in nowise vexed, and from this I augured well for my future.

*Charles J. D. Roberts*

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HON. DAVID MILLS, LL.D.

### The Widow of Nain.

---

O UR Saviour toil'd by night, by day,  
 To cure the palsi'd, dumb, and blind,—  
 The sore in heart, those far astray,—  
 Ill both in body and in mind.

Of many marvels we are told,  
 Of many cures men's hearts to gain,  
 But high among these deeds of old,  
 Is one He wrought for her of Nain.

Her sorrow neighbors sought to share,  
 By friendly hands the bier was borne,  
 They felt how deep the suffering where  
 A widow'd mother's left to mourn.

We know not why this woman's lot  
So touch'd the hearts of all of Nain ;  
The reason is recorded not,—  
The nobler deed will e'er remain.

The strong One came and seiz'd his prey,  
Cast out a life, this son to gain ;  
He met One stronger in the way,  
Who bore him back to life again.

The bearers of the bier stand still,—  
“Weep not”—the words the Saviour saith—  
“Weep not,” for, lo, it is His will,  
To wrest him from the grasp of Death.

Of those who're waiting in the way,  
All hear His words with great surprise,  
When to the dead He spake that day,  
And said : “I say, young man, arise.”

“Weep not,” there is no cause for tears ;  
Rejoice ye, for the good that's done,  
Peaceful thy path through coming years—  
“Woman, I give thee back thy son.”

Another mother sees her son,  
Giv'n o'er to sin—to shame, and strife,  
Cries, “Saviour, see my boy undone—  
Plant in his soul the germ of life.

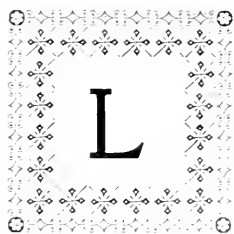
“Saviour, hear thou a mother's pray'r,  
Forbid it e'er should be in vain,  
See in my heart the sorrow there,  
And meet me near the gate of Nain.”

DAVID MILLS.

OTTAWA, November 12th, '98.

## A Magazine Chat.

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LITERATURE has become one of the amenities of life. The time has passed when she needed an apology for existence and rewarded her votaries with a garret for housing and a mattress for steam coils. In these days a life of luxury may be attained through a single successful book. To the broadening culture that has made this possible periodical literature has contributed a most important element, and the earlier years of this now familiar form of publication are replete with interest and story.

The earliest English periodical is said to date from 1588 when the Spanish Armada was in the English Channel. The earliest copy preserved, No. 50, contains the usual news articles, but nothing of special literary merit. For twenty-five years there were no others, when suddenly there sprang up a host of publications whose years were few and full of trouble. With the *Tatler*, 1709, there came into English literature a new influence, which greatly purified the public taste and elevated the ways of thinking and writing of the men of letters of the time. *The Spectator*, in which Steele was joined by Addison, and the *Rambler*, to which Johnson and Goldsmith contributed, made impossible a return from the new standard of English belles-lettres.

But success creates competition, and periodicals now became so common that every publisher sustained one, and the authority of reviews lay in danger. Accordingly Blackwoods was established, in 1802, by such men as Jeffrey, Scott, Brougham, and Sydney Smith, and a new era in criticism was inaugurated. The first editor was Sydney Smith, who was followed by Jeffrey and Macvey Napier, and, steadily cultivating an elevated tone, under Wilson, Christopher North, it either made or marred the writers of the day. At one time its circulation amounted to twenty thousand, but Scott became dissatisfied and persuaded John Murray, of the still-existing publishing house, to found a Tory rival, the *Quarterly Review*, in the year 1809, to which Coleridge and Lockart contributed.

Of a completely different type was the *Gentleman's Magazine*, begun by Edward Cave, and when, in 1738, Johnson joined the staff of

writers it attained a vigor that has carried it down to the present day. In 1846 Talford said of it, "Its very dulness is agreeable to us." Following these pioneers came the publications that we are welcoming to-day to our library tables. We can note with great satisfaction that our great Methodist magazine, the *Arminian Magazine*, begun by Wesley in 1778, of which Victoria University has a complete set, still continues as the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*.

The perusal of, or even the ruminating in, the older volumes of these magazines is most fascinating, and is indeed a literary education. There is scarcely a name of prominence in American literature that is not found in one or other of the magazines that have lingered to this day. Longfellow was at his prime when writing for the *Atlantic*. In 1833 the "Outre-Mer" was published, and his last poem bears date of 1863. Bryant published his first poem, "Thanatopsis," in the *North American* in 1816, when he was but eighteen years of age. His latest volume appeared in 1864, when he was still as alive to beauty in nature and the moral character of man as he was at twenty. Mrs. Stowe, who contributed to the first number of the *Atlantic*, led a long line of women writers whose contributions have not been a whit behind those of their brothers of the pen.

The pursuit of magazine writing is the road neither to wealth nor to fame by itself, yet the humblest magazine hack cannot but feel something of an inspiration in the thought that he is treading in the way of the men who won fame at the point of the pen.

R. H. JOHNSTON.

WASHINGTON, D.C.





## When the Gulls Come In.

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WHEN the gulls come in, and the shallow sings  
Fresh to the wind, and the bell-buoy rings ;  
And a spirit calls the soul from sleep  
To follow over the flashing deep.



When the gulls come in from the fields of space,  
Vagrants out of a pathless place,  
Waifs of the wind that dip and veer,  
In the gleaming sun where the land lies near.

Long they have wandered far, and free,  
Bedouin birds of the desert sea ;  
God only marked their devious flight,  
God only followed them day and night.

Sailor o' mine, when the gulls come in,  
And the shallow sings to the bell-buoy's din,  
Look to thy ship and thy gods hard by,  
There's a gale in the heart of the golden sky.



HELEN M. MERRILL.

PICTON, November, '98.

# A Lesson in Geography, Illustrated by Sketches of American Scenery.

BY  
A. KIRSCHMANN.



WHEN choosing the above somewhat assuming title for this paper, I was quite aware that I ran the risk of being accused of dabbling in the profession of others ; for what has a philosopher to do with geography? But while

our "inter-filiated" universities and colleges have not yet provided a chair for astronomy and geography, as they should have done, a philosopher must have equal claim on that subject with anybody else, especially since there are strong cases of precedence in his favor. If the great philosopher Kant could be for so long a time Professor of Physical Geography without ever leaving his native town, then we must conclude that any minor philosopher, however obscure and unknown he may be, cannot well be denied the right to give one single lesson on America, even if that is not his native continent.

I therefore invite the reader to take part in a swift and consequently superficial trip, not around the world, as I originally intended—for that I could not accomplish owing to the fact that I found the call to my present position awaiting me when I arrived in San Francisco—but around that which the people of the Old Country in their ignorance call "The New World," *i.e.*, America. And even this cannot be taken literally ; for we only mean a trip around the most southern extremity of the inhabited world, and up to the ice-bound regions of Alaska.

[NOTE.—Of the illustrations in this article, Figs. 1, 2, 3, 8, 14, 15, 17, 18, 20, 22, 31, are reproductions of drawings made by Dr. Kirschmann for the Christmas Number of ACTA VICTORIANA. Figs. 4, 5, 6, 7, 12, 25, 33, 36 (33), and the initial picture are from photos taken by the Author on his travels. The remainder are taken from other photographs.—ED.-IN-CHIEF.]

On this occasion I must protest against the kind but incorrect insinuation of the Editor in a recent issue, intimating that I would disclose new methods of teaching physical geography. My aspirations do not soar so high, for what I shall attempt to present in this lesson must needs be but fragments and aphorisms ; and if there is a difference between my method and that of the standard text-books of geography, it can only be the outcome of my conviction that one obtains the best knowledge of foreign countries, not through reading and learning by rote one hundred descriptions of them, but by reading a few and then going there one's self.

We may start with Brazil—after we get there. In our days, when almost everybody has crossed the Atlantic in from five to eight days, it is superfluous to give a description of an ocean trip. Nevertheless, the journey from Hamburg to Brazil, which at present cannot be accomplished in less than between three and four weeks, presents, in addition to the usual sight of whales, flying-fish and jumping dolphins (the latter, when appearing in file, giving those possessed of a vivid imagination the opportunity to see the sea-serpent), some features worthy of special mention. When about one-third of the trip has been accomplished we pass the Canary Islands, admiring from a distance the peak of Teneriffe ; and a few days later the Islands of Cape Verde are sighted. We pass some of these islands so closely that we may count the few isolated cottages on the slopes of the jagged mountains, and the peaceful flocks on the scanty meadows. A feeling of mediæval loneliness overcomes you when reflecting on the solitude of these places, which have scarcely been touched by the intellectual and mechanical revolutions of our century. But still you feel sorry to depart, knowing that for many days you will see nothing but sky and water. People who have never travelled on the ocean cherish some poetical notions of an endless waste of waters, where sea and sky meet and commingle in a hazy, impenetrable distance. They are much disappointed when they realize that on board a ship one has an extremely small horizon (and the higher the waves the smaller the horizon), the most remote part of the visible water-surface being at most a few miles distant. The sea presents a beautiful aspect when seen from a height of some hundreds or thousands of feet, as from a mountain on shore ; but on board a ship, not more than fifteen or twenty feet above the level, it gives you the wearisome impression of a helpless limitation.

There is another familiar misconception. It is not true that objects at a great distance are lost to sight because they sink below the horizon. This is only true for comparatively small and near objects, as for



instance, ships, small islands, or rocks of a few hundred feet in height. All higher objects disappear when removing from them, because of the increase in the amount of intervening atmosphere, and not because of the curvature of the earth's surface. Thus, for instance, when approaching the Canary Islands you see the peak of Teneriffe, not rising slowly from the horizon, but you see it in full height gradually coming out of the haze of the lower region of the atmosphere.

The higher your standpoint is at the shore or on a ship the more you liberate your sight from the influence of the lower atmospheric strata which are necessarily denser and more misty. If you want to see one of those beautiful sunsets where the sun assumes peculiarly distorted forms or even separates into pieces, you should be at a height of several hundred feet at least above the level. On the other hand very high mountains when strongly illuminated can be seen at great distances because they raise their snow-crowned heads above the lower atmospheric layers. Thus, for instance, you see the summits of the Aconcagua and its neighbors from the ship off the coast of Chili, and far out on the ocean you see the Sahama and Tacora near the Peruvian boundaries although these inland mountains are more than one hundred and fifty miles beyond the shore, which itself may not be visible. Their white summits seem to float in the air, while the bases must remain invisible.

Resuming the narrative of our voyage we come nearer and nearer to the equator. The shadows on deck become very short at noon and in the cool nights the phosphorescence of the sea presents a charming phenomenon. The heavens have gradually assumed an entirely changed appearance. Constellations which you never saw before come into view, and the good old Dipper sinks deeper and deeper. One evening you look in vain for the pole star; it has dropped beneath the horizon. But to replace the loss of these familiar guides there appears a group of stars not less brilliant and conspicuous—the beautiful Southern Cross. You are in the southern hemisphere. It is quite an event to cross the line not only for the Freshmen among the ship's crew, who receive on this occasion, under the supervision of an improvised Neptune, a free shave with a wooden razor, with tar as soap, and a somewhat abrupt baptism in sea water, but sometimes also for the passengers. If, for instance, you are asked in the morning of the eventful day, by a young lady, whether one could see something of "the line," and you are bold enough to answer "certainly" and to show the questioner "the line" by means of an opera glass, across the objectives of which you have previously fixed a black thread, then you may be sure to become the victim of a conspiracy as it happened

to one of the passengers on our ship whose name I shall not mention. He got an unexpected shower-bath with a pail of salt water.

The proverbial heat of the torrid zone is another example of geographical misconceptions as the first Brazilian port we touch may persuade us. Pernambuco is only a few degrees distant from the equator; but the heat is by no means insupportable. I have been in Lima ( $12^{\circ}$ ) and in Guayaquil ( $2^{\circ}$  south of the equator) at the hottest time of the year, but I did not suffer from the heat as much as I do in summer in New York or even here in Toronto. How is that to be explained? Simply by acknowledging the fact, that the usual statement, that one has to stand the more heat the nearer he comes to the equator, is absolutely wrong and misleading. The annual average temperature increases with the approach to the equator (of course providing for corrections arising from atmospheric and sea currents, altitude, etc.), but the annual average temperature has very little to do with the excessive heat we have to stand at certain seasons. In our latitude in summer time the sun is two-thirds of twenty-four hours above the horizon. The time of *insolation* is much longer than that of *radiation*, consequently there takes place a gradual accumulation of heat from day to day. In tropical countries where day and night are almost equally long all the year round no such accumulation takes place, and the nights are always cool. You never hear there of people dropping dead on the street from sunstroke.

The correct statement of the case therefore reads as follows: The nearer to the equator the greater the difference in temperature between day and night; but the less the difference between the seasons. This lack of a change of the seasons and not the proverbial tropical heat, is the reason that for the taste of our northern, Germanic races comfort decreases inversely as the square of the approach to the equator. There is no winter to check the prolific growth of annoying insects and micro-organisms which cause infectious diseases, *e.g.*, yellow fever; no winter to inspire you with that love for a comfortable home and cosy fireside, and no winter to make men hardy and to give nature a rest.

In our latitude the trees lose their foliage in autumn, and in spring they are clothed again with a new and brilliant verdure. Whilst the eye enjoys the varied colors of the seasons, the ear is charmed by the sweet notes of the winged singers. Nothing of the sort is found in the tropical forest. The trees there have their foliage, composed of old, dry and dusty leaves, in addition to new ones, the whole year round. The whole forest presents a dirty gray-green color, which

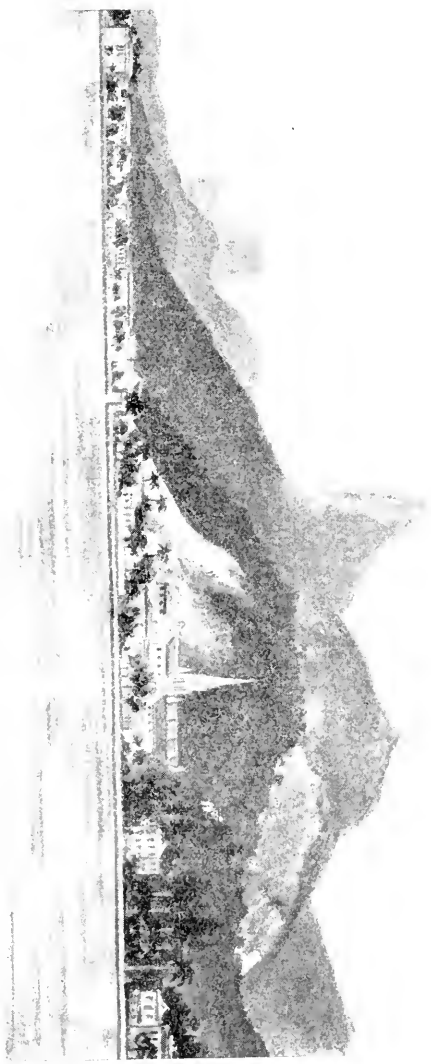


FIG. 1.—RIO DE JANEIRO AND THE CORCOVADO.



will stand no comparison with the fresh green of our northern oak or maple woods. There are no singing birds. Instead of nightingales and canaries, we hear the croaking of parrots, the cries of apes and the roars of ferocious animals.

From Pernambuco, with its queer natural harbor, formed by a huge coral reef, we proceed to Bahia and thence to Rio Janeiro, situated almost exactly on the Tropic of Capricorn. The Bay of Rio—the discoverers (January 1st, 1501) mistook this bay for the mouth of a big river and called it January River, hence the name of the city—is certainly one of the most beautiful spots on the face of the earth. At first sight one might imagine himself in a fairyland, so uncommon



Fig. 2.—THE TIJUCA AT RIO DE JANEIRO.

are the forms of the towering mountains which encircle this natural basin. The first of these to catch the eye of the observer is the Sugar Loaf, a bare and steep rock almost the exact shape of that which the name indicates, projecting itself boldly skywards, 1,000 feet directly out of the water, leaving between itself and a fort on the opposite shore only a narrow channel for the entrance of ships. In the distance is seen a still more curiously shaped mountain, the Corcovado (Fig. 1), whose vertical walls rise from the sea to a height of 2,500 feet. From the picture one could hardly imagine that a cog-wheeled railroad leads to the top of the mountain. There are not many places in the world where such a view can be obtained over sea and land. Of two other peculiarly shaped peaks near Rio de Janeiro,

the Tijuca and the Gabia, (figs. 2 and 3,) may give the reader some idea.

Rio, with its 400,000 inhabitants, is the largest city in South America, but nowhere is the adage that "distance lends enchantment to the view" more applicable, for the capital, so enchanting in its fairy-like surroundings when seen from a distance, dissolves at close inspection into, what appears to me, an aggregation of villages—and not always the cleanest. I will mention but a few points of interest in this capital. One is the beautiful Botanical Garden, situated at the foot of the Corcovado and celebrated for its magnificent palm-tree avenues; the other is the narrowest but cleanest and richest street of Rio, the Rua de Ouvidor. This street, which is so narrow that no



Fig. 3.—THE GABIA ROCK.  
(As seen from the Tijuca.)

carriage is allowed there, consists chiefly of sidewalk and plays in the Brazilian capital the same part that Yonge Street does in Toronto. There is seen the fashionable world of Rio promenading and meeting friends at five o'clock, and there you may behold as nowhere else a display of diamonds and precious stones—partly in the show-windows of the numerous jewelry stores, partly on the arms and necks of the diamond-loving, dark-eyed representatives of the "fair" sex.

Rio de Janeiro, on account of its extraordinary extension around those hills and mountains, has developed a peculiar street car system. Horse cars are still in vogue. Each car has four or more horses, which are changed at certain stations every twenty minutes with scarcely a stop of the car. Fares are paid in paper money—for

payment in coppers or nickels would require a handful, and silver and gold have they none. This may be understood when one realizes that the milreis, originally equal to a dollar, to-day scarcely represents the value of twenty cents.

Having escaped from the yellow fever, which here sweeps away hundreds of sailors and immigrants yearly, we leave the capital of this country which is so immensely rich by nature and yet at present so poor, thanks to the selfishness and lust of power of a number of political charlatans who replaced the fairly good government of Emperor Pedro by a reign of military dictatorship and boodling party-tyranny called a republic. In the face of the present tendency to Republicanism even in the oldest strongholds of constitutional monarchism, I venture to prophesy that soon there will come a time when men, better trained in thought than nowadays, will look down upon and laugh at that kind of freedom of which modern republics boast so much, as we look down upon and laugh at the feudalism and the witch trials of the Middle Ages.

A comfortable English ship, the *Britannia*, brings us around the south corner of the Continent. Of course only sailing vessels go really around Cape Horn—steamers pass through the Straits of Magellan. The straits have about the same latitude as southern England, but on account of the greater mass of water on the southern hemisphere, the absence of warm sea currents, and the shorter duration of the summer (the earth is in its perihelion at the time of the southern summer) the climate is similar to that of the north of Norway. Even comparatively low peaks of the steep and rugged Dolomit mountains have caps of perpetual snow and some glaciers extend to the sea. Figures 4 to 7 may give the reader some idea of the scenery at the borders of antarctic regions, fig. 7 representing Cape Froward, the southernmost point of the Continent. The straits are at some places quite wide, at others very narrow, but the water is mostly quiet, often smooth as a mirroring lake, so that one may see the distinct reflection of mountains and trees, etc., in the water. On the northern shore we have Patagonia, at the southern Terra del Fuego, *i.e.*, Fireland, which at present seems scarcely to deserve this name, for the numerous fires are seen chiefly on the other side of the Straits. The savages of Fireland formerly used to keep their fires alive (even in their canoes), because in this continuously moist atmosphere it was so difficult to light a new one by their primitive method. At present I suppose they have given up this practice and have adopted the use of parlor matches. The natives of Patagonia have the reputation of being giants. I saw some

of them : a chieftain, paddled by half a dozen squaws, approached our ship and received his usual tribute, a quantity of tobacco, a big barrel of ship's biscuit and last but not least a small barrel, the contents of which a ship's officer, whom I asked, pretended not to know ; I suppose it was sarsaparilla. After taking possession of these costly



Figs. 4 to 7.—SCENES FROM THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN.

goods the king waved his crown, one sign of civilization he wore, namely, a grey castor hat, and paddled back into his kingdom. After a short stop at Punta Arenas we pass Cape Froward, the southern end of South America, leaving Dawson Island at the left, and then we enjoy a day's voyage through the narrower channels with the smoothest water,



but with many dangerous reefs and rocks. It is September and that is the spring-month for the southern hemisphere. The shrubs and dwarf birches are just getting their new foliage but the mountains have not yet lost their white snow caps. This gives a peculiar, Alpine-like character to the landscape, and at each turn the ship takes in the numerous windings of the channel, a new scene presents itself to the eye.

Finally, we reach Cape Pillar, and at this point one must prepare for a severe shaking up, for the Pacific Ocean at the point of the egress from the straits does not deserve its name. Heavy storms are raging here the greater part of the year. If the revolution in the external world, in which, as a psychologist, I include the body, is safely passed, the traveller will take his meals with redoubled pleasure, even if the supply of chinaware is somewhat limited as a consequence of the destructive forces of the tempest.

Proceeding northward, after peacefully coasting by the Chiloe Islands, we sight the harbor of Coronel. We make an excursion to the little town, Lota, where we visit the most beautiful park in South America—the celebrated park of Lota—an extended system of beautiful gardens with an unsurpassed abundance of araucarias and other rare conifers, a spot which attracts so many foreigners while its owner prefers to live in Paris. We also pay a visit to the city of Concepcion, with its modern, clean streets and neat residences, in marked contrast with the last city from which we embarked, and the memory of which is still very vivid in our senses of sight and smell.

At Talcahuana we go on board the ship again, which brings us to the chief port of Chili, Valparaiso. This name means “valley of paradise,” but as the paradise seemed to be not one of Nature but limited to the commercial world, I proceeded at once to Santiago. The trip to the capital of Chili on a modern and extremely comfortable railroad (they have even “parlor cars”) is pleasant in every respect. One passes the coast range of the Andes, which is of moderate height, but intersected by deep valleys with a scanty vegetation, consisting of conifers and sporadic cacti and palms. The general appearance of Santiago is not different from that of any modern European or American city. It possesses great public buildings and monuments, well-kept streets, a park-crowned elevation called the Cerro, which affords a magnificent view of the Andes, and since the Chilian-Peruvian war and the revolutions following it, a very interesting history, while the manifold and intricate relations between the defeated soldiers of the revolution, the police and the desperadoes, would

form an excellent field for research by the sensational novelist if he lived to write the novel.

There are many English, Germans and Americans in Santiago. One hears English and German spoken on the street, and at the fashionable horse races you scarcely realize that you are in a Spanish-speaking country. The common people of Chili are a mixture of Spanish and Indian, the pure Araucanians which were so celebrated for their bravery and for their skill in arithmetic (the base of their system in notation is 11 or 33), being reduced to a few thousand.

We return to Valparaiso and board the ship again for Mollendo, Peru. On our trip we see the ports of Coquimbo, Huasco, Caldera, Taltal and Antofagasta. The coast of Chili presents a very desolate appearance, there being an absolute lack of vegetation. Nothing but yellow rocks and yellow sand are seen, with ugly pelicans hovering around the shore; you, however, learn with astonishment that it is an immensely rich country, copper and saltpetre being found in abundance. The mines are on the vast sand deserts, the so-called pampas which form the high table-lands, extending to the abrupt coast-line. The greatest of the mining centres is Iquique, where the Spanish element can scarcely compete with the numerous Americans and Europeans.

After touching at Arica, the seaport of that province, which, since the last war between Peru and Chili, is the object of dispute, we arrive at the Peruvian port of Mollendo. The "roads" of Mollendo, there being no harbor, make a disagreeable place in which to remain for five days in quarantine (which we had to do on account of the cholera *in Europe*), for the ship rolls continuously as in a storm. After the quarantine is over another disagreeable ordeal awaits you, namely, the landing process. First, you are lowered by means of a kind of cage into a small flat boat. If you are not crushed in this procedure, the negro oarsmen will row you ashore.

This is extremely interesting. You pass between whirlpools, as between Scylla and Charybdis, and finally the skilled oarsmen utilize a big wave to lift you over the last obstacle. After you have passed the last breakers you may prove your interest in the passage by interjecting a dialogue with your oarsmen similar to the following which I heard on such occasion:

*Passenger*—"Do they always get over that thing safely?"

*Oarsman* (laconically)—"Mostly."

*Passenger*—"And when not, were they lost?"

*Oarsman*—"No, they found them next day."

At Mollendo begins one of the most interesting railroads in the

world. It leads to Arequipa, and then across the Andes, at a height of 14,666 feet, to Puno, at Lake Titicaca. First, it cuts through the diorit, gneiss and granite rocks of the coast range, and then proceeds for hours over the first pampa, giving the traveller once in awhile a free view on the snow-covered mountain, Coropuna (22,800 feet high). On this huge desert you may witness some curious phenomena—sand-spouts of small and enormous sizes, mirages imitating at a short

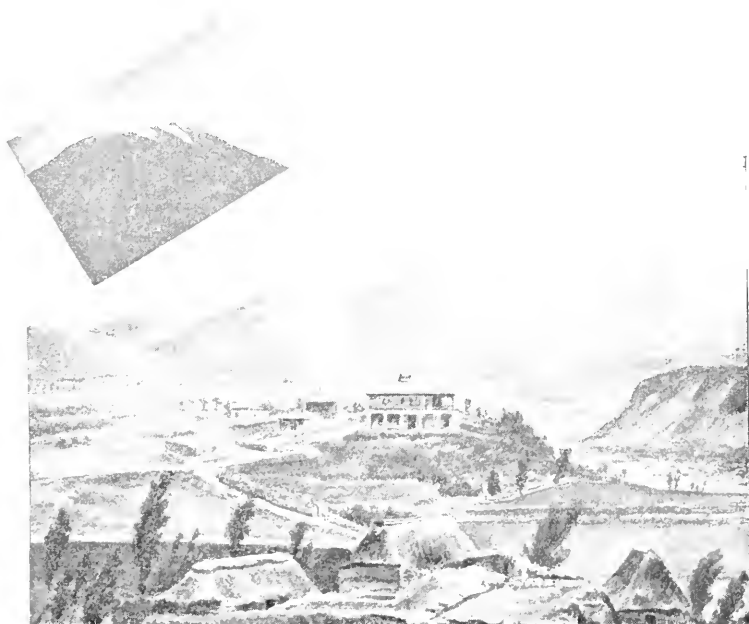


Fig. 8.—THE HARVARD OBSERVATORY NEAR AREQUIPA AND MOUNT CHARCHANI.

Fig. 9. THE TOP OF THE VOLCANO MISTL.

distance a water surface so exactly that one can see the sharp reflection of moving objects as though they were mirrored in calm water. The mountains sometimes seem like islands in a lake. There is another very peculiar sight in the heaps of white sand which are sharply isolated from the rest of the sandy surface which is of a brownish-yellow color. The most curious thing about these heaps is that they have, although of different size, the very same shape, namely, the form of a hollow crescent with sharp edges. One explanation is

that they are the products of whirlwinds (sand spouts), but then, we can scarcely understand how the wind succeeds in separating so completely the two kinds of sand from each other, and giving them all the very same geometric form. According to another explanation, they are deposits of volcanic cinder resulting from an eruption of the Misti, but in this case their form is no less enigmatic, and the fact that they are found to change size and position is not explained at all.

Arequipa, in size the second town of Peru, is situated in a depression in this plateau, forming a sort of oasis in the desert. Here are farms and gardens, and an abundance of fig and willow-trees. Across the valley of the River Vitor rises the majestic form of the volcano Misti, to a height of more than twenty thousand feet; and on the left the still higher Charchani (see Fig. 8) rears its snow-crowned head, while on the right, in a greater distance, the snowless rocks of the Pichu-Pichu are seen. It is a peculiar fact, that the snow-line in these south Peruvian mountains is so high, although the temperature is comparatively low. We find here at an altitude of eighteen thousand feet, not a particle of snow; whilst farther north, much nearer the equator, the snow-line is several thousand feet lower.

The streets of Arequipa make a peculiar impression. Almost all the houses have only one story, two-story buildings being very rare. Formerly this was different, but since the destructive earthquake of 1868, which devastated the greater portion of the town—the traces of this disaster are still discernible—the inhabitants are afraid to erect high buildings. The inside arrangement of the residences is, as in most Spanish cities, similar to that of an ancient Roman house. The rooms are grouped around an open court, which is usually paved, and in the better class of houses ornamented with flower-beds, statuettes and fountains. There are few, often no windows at all, toward the street, and the whole building is of the genuine southern type, showing all the negligence with which the inhabitants of countries, where there is no change of seasons, treat their homes.

A few miles distant from Arequipa at a place called Carmen alto, at an altitude of 8,000 feet—(Arequipa is 7,500 feet)—there is the celebrated astronomical observatory affiliated with Harvard University. There is no other astronomical institution in the world equipped like this, at such an altitude. The thin and extremely pure atmosphere (one can see the satellites of Jupiter with the naked eye) facilitates a kind of work which can be done nowhere else to such perfection. This is especially the case with respect to astro-physical

research, as for instance, regarding sun-spots, planets, comets, meteors and observations of the zodiacal light, which is here seen extending beyond the zenith. Of immeasurable value is the work done here in the photography, especially in the spectro-photography, of ordinary and variable fixed stars, double and multiple stars.

I enjoyed for some time the hospitality of this institution, the director of which was, at that time, Prof. W. Pickering, from Harvard. Through the kindness of this amiable gentleman and his assistants, I am able to have my drawing of the observatory (see Fig. 8) accompanied by a photograph of the summit of the previously mentioned volcano, Misti, showing distinctly the smoke, which with the naked eye is scarcely ever seen. This little picture (Fig. 9) is by no means an ordinary photograph, for the apparatus used in taking it had for its object glass the eight-inch refractor of the observatory (they were provided with an eight-inch and a thirteen-inch refractor combined). The mete-

orological and seismographical investigations at the observatory are of great interest. They maintain a special meteorological station, at about 17,000 feet, on the rocky slope of the Charchani.

In the sandy surroundings of Arequipa one can scarcely travel on foot. The poor people ride donkeys, the richer classes go everywhere on horseback. The horses are mostly pacers—even those of the Peruvian army—these being cheaper, more enduring and quicker than trotting-horses, which latter are only used for style, *e.g.*, by the young English and German bank clerks and Spanish hidalgos, on Sunday afternoons, when they do what Mark Twain calls *attitudinizing* under their sweet-hearts' windows. The Europeans play the principal part in the commercial and industrial enterprises of South America, the educated Spanish being too proud to engage in business. They are content to live as the landed gentry and look contemptuously

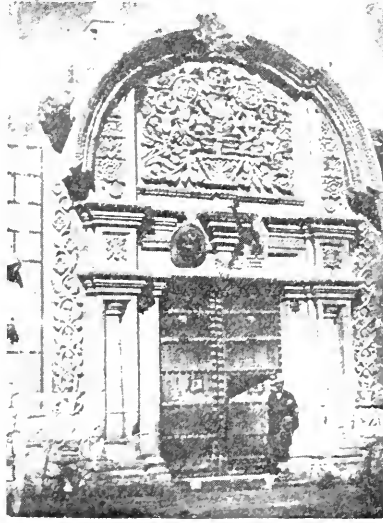


Fig. 10.—DOORWAY OF A HOUSE  
IN AREQUIPA.

on the English and Germans, who are rapidly gaining possession of the productive resources of the country.

Arequipa has several beautiful churches and public buildings, the architecture of which is not without traces of the influence of the early culture under the reign of the Incas, and in older buildings may often be found ornaments of Romanic or Renaissance type intermingled with elements of the curious Inca style, as, for instance, Fig. 10, which represents the doorway of an older building in which at present the German consulate is located.



Fig. 11.—STREET IN AREQUIPA.

Fig. 12.—INDIAN HUT FROM THE PAMPA NEAR AREQUIPA.

They celebrate many church festivals in Arequipa, often with great processions and fireworks. Innumerable sky-rockets are sent up on these occasions, but in day-time, simply to hear the detonation and to see the small clouds of smoke produced. The Spanish ladies are very gaudily and elegantly dressed in the afternoon, but when going out in the morning or when attending church, they all alike wear the plainest black garments, a black hood and cloak combined, covering head and shoulders. I wonder what the effect of such a custom would be in our own churches and Sunday schools!

We leave Arequipa and come by rail to Puno, at the western extremity of Lake Titicaca. The houses in Puno are mostly built of

sun-dried brick and thatched with straw. Even in the best hotels, as the "Hotel das Incas" and "Hotel American," you dwell under a straw roof, although in the interior the primitive nature of the structure is nicely concealed by carpets. An idea of the dwellings in Peru may be had from Figures 11 and 12—the former representing a street in Arequipa, and the latter the hut of an Indian farmer. At Puno we board a little old-fashioned steamer, which conveys us in about one and a half days to Chililaya, at the southern end of the lake. Titicaca is about one-half as large as Lake Ontario, and its surface has an altitude of 12,600 feet above the sea. The large percentage of salt in this basin of water is probably due to the fact that the lake has no outlet. The nights are rather cool on the lake, and I have seen the deck covered with a thin coating of ice in the morning. The water is by no means calm, and I have been told that even the oldest ocean sailors become sea-sick here owing to the combined influence of the choppy waves and the rarefied air. At this point it may be mentioned that for many people an altitude of twelve or thirteen thousand feet produces a feeling of dizziness, fever and hæmorrhages, sometimes even resulting fatally. This disease is called *soroche*, and afflicts not only men but also horses. There has been recently a great deal of talk in the American press, as to whether this disease, so disagreeable to mountain-climbers, is caused by the rarefied air in higher altitudes or by the exhausting effort of the ascent. I think this matter is easily settled by the fact that on the railway between Arequipa and Puno passengers, especially those suffering from heart trouble, often become severely sick with *soroche*, although it requires not the slightest effort nor causes bodily exhaustion to sit for a few hours in a railway coach. Hence the disease must be caused by the rarefied condition and the diminished pressure of the air.

In traversing Lake Titicaca we pass a large number of islands many of which still display traces of a period of national welfare and glory, long since passed away. There is the Sun Island where the Inca kings resided. Here are remains of palaces and temples, but all portable relics of value have found their way into museums and private collections. What is left consists of bare walls, with here and there traces of sculpture and ornaments.

There must have been formerly an extraordinarily dense population in these regions—a nation of agriculturists and herdsmen, for every foot of fertile soil was utilized even up to the snow-line, as the apparently carefully terraced slopes of the mountains seem to prove.

The Inca nation formed a kind of socialistic state, whose territory extended over the greater part of the present republics—Bolivia, Peru and Ecuador. At the time of the Spanish invasion the period of national prosperity and of intellectual power had long passed its climax, and the supremacy of the original Inca race had been replaced by that of less intelligent tribes, and decay had already set in.



Fig. 13.—CIVILIZED INDIANS  
FROM PERU.

Let us examine for a moment the condition of the Indians in the different parts of this continent. The country in which they are most successfully reduced to a small number—almost annihilated—by fire-arms and “fire-water,” is the United States. Here in Canada the Indians are in the best way to become settled agriculturists. They have their schools and churches, and even their representatives in Parliament. In Mexico and Chili the Indians have successfully intermixed with the Spaniards, and formed a kind of new race. In Peru and Bolivia the cruelty of the Spanish oppressors, however great, was obviously not sufficient to annihilate the Indians within several centuries, for there they still exist in millions. More than half of the population consists purely of Indians, the rest being whites, negroes and halfbreeds. The Indians there are farmers, herdsmen, miners and laborers. They do not know much Spanish, but speak their *Haimera* and *Quichua* language as in olden times. They are christianized, but have kept many of their former customs of dress and living. Although they are not very intelligent they promise to adapt themselves by and by completely to the habits of civilized life. (Fig. 13.)

Let us now proceed on our journey. As if travelling in a fairy-land, we pass at a height almost equal to the highest mountains in North America, these rocks and islands, silent witnesses of a history which for its greater part will remain a sealed book for us, whilst towards the east in a hazy distance we behold the peaks of the Andes projecting their snow-covered heads boldly skywards. (Fig. 14.)

We land at Chililaya, and from there the journey is continued in a less comfortable manner, namely, by an old stage-coach, with paneless windows and seats for twelve persons. This stage-coach goes once a



week to La Paz, and is drawn by eight horses. Only the four rear horses are directed by reins, the other four by throwing stones at them. The driver has a heap of stones, of various sizes, beside him for this purpose. I have seen him hit a stumbling horse on the head with a stone so that the blood gushed out. If the stage happens to "get stuck" in the sand, where the driver has no help to urge on the horses, a painful delay follows, for it is very difficult, to make the eight horses start together. Finally the passengers must get out and each take control of a horse, then after getting the coach in motion there is encountered the further difficulty of getting on board again. But the inconvenience, or torture, of this mode of travelling on a sandy, cold desert of 13,000 feet altitude is fully rewarded by the incomparably grand view on this highest pampa. From the eastern horizon rise, sharply outlined, the dazzling white



Fig. 14.—LAKE TITICACA.

peaks of the Illiampu (Sorata, 24,800) and Huaina de Potosi (see Fig. 15), while to the south looms up the isolated mass of the Illimani. These fascinating mountains look like huge masses of ice, which is easily understood if we remember that they exceed our standpoint of 13,000 feet by another 10,000 feet, or more, in height.

La Paz, where we arrive after a day's trip in the stage-coach above described, is situated in a valley which opens towards the massive ice-fields of the Illimani, surrounded by steep cliffs of slate clay. The inhabitants are, in the lower classes, Indians, while the "upper ten" are whites. There is a goodly number of half-breeds between whites and Indians, the so-called Cholos. On the market you can see, beside the ugly and wrinkled faces of the Indians, with their blue-black hair, pretty Cholo girls attired somewhat tastefully, but in colors much too "loud." If you want to make purchases, *e.g.*, a handful of frozen potatoes, or some pine-apples, you require a pocketful of red pepper fruits, for at the market of La Paz, in want of other change, these are used as small coin.

In the streets of La Paz one may often see a herd of llamas—the most useful animals in this region, even the offal of which is used as fuel; indeed, it forms almost the only fuel in the city. The herds always walk slowly and deliberately, following the leading llama, which is decorated with bells or colored ribbons attached to the ears. My desire to see them run, I was told, could be gratified by fastening some large white object to the ear of the leader. One afternoon, when walking in the outskirts of La Paz, I encountered a herd of llamas. Having a large newspaper in my hand, I thought my opportunity had come. Unfolding the paper I pierced a hole in it, and as quick as thought it hung from the ear of the leading llama, and then I saw them run. The spectacle was well worth the few dollars it cost me. They were soon out of sight,<sup>r</sup> but the Indian herdsmen evidently enjoyed the sport themselves, for they laughed, as did all others who were onlookers. Then they came, and submissively removing their hats, asked whether I would prefer to pay the fine to them or to the police.

La Paz enjoys an atmosphere the driest in the world and, therefore is a paradise for many a far-gone consumptive who here recovers health again, but he is obliged to stay in the locality and never go down to the coast. This also applies to the Indians on these high plateaus, who cannot endure the climate at the coast. The extreme dryness of the air on these plateaus relieves the inhabitants of La Paz from the necessity of burying their dead. They put the coffins on shelves arranged in the walls of their cemetery, a sort of aerial catacombs, and the moistless air dries and mummifies the corpses.

La Paz is provided as a modern town with electric light, a great city square called the Plaza, a beautiful park, the Alameda, and several large Roman Catholic churches which present a plain exterior, but within are gorgeously ornamented in golden colors according to the taste of the Indian and Cholo population. I did not see much provision for the religious needs of the English and Germans, who are the leading business men of the place. It seemed to me that they have only one interest, viz., to amass a fortune in a few years and then return to the Old Country. There is also a university in La Paz, which grants to a student his LL.D. degree at an age at which he would scarcely venture to secure his matriculation in this country. The common people find amusement, on public holidays, in witnessing cock-fights and bull-fights.

There is here, as in all American republics, a marked tendency to worship titles and gorgeous uniforms. The Bolivian



ILLUSTR.

H. W. H. 1880.

FIG. 15.—TRAVELLING ON THE HIGHEST PAMPA.



army almost every day may be seen on parade in the streets of La Paz. They present a pleasing spectacle in their red coats and grey trousers. The officers wear patent-leather shoes ; the privates wear sandals. Their military music is very good (I suppose they have a German band-master). This may account for the numerous parades. But the army has still another duty. I saw them one day marching through the town and playing their favorite airs. They stopped at every street-corner, and an officer of high rank made a speech. But I did not understand him. It was Spanish to me. I began to fear a revolution was pending, but my landlord informed me that my fears were groundless. The officer had only announced the decree of the Government, that from this date the Bolivian paper dollars if torn into halves or quarters (a common practice), would not be accepted in payment.

The disadvantage of having no paper money is severely felt by the traveller in Peru, to which country we now return. Here the people despise bank-notes and ignore gold ; consequently, as one must travel through districts where there is no branch of the Bank of Montreal, he is under the necessity of literally loading a mule with silver dollars, which are equivalent to about half their face value, in Canadian coin.

Peru is an immensely rich country, rich in products of the soil, etc. (cotton, rice, sugar, wool, cattle, horses), as well as in minerals. Its resources in silver are still inexhaustible, although the Indians at the times of the Incas were skilled miners and the Spaniards have followed in their footsteps.

In Lima, the capital of this country, we find the oldest university of America. If we visit the Museums of this city and hunt up the private collections of antiquities, we may get a better idea of the culture of the Inca period than by visiting the historical places themselves. The space of this article does not allow me to describe all the interesting evidences of the mechanical skill and artistic taste of the Incas. There are mummies in a sitting position placed in baskets, an endless variety of curious pottery, vessels which produce tones when you pour out their contents, miniature sculptures of silver and bone, implements the use of which is obscure to us, letters containing messages not written in words on paper or parchment, but expressed by a series of knots in strings. Two instances I may mention which seem to be especially worthy of consideration. The one is the fact that the carefully modelled heads and faces which appear as ornaments on those ancient specimens of ceramic art, are by no means

always of the Indian type. Many of them, the pre-Columbian age of which is proven beyond doubt, show features of a type similar to negroes, dark faces, almost black, and—entirely unlike Indians—with curly hair and thick lips. There is, indeed, even in our days, a tribe of savages left in the interior of Peru, *i.e.*, beyond the Andes mountains, whose appearance answers to the above description. The other object which attracted my special attention was an insignificant-looking piece in the beautiful and rich collection of the ambassador of Chili in Peru, an object to which the proprietor attributed little value. It is only a few inches in size—it is cut from white bone and represents a bird. But it is unlike any bird which



Fig. 16.—THE VERUGAS BRIDGE.

lived on this planet as a contemporary of man. It has a tail like the archæopterix, the primitive bird of the Jura formation, the transition between reptiles and birds. Now the question arises, why did the Indian artist give this bird a reptile's tail? If we do not wish to assume that he did it by mere fancy, we have to suppose that he must have seen either a living bird of a similar kind or a fossil of the archæopterix. There is plenty of opportunity for conjectures.

In Lima we attend a bull-fight. Not a thousand, but tens of thousands of spectators surround the arena to witness a spectacle which, in our northern countries under somewhat improved methods, is confined to the slaughter-houses.

It is difficult for members of Germanic (Teutonic) races to keep cool at such a sight and not arouse the indignation of the Spaniards by

taking the part of the bull, although it needs all the courage and skill of the bull-fighters to escape fatal injury, the real perpetrators of the cruelty being the crowd which indulges in such performances. There were seven bulls and one *vacca de muerte* (death-cow) executed in this way, and the latter gave the severest test to the torreros, for this cow seemed more intelligent than the bulls; she would ignore the red cloth and turn her whole wrath against the aggressor, who had to jump over the railings more than once in order to escape the horns of the furious animal.

I saw one bull which could not be defeated after almost a full hour's fight. He had three misplaced swords in his body, and the Espada, hissed by the audience, aimed a fourth blow, but failed. The President of the Republic, who was present, gave the victory to the bull. The fight stopped, the band played the national air, the ladies had tears in their eyes when the doors of the arena opened, and the bull, with the swords in his back and triumph in his eyes, walked out as proud as the proudest Spaniard. When the crowd left the amphitheatre I concluded that a bull-fight was worse than pigeon-shooting, and almost as bad as prize-fighting.

At Lima begins the celebrated Oroya railroad, which crosses the Andes Mountains at the enormous height of more than fifteen thousand feet, thus exceeding by more than a thousand feet the Pike's Peak railway, which is so often claimed to be the highest in the world. Without application of friction rollers or cogwheels, it climbs by innumerable windings—sometimes four or five above one another—as an ordinary railroad, through narrow gorges and half a hundred tunnels, the steep slopes of towering rocks up to the regions of perpetual ice. I confine myself to the description of three points of interest. At an altitude of 5,800 feet the railroad traverses a deep valley, by an immense iron bridge of a single arch about four hundred feet high. Fig. 16 gives a photo of this, the highest railroad bridge in the world. At eleven thousand feet (near San Matteo) it passes a gruesome chasm, the Infernilio gorge, formed by perpendicular or overlapping walls of rock several thousand feet in height. But the most wonderful part is the Galera tunnel through Mount Meiggs. This tunnel is about a mile in length. The highest elevation of the whole railway is reached halfway through this tunnel—16,665 feet above the sea level. The walls are covered with ice, and the locomotive is provided with two big ice-breakers, in order to remove the icicles, which hang down from the roof. At the time of my visit to Peru the railroad was completed for passenger traffic only as far as Casapalca

(13,600 feet), but I passed the higher parts on locomotives and lorries, and I traversed the Galera tunnel several times on foot.

In this part of Peru I also visited some interesting silver mines. Starting from San Matteo in the morning, on horseback, we reached Florenzia and Tapata, two neighboring silver mines, just at dark. They are about 17,000 feet above the sea level, and no white miners could work in this altitude. The laborers are Indians, and very industrious as long as they have no money to buy *pisco*, the Peruvian equivalent for whiskey. The foremen, engineers, managers, and last, not least, the proprietors, are Germans—a few Scandinavians. The shaft of one of these mines does not descend, but follows the veins of the precious metal upwards, and comes out near a summit at about 18,000 feet. On the way down much grand scenery presents itself. In the morning on starting out there is a heaving ocean of clouds beneath us, out of which the white peaks rise like islands. The clouds disperse, and an immense glacier, hundreds of feet in thickness, comes into view, overhanging a couple of lagoons in such a manner that one is inclined to wait to see it fall. The lagoons though close together, are yet quite different, one being of a bright, milky, blue-green color; the other black, like ink; and all this lies a thousand feet beneath. Farther down are met herds of llamas and alpacas, which, like the mountain Indians, cannot live in an altitude lower than twelve thousand feet. The llamas and alpacas are domesticated animals. But there are in South America two wild cameloid species, of which the former may be the descendants, viz., the guanaco in Patagonia, and the vicugna in Peru and Bolivia. From the extremely soft silky hair of the vicugna the natives make the beautiful "poncho." This garment, which is now worn on the shoulders of Indians and whites, consists of a square piece of cloth in the natural brown color of the animal's hair, leaving an opening in the centre for the head. A fine poncho costs fifty dollars or more.

Returning to Lima we board a German ship, and sail for Central America. We pass the equator for the second time, in rather cool weather, and take leave of the southern heavens. On this occasion, I may mention that the southern sky shows several points of interest for which we have no equivalent in the northern. There are the greater and the smaller Magellanic Clouds near the South Pole. They are clusters of stars and nebulae like the Milky Way but sharply separated from the latter. There are, farther in the Milky Way itself, near the Southern Cross, two very dark regions, called the Magellanic Spots, or in the sailor's phraseology, "the coal-sacks." It is a



question in dispute whether they are really darker (more void of invisible stars) than the rest of the sky or whether their black appearance is only a contrast phenomenon. Fig. 17, though drawn from memory and therefore not very accurate, may convey to the reader some idea of this interesting part of the sky.

On our trip we touch Guayaquil, the chief port of Ecuador. The harbor is the mouth of the Guayaquil River, which is full of alligators, large turtles and sharks. We saw there a ship without a human being on board, the crew having fallen a prey to the ravages of yellow fever. We land at almost all the ports of Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras and San Salvador. It is pretty hot during the day, and the scenery,

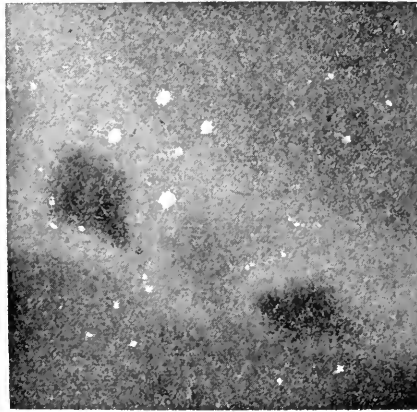


Fig. 17.—THE SOUTHERN CROSS AND THE  
COAL SACKS.

although changing rapidly in details, has everywhere the same general character: in the foreground hills and rocks of moderate height, palm-trees and huts of the natives consisting of four poles and a roof of palm-leaves, in the distance the huge forms of volcanoes. The whole isthmus is a chain of volcanoes, a few of which display, from time to time, a dangerous eruptive activity. The majority of them seem very harmless, and quite a few have even given up smoking. Fig. 20 shows one of these quiescent volcanoes, the St. Vincent. But at Acajutla, a port of San Salvador, there is an active volcano, the Isalco, of very peculiar character. It is a regular bomb-volcano. (Fig. 18.) Explosive eruptions follow each other at intervals of a few minutes. This presents a most wonderful spectacle at night. A fiery globe is ejected from the crater to a certain

height, after which it disperses, whilst the luminous streams of lava run down the sides of the mountain. From the town of Sonsonate its summit presents an appearance as shown in Fig. 19. We proceed next to the coast of Guatemala and visit the capital of the same name. (See Fig. 22.) Here, also, we see two giant moun-



Fig. 20.—THE VOLCANO ST. VINCENT.

Fig. 18.—THE BOMB-VOLCANO ISALCO, SEEN FROM ACAJUTLA.

Fig. 19.—THE TOP OF THE ISALCO.

Fig. 21.—EVENING LANDSCAPE IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

tains—the Fuego (fire), an active, and the Aqua (water), a mud volcano. The latter once almost destroyed by its violent eruptions the ancient capital of the country, the city of Antiqua. Guatemala and Antiqua are very interesting cities, especially celebrated for their magnificent churches. A specially attractive feature in Antiqua is the cemetery, a garden of unsurpassed beauty, called the Campo Santo.

Before we leave Central America, I must make a remark about the native population. When I went to school I was taught that humanity was divided into five great races, one of which was the American, or the Indian race. I do not believe any longer in this generally accepted but quite arbitrary division. If all the aborigines of America belong to one race, it would be just as permissible to group the Europeans, Chinese and Malays in another. The aborigines of South America, among themselves, show differences at least as great as those between the so-called Caucasian and Mongolian races. The same statement applies to Central America. The



Fig. 22.—GUATEMALA AND THE VOLCANOES AQUA AND FUEGO.

reader may compare the pure Guatemaltekos (Fig. 23) with Fig. 24, representing some beauties from Sonsonato, and with Fig. 13, page 200, which shows some civilized Indian peasants from Peru. I think the comparison will convince one of the correctness of the above statement.

Leaving Guatemala, the most promising of the Central American "republics"—in ancient times they would have been classed as tyrannies—we board a ship, which carries a hundred passengers on it and five hundred tons of barnacles under it, and commence a slow trip for San Francisco, enjoying on the way a short call at the Mexican port Acapulco, and the magnificent sight of the mountainous coast of California. At last we pass the Golden Gate (Figs. 25 and 26) and enjoy a sojourn in San Francisco, the great western city built on a dozen hills, with its clean and neat, though wooden, residences, its business people of European courtesy, and with its cool but marvellously constant climate which changes but a few degrees throughout the year.



Fig. 23.—INDIANS FROM  
GUATEMALA.

Where history is lacking, nature often makes up for it, for what scenery can rival California's Yosemite Valley? The only difficulty is in getting there. It requires the torture of a whole day in a stage-coach to reach Woiwona and the big trees, and another day before we arrive at the valley, which got its name from the Indians, who called it after the grizzly bears. Both of the latter species, however, have in our day disappeared—the Indians being supplanted by tourists, and the all-devouring grizzlies by the ubiquitous summer hotel and boarding-house. The space of this paper does not allow us to dwell long on the description of the incomparable grandeur of this unique landscape. Here are the highest waterfalls of the world; what the Niagara has in

From here we visit Monterey, with its celebrated, almost indestructible, cedar trees which look back on a past of several thousand years. They are older than the antiquities which they show in the museum in Sacramento—the boots which the first American settler wore, the pan of the first successful gold digger, and the nail on which the first unsuccessful gold-hunter hanged himself. And if, recognizing the rather modern character of the torn boots and other implements, you inquire about the time of these historic events, they will answer you, "It was long, long ago: it was before — 1850."



Fig. 24.—INDIANS FROM  
SALVADOR.

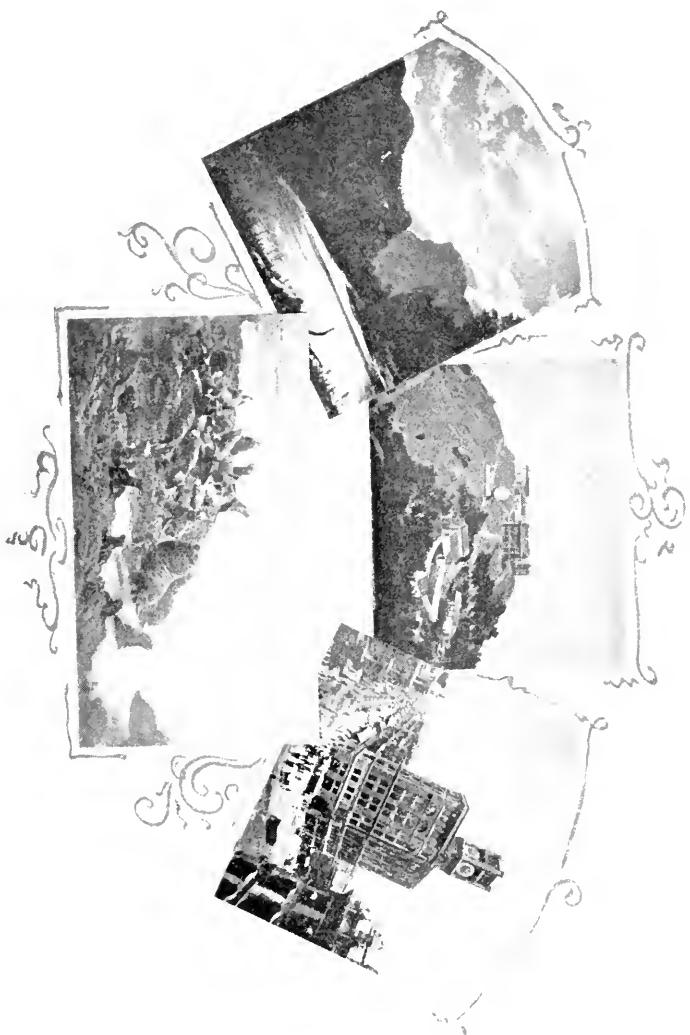


FIG. 28.—YOSEMITE VALLEY.

FIG. 27.—LICK OBSERVATORY.

FIG. 29.—THE "CHRONICLE" BUILDING IN SAN FRANCISCO.

FIG. 30.—THE SEAL ROCKS, NEAR CLIFF HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO.



Fig. 25.—THE GOLDEN GATE.

breadth these gigantic falls have in height. The Nevada makes an unbroken fall of 800 feet, and the Yosemite, three times broken, leaps down 2,500 feet. Immense granite walls towering up vertically to the awe-inspiring height of three and four thousand feet, and in some points higher than that, enclose the valley for a distance of six miles. The drawing in Fig. 31 gives a view of the upper part of the valley, seen from an overhanging rock at Glacier Point, 3,200 feet above the valley. It presents the curious forms of the Dome and Half Dome, both showing in their shape the effects of former glacial erosion. The latter on its non-glaciated side rises in a sheer wall 5,000 feet from the valley, and if you see it, together with its perfect image in Mirror Lake just below, you behold 10,000 feet of an unbroken wall of rock. On the way back we call at the Lick Observatory, Mount Hamilton (Fig. 27). Then travelling north, Mount Shasta and the Shasta hot-springs are seen. We visit Portland, Oregon, and make an excursion up the Columbia River, and then on from Tacoma, Washington, we travel to Victoria and join there a party on board the *Queen*, which is just ready to start for Alaska—the Alaska of the tourist, not of the gold-hunter — the Klondike being at that time still *terra incognita*. We pursue for almost a week a tortuous course through a labyrinth of islands, straits and inlets on a sea so smooth that the dense forests on either shore, and even the troops of deer swimming across are perfectly reflected as in a mirror. Bewildering mirages are of frequent occurrence, and beautiful displays of *aurora borealis* often illumine the sky during the short

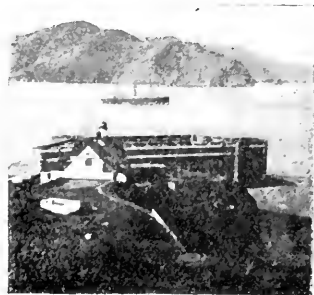


Fig. 26.—FORT POINT, AT THE GOLDEN GATE.



FIG. 31.—YOSEMITE VALLEY, FROM GLACIER POINT.





summer nights. On the way up we saw and smelled the place where cod liver oil is manufactured ; we make the acquaintance of the Eskimo Indians, and admire their totem poles (see Fig. 35)—a kind of combination of penates, coat of arms,



Fig. 32.—GLACIER BAY.

and pedigree—and their dogs, and learn from them how to catch salmon and halibut. Then we visit Sitka, the capital of Alaska, Juneau, the mining town, and on the opposite shore of the channel the celebrated Treadwell Mine, the only gold mine from which the ore is taken by the light of day as in a quarry. We see the Tuku Glacier (Fig. 34), and finally at the end of Glacier Bay the greatest glacier in the world, the Muir Glacier, which covers an area of 350 square miles, extending from the slopes of Mount Crillon (16,000 feet) and Mount Fairweather (15,500 feet) to the sea. The front of the glacier (see Fig. 37) is over 200 feet high, and since this huge volume of ice is proceeding more rapidly than any other glacier, immense masses are continually breaking off from the face, and with a thunderous crash dropping into the water to increase the number of floating icebergs in Glacier Bay. (See Figs. 32 and 33.) The ice is not of uniform color but varies from a pure white through all tints of blue-green and blue to the deepest indigo-blue, the coloring being

dependent on the amount of pressure which the ice had to stand throughout its formation.



Fig. 33.—ICEBERG IN GLACIER BAY.

The great height of the glacier, and the vast volume of the masses that split off its face, is scarcely realized at first glance from a distance, but if you watch the pieces falling and consider the time they take to reach the water, the real height can be approximately calculated. The steamer *Queen* was furnished



Fig. 34.—TUKU GLACIER.

Fig. 36.—PARTY ON MUIR GLACIER.

Fig. 35.—TOTEM POLES, AT FORT WRANGEL.

Fig. 37.—FACE OF MUIR GLACIER.

with a strong ram, which enabled her to force her way between the icebergs to within a short distance of the front of the glacier, so that this unique spectacle could be enjoyed at leisure. Having made an excursion on top of the immense glacier (Fig. 36), which has never been crossed, we leave scenery really arctic

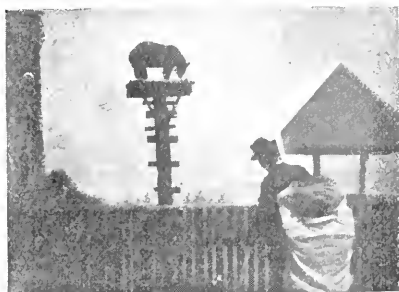


Fig. 38.—A BEAR STORY FROM TACOMA.

in character, though not quite in an arctic latitude, and turn south again towards Tacoma. Travellers and hunters, on returning home, are accustomed to fill in the blanks of their experience with stories of thrilling adventure and hair-breadth escapes. The writer, not wishing to diverge too far from the usual course, and still unwilling to depart from scientific principles, according to which even a "bare" story should contain the naked truth, refers the reader to the above photograph. (Fig. 38.)

Having wandered over the continent from the extreme south to the frozen regions of the north, we conclude our journey here in Canada, a country which gains by comparison with other regions visited. There is scarcely another spot in America which can, in beauty of natural scenery, compete with the Canadian Rocky Mountains, and it cannot remain hidden from the eye of the unprejudiced observer, that, with regard to climate and resources, and to the gradual but persistent development of intellectual and national life, the British Dominion of Canada is, on this continent, the country of the future.

*A. Lindemann.*

## To a Bereaved Friend.

† HAD a vision of the night :  
† 'Twas of a dark and lonely Vale  
Where light of Hope had seem'd to fail,  
And Happiness had suffered blight.

And lone and weeping wandered there  
One whom I held in inmost heart,  
In his o'ermastering grief apart,  
'Mid wailing night-winds of despair.

For through that Valley dark he sought  
The vanished spirit of his life,  
His fair and gentle maiden-wife,  
And called her—but she answered not.

And called her, but the echoes grim  
Unfeeling sported with her name,  
And mocking tossed it whence it came,  
Back to the broken heart of him.

And then I saw there dawned a light  
Softly before his tear-dimmed eyes,  
And filled him with a calm surprise,  
And made that dismal Valley bright.

And One drew near whose form he knew,  
The Form that once on earth had trod,  
The Son of man and Son of God,  
The Christ, compassionate and true.

And gently spake, "Come unto me,  
'Tis mine to comfort and give rest ;  
Come, lay thy head upon my breast,  
And know my healing sympathy.

"Nay, tell me not thou hast soul-strife  
About the Creeds—I know thy heart,  
And how thou lov'st the better part,  
And holdest high ideal of life.

“ And thy distraught amaze I know,  
The frenzy of thy anguished soul,  
Thy grief, thy rage beyond control,  
The soundless mystery of this blow !

“ And it has not been strange to me,  
Thy vague dumb pain, thy uttered groan,  
I, too, am Man, and I have known  
The garden of Gethsemane.

“ Now am I come to bring thee peace  
And hope, and wipe thy tears away,  
Let me be but thy help and stay  
And lend thee my sufficient grace.

“ Thy loved one thou shalt see again  
In fairer beauty than of Earth ;  
Death is, through me, a nobler birth  
To life that knows no touch of pain.

“ Immortal through the fields of bliss  
With her thou’lt roam no more to part.”  
Then failed the vision, but my heart  
Said boldly—No vain dream was this !

J. W. BENGOUGH.



SIR J. G. BOURINOT, K.C.M.G., LL.D.

## Questions Proposed



1. My favorite authors of prose.
  2. My favorite poets.
  3. My favorite musical compositions.
  4. My favorite books.
  5. My favorite heroes and heroines in fiction.
  6. My favorite heroes and heroines in real life.
  7. The way I like to spend my leisure hours.
  8. The gift of nature I should most like to have.
  9. What I covet most for Canada.
  10. What I consider to be our greatest national defects.
  11. My favorite hero in Canadian history.
  12. The formative influences of my educational life I prize most.
  13. The college course I should prefer to take.
  14. The motto I would give to a Canadian young man.
- 

Answers by SIR J. G. BOURINOT, K.C.M.G., GEORGE R. PARKIN, C.M.G., LL.D., CHANCELLOR BURWASH, HON. GEO. E. FOSTER, PRINCIPAL GRANT.

(See following pages for Answers.)

1. { In History: Macaulay  
Gibbon, Parkman, Green, In Roomance  
for Walter Scott & Thackeray  
In Political Science: Montesquieu
2. { Longfellow & Tennyson
3. { Pilgrims of the night, Lead kindly  
light, - Auld Lang Syne &  
Fosch's Ballads & Sonnets
4. { So numerous books are here. See  
first answer, Last Reader, Christen  
and the Hermit - a remarkable book.
5. { Die Vernon, Robt. Kercombe
6. { I shall not go beyond Mrs. Latta for  
heros - Williams of Mass and  
Miles of Jackson - Max. Jerome  
at present in the north. Florence Nightingale
7. { Among my apple trees & in the  
fruit.
8. { Am quite satisfied with that very humble  
gifts I have from Nature. 12
9. { A national, or thoroughly  
Canadian spirit.
10. { Self depreciation & absence  
of originality
11. { From English Canadian I say at once  
Champlain
12. { Classical Studies - Rob  
foot ball
13. { The "Humanities" as a basis of  
Education, with lessons of practical  
Science - not other than in my  
youth as in these days of more  
intended studies.
14. { Be modest, industrious &  
patriotic.

John Bowring

life & mental growth.

1. Have been different at each stage of
2. Virgil: Shakespeare - Tennyson. Keats
3. ....
4. Boswell's Johnson - Walter's Lives - Lorna Doone.
5. ....
6. Nelson - Jordan - Garibaldi - Florence Nightingale  
with nature, friends or books
7. ....
8. A good judgment in all things
9. A fine sense of honour in Public  
and private life.
10. Provincialism; content with material  
good; placing party before principle in  
political life appears.
11. Brock
12. 1. Reading and reflection in early days on a Cambridgian farm. 2<sup>nd</sup>. College residence and the  
familiar contact of face with earnest ~~strong~~ <sup>for duty</sup>  
and able teachers. 3<sup>rd</sup> Travel.
13. One which opens many doors, but which gives  
the first importance to, later time, ancient and  
modern - as furnishing the best ~~best~~ clues to the  
problems of human life.
14. Speak and act the Truth.  
(This is the key to all high living.)

Yours sincerely  
Geo A. Parker

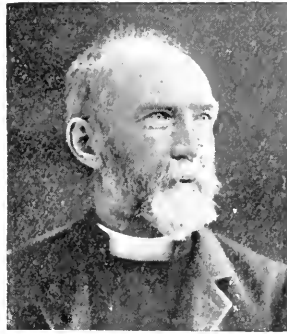


1. Bacon, Ruskin, Scott, Washington
2. Shakespeare, Tennyson, Gray
3. The Present, The Redemption
4. The Bible
5. Dr. William McChesney
6. Paul, Howard, Florence Nightingale
7. In Touch with Nature
8. Patience and Perseverance
9. Intelligent, honest, industrious people
10. Hard to be sure and partly spent
11. The pioneer missionary
12. My Mother & my years at Colby
13. A general Course, with postscript & special studies
14. High thought; plan life, hard work.

R Burroughs

1. Plato - Cicero - Bacon - Ruskin - Emerson  
Matthew Arnold - Dickens
2. Shakespeare - Goethe - Tennyson - Scott
3. Beethoven's Symphonies
4. Books of history - on Constitutional & Economic  
Subjects, and generally the Story of human  
progress.
5. John Halifax -
7. Intellectual & other recreations - Billie -  
Boat - fishing rod. Reading - Thinking  
discussing (lash not clash) Conversation  
with friends.
8. The poet's divine insight
9. Fearless and aggressive integrity -  
intelligently applied to every phase  
of public life
10. Lack of selfish - highminded - and  
well informed public spirit
11. Sir John A. Macdonald
12. The culture & teaching of the  
classics
13. Languages - Ancient & Modern
14. "Dare to be yourself"

R. V. Foster

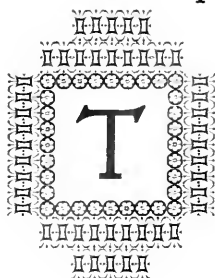


PRINCIPAL GRANT.

9. A higher sense of natural ~~liberty~~ <sup>freedom</sup>  
of the obligations involved in rational life,  
10. Intellectual cowardly; intolerance  
of criticism, especially from outside;  
religious dogmatism which is sure to  
prove the recoil.  
11. If only one is to be named - *Chaplain*  
12. General University influences, especially  
the influence of two or three great men.  
13. A thorough course in Philosophy, based  
on a knowledge of classical & modern  
literature.  
14. *Altiore peto*

G. H. Grant  
Principal

## Tennyson's "Holy Grail."



THE story of the Holy Grail is of great antiquity. As regards the derivation of the word there are differences of opinion, but it is probably a form of the Old French *Gréal*, which comes from *Cratella*, the diminutive of *Crater*, a bowl or cup. According to the legend, it is the chalice in which our Lord instituted the Last Supper; and moreover it contains some drops of the sacred blood which fell from His body on His being taken down from the cross, and were caught and preserved by Joseph of Arimathea.

The origin of the story is uncertain. It seems to be partly heathen and partly Christian, and in its later form a spontaneous growth of the Middle Ages, becoming connected with King Arthur, as both were connected with Glastonbury, where Arthur is said to have been buried, and whither St. Joseph brought the holy thorn and the grail. According to the story, the holy cup was lost, and the belief was that the finding of it would bring healing and all kinds of blessing; but it could be found only by the pure in heart.

We must not here dwell upon the origin and composition of the "Idylls of the King" in general, or of the sources from which they are derived. It may be sufficient to note that the first four idylls, "Enid," "Vivien," "Elaine" and "Guinevere" (subsequently rearranged), appeared in 1859, and attained to so great a popularity that, when the second series appeared, ten years later, no fewer than 40,000 copies of the volume were ordered in advance. This volume contained the "Holy Grail," "Pelleas and Ettarre" and "The Passing of Arthur," and some minor poems. In later editions of the poems some alterations of no great moment have been introduced.

The general idea of the poem is the finding and seeing of the Holy Grail. It can be seen only by the pure of heart; and this in different degrees, as might be presumed. To some it appears veiled or in a cloud; by others it is seen plainly with rose-red beatings as of a living heart within it. Each saw what he had power and preparation to see, and some only for a moment, and others continuously.

In all this there is, of course, a deeper meaning. The seeing of the Grail is essentially the Vision of God. A child's face is seen in

the chalice, reminding us of the Incarnation, and the blessing set before the mind is that of fellowship with God. It had always been a deep, instinctive desire of the better heart of man to rise up to God. "Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us"; "Show me thy glory." But here is a danger. It is not given to all to "see visions and dream



ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

dreams." It might be dangerous for some. The contemplative life has its excellences and its blessings, but it has also its dangers. For most men the practical life, and especially the life of duty and sacrifice, is the safest and best. Nay, more, the mere ambition to see the Holy Grail might be a temptation, the mere product of the imagination or the outcome of excited feeling, which carried with it no real desire

for God or goodness. In such feelings and desires King Arthur warns his knights there might be grave danger to themselves and to the work in which he and they were engaged.

This is a prominent idea in the poem. Arthur and his knights are engaged in a great work for which the Round Table had been constituted. This work was the defence of the weak and the redressing of the wrongs of the oppressed—not the following of self-chosen ways, however attractive or promising they might seem. In this regard it is significant that the King was not himself present when the vision appeared to his knights and stirred up their desire to see the Grail. He was away doing his proper work when he heard what had happened, and of the resolve which they had taken, he warned them of the consequences of self-chosen ways, of the danger that lay before them, of the ruin to some, of the dissolution of their order. His predictions came to be sorrowfully fulfilled. In this expedition we see the beginning of the downfall of the work of the Round Table.

So much for the general idea. We now turn to the story. It is told by Sir Percivale (called by his companions, 'The Pure') to Ambrosius, a fellow-monk. The latter had asked him how he had come to leave the Round Table for the convent :

“ My brother, was it earthly passion crost ? ”

“ Nay,” said the knight, “ for no such passion mine.  
But the sweet vision of the Holy Grail  
Drove me from all vainglories, rivalries,  
And earthly heats that spring and sparkle out  
Among us in the jousts, while women watch  
Who wins, who falls ; and waste the spiritual strength  
Within us, better offered up to heaven.”

Here we have evidence of a true vocation, not an excited imagination bent on novelty, but a soul, weary of the emptiness of the world, eager for the higher and better life. Ambrosius asks :

“ What is it ?

The phantom of a cup that comes and goes ? ”

Percivale at once rejects such a notion :

“ Nay, monk ! what phantom ? ” answered Percivale.  
The cup, the cup itself, from which our Lord  
Drank at the last sad supper with His own.  
This, from the blessed land of Aromat—  
After the day of darkness, when the dead

Went wandering o'er Moriah—the good saint  
 Arimathean Joseph, journeying brought  
 To Glastonbury, where the winter thorn  
 Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of our Lord.  
 And there awhile it hode ; and if a man  
 Could touch or see it, he was healed at once,  
 By faith, of all his ills. But then the times  
 Grew to such evil that the holy cup  
 Was caught away to heaven and disappeared."

Ambrosius answers that he knows the story of St. Joseph, but has not heard of the Grail, and asks :

" But who first saw the holy thing to-day ?"

Percivale states that it was his own sister.

" A woman," answered Percivale, " a nun,  
 And one no further off in blood from me  
 Than sister : and if ever holy maid  
 With knees of adoration wore the stone,  
 A holy maid ; tho' never maiden glowed  
 (But that was in her earlier maidenhood)  
 With such a fervent flame of human love,  
 Which, being rudely blunted, glanced and shot  
 Only to holy things ; to prayer and praise  
 She gave herself, to fast and alms."

And then he proceeds to tell how his sister first became interested in the quest by hearing her aged confessor speak of the Grail.

" And he to whom she told her sins, or what  
 Her all but utter whiteness held for sin,  
 A man wellnigh a hundred winters old,  
 Spake often with her of the Holy Grail. . . .  
 ' O Father,' asked the maiden, ' might it come  
 To me by prayer and fasting ?' ' Nay,' said he,  
 ' I know not, for thy heart is pure as snow.'  
 And so she prayed and fasted, till the sun  
 Shone, and the wind blew thro' her, and I thought  
 She might have risen and floated when I saw her.

" For on a day she sent to speak with me  
 And when she came to speak, behold her eyes,  
 Beyond my knowing of them, beautiful,  
 Beyond all knowing of them, wonderful,  
 Beautiful in the light of holiness !  
 And ' O my brother Percivale,' she said,

' Sweet brother, I have seen the Holy Grail ;  
 For, waked at dead of night, I heard a sound  
 As of a silver horn from o'er the hills  
 Blown, and I thought, It is not Arthur's use  
 To hunt by moonlight : and the slender sound  
 As from a distance beyond distance grew  
 Coming upon me—O never harp, nor horn,  
 Nor aught we blow with breath or touch with hand,  
 Was like that music as it came ; and then  
 Streamed through my cell a cold and silver beam.  
 And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail.  
 Rose-red with beatings in it, as if alive.  
 Till all the white walls of my cell were dyed  
 With rosy colors leaping on the wall ;  
 And then the music faded, and the Grail  
 Passed and the beam decayed, and from the walls  
 The rosy quiverings died into the night.  
 So now the Holy Thing is here again  
 Among us, brother, fast thou, too, and pray,  
 And tell thy brother knights to fast and pray,  
 That so perchance the vision may be seen  
 By thee and those, and all the world be healed.' ”

It is here suggested that there is a legitimate way of seeking the Holy Grail. By and by we shall hear of another way which proves disastrous. Percivale goes on to tell how he and others fasted and prayed and looked for the vision. Only one among them had a spirit of purity and devotion akin to that of Percivale's sister. This was Sir Galahad, and of him Percivale goes on to speak :

“ And one there was among us, ever moved  
 Among us in white armour, Galahad.  
 ‘ God make thee good, as thou art beautiful ! ’  
 Said Arthur, when he dubbed him knight, and none  
 In so young youth was ever made a knight  
 Till Galahad ; and this Galahad, when he heard  
 My sister's vision, filled me with amaze :  
 His eyes became so like her own, they seemed  
 Hers, and himself her brother more than I.”

And so she girt Galahad with a sword-belt plaited of her own hair and embroidered with the Grail, and bade him go forth and break through all, till he should be crowned King “ far in the spiritual city.”



Then came a year of miracle : and first comes the episode of the great chair, fashioned by Merlin, called by him the "Siege perilous," in which the maker had been lost : for he had said :

" No man could sit but he should lose himself."

The meaning of this chair has been much debated, some thinking it meant sense, others knowledge. To the present writer it seems the chair of sacrifice. It is the law of the Christian life that we must lose our lives to save them. This law Sir Galahad understood, and, when he heard of Merlin's doom, he said, "If I lose myself I save myself." In Merlin's case, he had sat down "by misadventure," not understanding the true meaning of sacrifice—sacrificing, he might say, the higher to the lower instead of the lower to the higher, and so he was lost.

It was when Galahad sat down in Merlin's chair that there came a great tempest and with it the manifestation of the Grail.

" And in the blast there smote along the hall  
A beam of light seven times more clear than day ;  
And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail  
All over covered with a luminous cloud,  
And none might see who bare it, and it passed.  
But every knight beheld his fellow's face  
As in a glory, and all the knights arose,  
And staring each at other like dumb men  
Stood, till I found a voice and sware a vow."

It was as the vision of God, and we can understand the profound emotion caused among the knights. It was surely well, one should imagine, that at such a moment the thought of new undertakings should arise. Yes, perhaps it was well, and yet not so well, when everything is considered. If it was mere excitement leading to a craving for novelty or mere adventure, it was indeed worthless. It could be good only if there was in such longings a fervent desire for good. And at the very beginning there is a hint that all might not be well, for the loudest to swear the vow was the least trustworthy.

Percivale tells what happened on the occasion of the vision :

" I sware a vow before them all, that I,  
Because I had not seen the Grail, would ride  
A twelvemonth and a day in quest of it,  
Until I found and saw it, as the nun  
My sister saw it ; and Galahad sware the vow,  
And good Sir Bors, our Lancelot's cousin, sware,  
And Lancelot sware, and many among the knights,  
And Gawain sware, and louder than the rest."

"What said the King?" asked Ambrosius. "Did Arthur take the vow?" Note the answer. Arthur was not present; he was away redressing the wrongs of an injured maiden. This accomplished, he returned in time to see traces of the emotion excited among his knights, and asked the cause. Probably they expected that he would sympathize with their great resolve, and even join in the enterprise. But Arthur saw deeper into their hearts, and knew that the way of perfection was the path of duty. Moreover, he foresaw all the evil that would result from their impulsive undertaking.

. . . . . "His face  
Darkened, as I have seen it more than once,  
When some brave deed seemed to be done in vain.  
Darken : and, 'Woe is me, my knights,' he cried.  
'Had I been here ye had not sworn the vow.'  
Bold was mine answer, 'Had thyself been here,  
My King, thou wouldst have sworn.' 'Yea, yea,' said he,  
'Art thou so bold, and hast not seen the Grail?'"

. . . . .  
"Then Galahad on the sudden, and in a voice  
Thrilling along the hall to Arthur, called.  
'But I, Sir Arthur, saw the Holy Grail.  
I saw the Holy Grail, and heard a cry—  
O Galahad, and O Galahad, follow me.'"

"'Ah, Galahad, Galahad,' said the King, 'for such  
As thou art is the vision, not for these. . . .  
But one hath seen, and all the blind will see.

Go, since your vows are sacred, being made :  
Yet—for ye know the cries of all my realm  
Pass thro' this hall—how often, O my Knights,  
Your places being vacant at my side.  
This chance of noble deeds will come and go  
Unchallenged, while ye follow wandering fires  
Lost in the quagmire ! Many of you, yea most,  
Return no more : ye think I show myself  
Too dark a prophet : come now, let us meet  
The morrow morn once more in one full field  
Of gracious pastime, that once more the King,  
Before ye leave him for this Quest, may count  
The yet unbroken strength of all his knights,  
Rejoicing in the Order which he made."

The tournament ended, the knights set forth upon their enterprise. Percivale was among the best of them ; yet in him also there was a strong human element, and the King's warnings filled him with sadness and foreboding.

In the experience of Sir Percivale we have a striking picture of man's insufficiency, longing, craving, which he vainly seeks to alleviate by means of earthly good. The reader who carefully follows the Knight's narrative of his doings, will find, first, how rashly and self-confidently he enters upon the quest, fully assured of almost immediate success ; then, how he was chilled and became despondent as he thought of Arthur's "dark warning" and his own shortcomings. Next we see his readiness to abandon the enterprise, and try for all that earth could give him. But here there was failure : he could find no refreshment, and was "left alone and thirsting in a land of sand and thorns."

Other episodes illustrate the different kinds of appeal that the world makes to men. First, there is the woman offering him the solace of domestic life, which, however innocent and pure, could not satisfy the cravings of the heart. Then there "flashed a yellow gleam across the world," reminding of the dreams of avarice and the power of gold ; but this, too, "fell into dust." And next came the mighty hill, and the walled city on the summit of it. And he was glad to climb, "but found at top no man or any voice"—telling of the vanity of ambition, for he found there only one man, and he, too, "fell into dust and disappeared" ; and he thought if ever he should find the Holy Grail itself and touch it, that would also crumble into dust.

But now a great change was prepared for him. He dropt into a lowly vale, "low as the hill was high," and there told his phantoms to a "holy hermit in a pilgrimage," by whom he was taught that he was lacking in the fundamental grace of humility. The address of the hermit was an exposition of the law of self-sacrifice : "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus" :

“ ‘ O son, thou has not true humility,  
The highest virtue, mother of them all ;  
For when the Lord of all things made himself  
Naked of glory for His mortal change,  
Take thou my robe,” she said, “ for all is thine.”  
And all her form shone forth with sudden light  
So that the angels were amazed, and she  
Followed Him down, and like a flying star  
Led on the gray-haired wisdom of the East ;

But her thou hast not known ; for what is this  
 Thou thoughtest of thy prowess and thy sins?  
 Thou hast not lost thyself to save thyself.  
 As Galahad.' "

There is here a reference to the great chair in which Merlin had lost himself, but of which Galahad had said, "If I lose myself, I find myself." Here is the beginning of a higher life, the death of the old man as a preparation for the life of the new. Upon this reference of the hermit to Galahad, "in silver armour suddenly Galahad shone before" them; and they entered the chapel and knelt in prayer. And Sir Percivale goes on:

"And there the hermit slaked my burning thirst,  
 And at the sacring of the mass I saw  
 The holy elements alone : but he.  
 'Saw ye no more? I, Galahad, saw the Grail,  
 The Holy Grail descend upon the shrine :  
 I saw the fiery face as of a child  
 That smote itself into the bread, and went ;  
 And hither am I come ; and never yet  
 Hath what thy sister taught me first to see  
 This holy thing, failed from my side, nor come  
 Covered, but moving with me night and day,  
 Fainter by day, but always in the night  
 Blood-red, and sliding down the blackened marsh  
 Blood-red, and on the naked mountain top  
 Blood-red, and in the sleeping mere below  
 Blood-red.' "

Here in the face of the Child, as already observed, we have a reference to the Incarnation, and in the blood-red color a witness of the burning love of God in Christ. And Galahad goes on:

" 'And in the strength of this I rode,  
 Shattering all evil customs everywhere,  
 And passed through Pagan realms, and made them mine,  
 And clashed with Pagan hordes, and bore them down,  
 And broke thro' all, and in the strength of this  
 Come victor. But my time is hard at hand.  
 And hence I go ; and one will crown me king  
 Far in the spiritual city ; and come thou, too,  
 For thou shalt see the vision when I go.' "

Here we are shown the difference between the vain quests of those who set forth under the influence of imagination or excitement,

hardly knowing what they were seeking for, and this pure soul who longed for God, for the fellowship of the Father and of the Son, and found what he sought, and had the blessing always with him, and, thus blessed, went on doing the work appointed for him, not leaving his work as many had done.

The description of the passing of Galahad, followed at a distance by Percivale, is one of the most beautiful episodes in the poem. Two things are noticeable in it—the way he went, to be trodden only by such feet as his, and the divine presence ever with him on his way.

Of one part of his journey Sir Percivale did not tell the monk until he questioned him. It was his meeting with the Princess of a castle, the one and only one, he said, "Who had ever made my heart leap." With difficulty he tore himself away and escaped; but, he says:

"Then after I was joined with Galahad  
Cared not for her, nor anything upon earth."

It is a charming touch here that Ambrosius, the hermit, should have doubted the wisdom of Percivale in escaping from his Princess. Doubtless the power of Galahad is meant to shadow the absorption of human love in the divine. The reader should here note the condition of Bors, suffering and imprisoned by a pagan people, to whom the grace of seeing the Grail was granted.

And now we pass on to hear of the return of some of the knights, the failure and disappearance of many, and the various ways and degrees in which the vision was granted to different characters. In answer to the question of Ambrosius, Percivale relates:

"And there sat Arthur on the dais-throne,  
And those that had gone out upon the Quest,  
Wasted and worn, and but a tithe of them.  
And those that had not, stood before the King,  
Who, when he saw me, rose and bade me hail,  
Saying, 'A welfare in thine eye reproves  
Our fear of some disastrous chance for thee . . .  
. . . ; but now—the Quest,  
This vision—hast thou seen the Holy Cup,  
That Joseph brought of old to Glastonbury?'"

"So when I told him all thyself hast heard,  
Ambrosius, and my fresh but fixt resolve  
To pass away into the quiet life,  
He answered not, but sharply turning, asked  
Of Gawain, 'Gawain, was this Quest for thee?'"

(Gawain had been the loudest in taking the vow.)

“ ‘Nay, Lord,’ said Gawain, ‘not for such as I.  
 Therefore I communed with a saintly man,  
 Who made me sure the Quest was not for me ;  
 For I was much aweared of the Quest,  
 But found a silk pavilion in a field,  
 And merry maidens in it ; and then this gale  
 Tore my pavilion from the tenting pin.  
 And blew my merry maidens all about  
 With all discomfort ; yea, and but for this,  
 My twelvemonth and a day were pleasant to me.’ ”

Next comes the honest Bors, cousin of Lancelot; and when the King saw him, he called out :

“ ‘Hail, Bors! if ever loyal man and true  
 Could see it, thou hast seen the Grail,’ and Bors,  
 ‘Ask me not, for I may not speak of it :  
 I saw it’ : and the tears were in his eyes.”

There now remained but Lancelot, and the treatment of this part of the subject illustrates in the most striking manner the depth of the poet’s insight into the moral and spiritual life of man. Nothing is better known, in the history of the Round Table, than the unfortunate and unlawful attachment of Lancelot to Queen Guinevere.

“ His honour rooted in dishonour stood,  
 And faith unfaithful made him falsely true.”

Much suffering and torment he had endured in ways that are partly described, partly hinted at in different parts of the *Idylls* ; but here he comes into contact with the Divine Purifier, and a terrible conflict begins, for he is not one who can be satisfied to sin, when he knows that it is sin ; and so he tells the King of what he endured.

“ ‘Our mightiest !’ answered Lancelot with a groan :  
 ‘O King !’ and when he paused methought I spied  
 A dying fire of madness in his eyes—  
 ‘O King, my friend, if friend of thine I be,  
 Happier are those that welter in their sin,  
 Swine in the mud, that cannot see for slime,  
 Slime of the ditch ; but in me lived a sin  
 So strange, of such a kind, that all of pure,  
 Noble and knightly in me twined and clung  
 Round that one sin, until the wholesome flower  
 And poisonous grew together, each as each,

Not to be plucked asunder ; and when thy knights  
 Sware, I sware with them only in the hope  
 That could I touch or see the Holy Grail  
 They might be plucked asunder. . . .  
 . . . Up I climbed a thousand steps  
 With pain ; as in a dream I seemed to climb  
 Forever : at the last I reached a door.  
 A light was in the crannies and I heard, .  
 ‘ Glory and joy and honour to our Lord  
 And to the Holy Vessel of the Grail.’  
 Then in my madness I essayed the door.  
 It gave : and thro’ a stormy glare a heat  
 As from a seven-times heated furnace, I,  
 Blasted and burnt, and blinded as I was,  
 With such a fierceness that I swooned away—  
 O, yet methought I saw the Holy Grail,  
 All palled in crimson samite, and around  
 Great angels, awful shapes, and wings and eyes.  
 And but for all my madness and my sin,  
 And then my swooning, I had sworn I saw  
 That which I saw ; but what I saw was veiled  
 And covered ; and this Quest was not for me.’ ”

Here is the vision of the heavenly troubled and darkened by the  
 imperfection of the beholder : and the King pointed out the truth to  
 them, when he said :

“ Blessed are Bors, Lancelot, and Percivale,  
 For these have seen according to their sight.  
 For every fiery prophet in old times,  
 And all the sacred madness of the bard,  
 When God made music thro’ them, could but speak  
 His music by the framework and the chord :  
 And as ye saw it ye have spoken truth. . . .

“ ‘ And spake I not too truly, O my knights  
 Was I too dark a prophet when I said  
 To those who went upon the Holy Quest,  
 That most of them would follow wandering fires,  
 Lost in the quagmire ?—lost to me and gone,  
 And left me gazing at a barren board,  
 And a lean Order—scarce returned a tithe—  
 And out of those to whom the vision came  
 My greatest hardly will believe he saw ;  
 Another hath beheld it afar off,  
 And leaving human wrongs to right themselves,

Cares but to pass into the silent life.  
 And one hath had the vision face to face,  
 And now his chair desires him here in vain,  
 However they may crown him elsewhere."

Thus he tells of Lancelot, and of Percivale, and of Galahad, and so  
 of all who see "according to their sight."

WILLIAM CLARK.

### Ode To a Christmas Music.

GODDESS of dreamy eyes and golden tongue,  
 Me, weaving phantasies, draw to thy heart  
 Till with thy world unseen I am made one,  
 And hold thee close, and know thee what thou art ;  
 For thou in tranced tunefulness hast sought  
 Through pines at dusk to breathe thy hidden lore,  
 Or through these monster organ-throats of song  
 To tell of blushful secrets long forgot,  
 Of rustic mirth and hearty Yules among  
 The three-times happy simple folk of yore.

Rolls the great organ through the sacred gloom,  
 The cloud of incense wraps the flame  
 Of slender tapers in a faint perfume,  
 As on a thousand Christmas-tides the same.  
 I hear the mumble of the mass by priest  
 Of Norman birth ; a lusty Saxon thane  
 Kneels dreaming of his flowing wassail bowl  
 Upon the morrow's morn, of the fair feast  
 To all his men—three oxen roasted whole,  
 Old ale in plenty for the roaring strain.

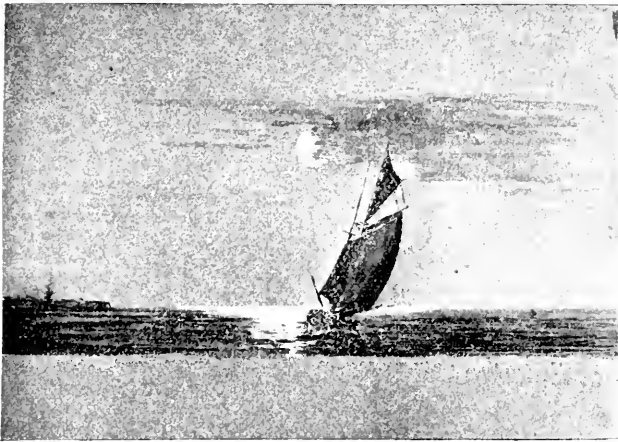
But now the wind is moving through the pines,  
 And coldly smiles the maiden moon on high,  
 While all the rugged Northern land reclines  
 Snow-heaped beneath the keen Canadian sky ;  
 Strong-souled, the Saxon forbear of the West  
 Lifts in his humble home the Christmas hymn



And celebrates with joy the season dear ;  
The woodland game and cheer is of the best,  
And gaily come the folk from far and near  
To blithely welcome jocund Christmas in.

Blow, glorious symphonies, forever blow  
From organ-trumpet in a splendid fane,  
As on this festive night, and, sweet and low,  
Celestial music, breathe to me again  
Of all life's mystery and death's desire,  
Of heroes struggling on a windy shore,  
Of love, of laughter and of many a myth  
Of purest poesy and lyric fire :  
O Music, Soul of Beauty, merge me with  
Thy mighty over soul for evermore.

WILLIAM T. ALLISON.



## A Helpful Poem.

Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra."



JUST what it is that constitutes the essence of poetry, has long been, and seems likely long to be a disputed question. The many attempts that have been made to define it, and the numerous criticisms that have followed these attempts, show the great difficulty of fixing such limits as will include all compositions that we must regard as poetry, while excluding all that are not poetry. Wordsworth, in the preface to his *Lyrical Ballads*, proposes one definition; Matthew Arnold proposes another. Prof. Bain, in the last chapter of his book, "*On Teaching English*," criticises both of these definitions, and endeavors to clear the ground and prepare the way for a more exact and worthy definition of poetry than any that have preceded it. He goes so far as to maintain that the metrical form, though an accompaniment of the highest efforts of poetic talent, is not an essential of poetry; that, in fact, the prose romance should really be regarded as poetry.

But to the average man who reads, and who is interested in poetry, the discussions as to its essentials, and these attempts to fix its limits are of little interest. For him poetry means a species of composition in metrical form, and though he may sometimes show a disposition to rank all verse as poetry, yet in general he has the feeling that something more than metrical form is necessary. What he is much more interested in than definitions of the essential qualities of poetry is its value and helpfulness to himself. Nor is he wrong in this. He is not taking a mean or ignoble view of the art. For the great majority of men are what may be called average men, and it is surely not degrading poetry to say that it does not dwell in places accessible only to a few choice spirits, but that it nourishes and develops the spirit of those who, without the poetic power of expression, are yet conscious that

"Nearer we hold of God  
Who gives than of His tribes that take."

Matthew Arnold has said that the noble and profound application of ideas to life is the most essential part of poetic greatness. Whether this be true or not, it is certain that the noble and profound applica-

tion of ideas to life is what chiefly constitutes the helpfulness of poetry. For with the great majority of human beings the chief question is how to live, that is, what use to make of life. And there are many influences prompting us to make an unwise use of life. There may be the circumstances in which our lot is cast, the necessary toil for "the bread that perisheth," the discouragement of failure to attain what we have striven for. These and many other forces make it difficult for the soul to remain calm and serene in the midst of all the accidents of life. We are more and more strongly tempted to take narrow views and to see life in false perspective. Then it is that we feel the helpfulness of a poet who, gifted with a keener insight than ours, can look upon life with an untroubled eye, and by his "noble and profound application of ideas to life" can revive our fainting spirits," can lift us to a higher plane of vision, and can infuse into our spirit some of his own serenity. Religion does the same thing, for true religious feeling and truly helpful poetry are always in harmony.

The help that poetry affords us may be given in various ways. Sometimes it may come, as in Wordsworth's poems, from the revealing of the beauty and dignity that invest familiar objects and actions. The poet's word is as a seed bearing fruit afterwards in a worthier view of life. Sometimes the help is given by the happy expression in words of the emotions that we, in common with thousands of others, have felt, but have been unable to express. For the poets have not the monopoly of intense feeling. Everyone has seen how, under the most unpromising exteriors, undreamed-of depths of tenderness and feeling lie hidden. Thousands besides Wordsworth have by a simple flower been awakened to thoughts that lie too deep for tears, and have with him seen that—

"The clouds that gather round the setting sun  
Do take a sober coloring from an eye  
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality."

But most of us are the voiceless of whom Oliver Wendell Holmes has sung. We feel the tide of emotion rise, but we are powerless to give it an outlet in words, and can only watch it ebb. Poetry, then, may be helpful to us either by affording fit utterance for thoughts that have had a shadowy existence in our own minds, or—more nobly helpful—by enriching us with the treasures of the deeper spiritual insight of the poet.

To those who read poetry chiefly for the help that it affords them, "Rabbi Ben Ezra" must be a favorite poem.

At first, some may be inclined to doubt whether Browning is a poet from whom the ordinary reader can obtain much help. The chief objection that can be urged against the opinion that he is such, is one that can be urged against "Rabbi Ben Ezra," in common with many others of Browning's poems. This objection is based upon the difficulties that an ordinary reader meets in his efforts to obtain anything like a clear comprehension of the poem. It is not necessary that all these difficulties should be specified and discussed here. It suffices to say that some of them are difficulties inherent in the subjects with which his poems deal; others arise from the peculiar form, the monologue, in which his poems are cast; and others from the language in which his thoughts and emotions are displayed. But to this objection we may oppose the fact that it is not necessary to have a full and perfect understanding of a poem in order to be helped by it. If the poem is truly a noble one, it is an inspiration to us from the moment that we get the first glimpse of the outline of the poet's thought. Successive readings will make it more helpful, and it will be to us "a joy forever." This is especially true of such a poet as Browning, who must be read and re-read to be appreciated, but many of whose poems are felt to exert an uplifting and bracing influence long before we can be said to appreciate them. As to the difficulties arising from the monologue form, it is necessary only to say that a reader soon learns by experience that the first thing to be done in reading one of Browning's monologues is to try to understand the situation depicted; and that a reader of ordinary intelligence soon obtains a certain facility in grasping a situation that is hinted at and shadowed forth rather than revealed. As to the other difficulties, those arising from the poet's language, they can be overcome only by companionship with the poet. Some poets use language more easily comprehended than that of others; but where poems contain so much thought as those of Browning, so that we feel that the result will repay the labor of obtaining the gold for which we must arduously toil, there is a mental and spiritual stimulus in the very act of laying bare to the understanding the poet's meaning. And certainly in "Rabbi Ben Ezra" we have a poem that will yield a rich return for the labor of understanding it.

In the first place it is to be observed that at different periods of life we read poetry with different ends in view. It is not at all times that we desire its fortifying and consoling influence. In youth, life seems so promising and so limitless in its opportunities; the world is fresh and young, and its sky is so unclouded—sorrow being rather a name

than a reality ; there is such a joy in mere living that we desire poetry to harmonize with the exuberance of our own joy. But sooner or later there comes a change. We realize that life is short—too short for all that is to be done in it ; the sky becomes overcast ; the vague dreams of youth give place to the sterner realities of more mature years ; we feel

“ That there hath past away a glory from the earth.”

Then it is that we seek in poetry some compensation for the irrevocable past, and strength for the future.

To those who have passed the point at which this gradual transformation of life becomes suddenly manifest, “ Rabbi Ben Ezra ” can scarcely fail to be a source of moral strength. In it we find a sage of ripe experience looking upon life, and giving utterance to noble and consoling views of life as a whole and of some of its inevitable evils—views that must fortify the heart of every thoughtful reader who has felt the weight of the load that this poem is especially fitted to lighten.

The view presented of life as a whole is a very consoling one. It is of course not original—in this it resembles most other great moral truths presented to us in poetry ; but it receives a certain impressiveness from being in the monologue put into the mouth of a man whose knowledge of life fits him to be a guide. To those who have realized the shortness of life and the vanity and weariness of much of it, who have felt that

“ The world is too much with us,”

it is comforting to be made to reflect upon this life as merely a preparation for some nobler employment of our activities in some higher sphere.

“ Here work enough to watch

The Master work and catch

Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool’s true play.”

This is a conception of life that gives it a grand meaning and purpose and that is in itself one of the best solaces for many of the evils that we must encounter before setting out on “ our adventure brave and new.” The approach of old age becomes, in the light of this conception of life, a thing not greatly to be dreaded ; for it is the resting-point, the breathing-place whence we can survey life as a whole and

“ weigh the same,  
Give life its praise or blame.”

But few, if any, can look back over life with a feeling of satisfaction. Perhaps the two things that have most to do with making us dissatisfied with our backward glance are the consciousness of past mistakes and of the incomplete development of what should have developed in our own powers. How bracing it is at the moment when we are conscious of our shortcomings to feel that

“Not on the vulgar mass  
Called ‘work’ must sentence pass.”

“But all the world’s coarse thumb  
And finger failed to plumb  
So passed in making up the main account,  
All instincts immature,  
All purposes unsure.  
That weighed not as his work, yet  
Swelled the man’s amount.”

This conception of life as a period of probation for future usefulness in a higher sphere makes us ready to say with Rabbi Ben Ezra :

“Then welcome each rebuff  
That turns earth’s smoothness rough,  
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go !  
Be our joys three parts pain,  
Strive, and hold cheap the strain :  
Learn, nor account the pang ; dare, never grudge the throe !”

And still regarding life in the same way, conscious of our own short-coming we can say in a higher strain :

“So, take and use Thy work,  
Amend what flaws may lurk,  
What strain o’ the stuff, what warping past the aim !  
My times be in thy hand !  
Perfect the cup as planned !  
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same !”

To One Disappointed in Love.



CRÖPE not among the tombs—  
that lie

Behind thee, in the shadowed past—  
Of joys that perished in the blast ;  
So fragile that they could but die.

Mourn not the love that shrank and  
fell

At the first stroke of ruthless Time :  
If it had breathed the breath divine,  
It would be living now, and well.

Weep not love's body of decay  
That lies a-mouldering in the grave :  
If it had had a soul to save,  
That soul would be alive to day.

If love be true, it cannot die ;  
If false, 'tis better dead. And so  
Give thou not way to plaint and woe,  
Nor bring, as tribute, tear or sigh.

Bernard W. Ruy

## EDITORIAL STAFF, 1898-1899

E. W. GRANGE, '99 - - - Editor-in-Chief.

MISS M. L. BOLLERT, '00 } Literary.  
R. EMBERSON, '99 }MISS M. B. REYNAR, '99 } Locals.  
G. A. FERGUSON, '00 }

N. R. WILSON, '99, Scientific.

A. D. ROBB, Missionary and Religious.

F. L. FAREWELL, '00,

R. J. MCCORMICK, '01, Athletics.

Personals and Exchanges.

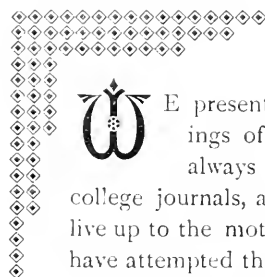

W. G. SMITH, '99,


Business Manager.

W. J. M. CRAGG, '00,

Assistant Business Manager.

## Editorial Notes.



 E present our Christmas issue to our readers with feelings of pride and pleasure. ACTA VICTORIANA has always maintained a foremost place among Canadian college journals, and the present Editorial Board has sought to live up to the motto of the past—*vestigia nulla retrorsum*. We have attempted this year to surpass any previous Christmas issue, and we flatter ourselves that our efforts have met with a fair measure of success. However, we leave our readers to judge of the merits of the number.


 WE have before us in the management of ACTA two main lines of development. We shall strive to make ACTA not only an organ of college news, but also a magazine which will materially add to the literary and scientific culture of our readers. With this aim in view we shall enlarge our literary and scientific departments from time to time as our financial limitations permit, and we shall endeavor to fill these columns with the best thought of the best minds of our College and country. In the second place, we hope to contribute our mite towards bringing about among Canadian people a proper appreciation of Canadian literary efforts. The future of Canadian literature depends to a large extent upon the students and graduates of our colleges and universities, whose judgment will have most weight in guiding and encouraging the work of Canadian litterateurs. Following



out this idea, we have secured for the present issue contributions from many of our prominent writers, both in poetry and prose. Dr. Horning's very able and interesting review of Canadian literature for the past year is especially valuable along this line. This review we hope to make an annual feature of our paper.

In accordance with these ideals we have secured for succeeding issues several articles of much interest and value. Mr. John Reade, editor of the Montreal *Gazette*, will contribute a paper on "Personal Reminiscences of Charles Heavysege," and Mr. R. H. Johnston, of Washington, D.C., one on "Canadian Men of Note in the United States." In addition to these we are making arrangements for articles on "Canadian Artists and Their Work," "Art in the Canadian Book-binding Trade," "Canadian College Journalism," etc. We shall also continue our Book Reviews, and the Replies to Questions by prominent men. But space will not allow us to enumerate all the crochets we have in our heads. Suffice it to say that the Editorial Board will do its utmost to make ACTA a credit to our College and to Canadian journalism.



A FEW words as to our Christmas issue. We desire, on behalf of every student and friend of Victoria, to very sincerely thank the contributors who have so kindly honored us, even though it has cost in many cases a considerable inconvenience. Lack of space prevents us referring to them individually, but we can confidently assure each and every one that their kindness is very thoroughly appreciated. We can only repeat with Shakespeare, "Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor."

With the exception of Jean Blewett's story, which is, through her kindness, now produced for the first time in a Canadian paper, and Mr. Robert's story, which appeared in the Christmas *Globe*, all our contributions, both in prose and poetry, are hitherto unpublished. We regret that circumstances have prevented a number of our prominent public men from answering in time for this issue the series of questions proposed to them. We hope to print their replies in succeeding issues.

We desire to especially thank Dr. Horning and Mr. C. C. James, who by their timely advice and assistance have materially contributed towards the success of the number.



IN view of the extra pressure upon our columns we shall hold over until next issue the usual comments upon college affairs generally.

We have also been compelled to hold over several poems which we were not able to insert in this number.



THE LIBRARY.

THE Rev. E. B. Harper, M.A., D.D., has presented to the Library vols. 1-49 of the *London Quarterly Review*, handsomely and uniformly bound; also "Gale's Court of the Gentiles," 4 vols. in 3, dated 1672-8; the "Scholastic History of the Canon of Holy Scripture," dated 1657, and the "Lexicon Græco-Latinum," of J. Scapula, published in 1820. Dr. Harper has also donated valuable sets of the *Andover* and *Princeton Reviews*, and other periodicals, missionary reports, etc.

A liberal and kindly donation has just reached the Library from J. W. Standerwick, Esq., Hon. Sec. of the Wyclif Society of London, England, consisting of twenty-one volumes of the Latin works of John Wyclif, published by the Society between 1883 and 1898.

The Rev. W. S. Blackstock, M.A., D.D., has presented a set of the works of John Howe, published in London in 1822.

Other donations and additions will be given in the January number.

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### Books Received.

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We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following books for review:

Church of England Publishing Co., Toronto: *Rose à Charlitte*, by Marshall Saunders.

Copp, Clark Co., Toronto: *The Battle of the Strong*, by Gilbert Parker; *Love*, by Hon. J. W. Longley; *Stories of the Maple Land*, by Katherine A. Young; *Select Poems*, 1898, by W. J. Alexander, Ph.D.; *The Interpretation of Literature*, by W. H. Cramshaw.

George N. Morang, Toronto: *A Critical Study of In Memoriam*, by Rev. John M. King, D.D.; *The Forest of Bourg-Marie*, by S. Frances Harrison.

William Briggs, Toronto: *The Lord of Lanoraie*, a Canadian Legend, by Richard Griffin Starke; *New York Nocturnes*, and *Other Poems*, by Charles G. D. Roberts; *Essays for the Times*, by Dr. Dewart; *The History of Canada*, by W. H. P. Clement,

B.A., LL.B.; *The Making of the Canadian West*, by R. G. MacBeth, M.A.; *Grand Pré, a Sketch of the Canadian Occupation*, by John Fredric Herbin; *Cuba, and Other Verse*, by Robert Manners; *Thayendanegea, an Historico-Military Drama*, by J. B. Mackenzie; *Faces That Follow*, by E. M. Mason; *Steam Navigation*, by James Croil; *Pathfinding on Plain and Prairie*, by John McDougall; *Pioneer Sketches of Long Point Settlement*, by E. A. Owen; *Diane of Ville Marie, a Romance of French Canada*, by Blanche L. Macdonell.

The Ontario Publishing Co., Limited, Toronto: *Hypnotized, a Novel* by Julian Durham; *The Untempered Wind*, by Joanna E. Wood.

William Drysdale Co., Montreal: *Camp and Lamp*, by Samuel Mathewson Baylis; *Worship in Connection with the Presbyterian Church in Canada*, by Sir Sandford Fleming, K.C.M.G., and others; *Letters of Marcus*; *The Vision of the Seasons, and Other Verses*, by Dorothy W. Knight.

## Personals.

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AMONG the lady graduates at the Conversat were Miss A. J. C. Dawson, '98, and Miss Eleanor Moore, '98. Both are at home at present, the one in London, the other in Islington. Their many friends at college were pleased to renew the old acquaintances.

ALL college students recognize the ties of reverence and love that bind them to their *Alma Mater*; and it was owing to the practical fulfilment of this principle that we were favored at the Conversat by the presence of so many old graduates as representatives from sister colleges. We were pleased to welcome again the familiar faces of G. B. Henwood, '96, of Osgoode Hall; J. W. Sifton, '98, of the School of Pedagogy, Hamilton; and C. W. Service, '95, of Trinity Medical College.

THE Executive of the western section of the Book Committee of the General Conference has appointed E. R. Young, '95, and F. Carman, '98, assistant editors of the *Christian Guardian*. We feel assured that these two graduates of Victoria will do honor to themselves, and reflect great lustre on "Old Vic" in the performance of the many duties involved in the responsible positions in which they have been placed.

A R. CARVETH, '96, has succeeded in passing the final test examination necessary to being awarded the advanced degree for which he was registered at Cornell. He has held a Fellowship or Scholarship at that university during his whole course. In addition to these honors Dr. Carveth has been elected member of the Greek Letter Society of Sigma  $\chi$ 4, "the honorary science society of many universities." This honor is conferred only on those who have shown marked proficiency in original research and investigation.

J. W. FRIZZELL, B.A., '89, and B.D., silver medalist in the department of Natural Science, is at present the popular pastor in a large and wealthy Congregational church in Eau Claire, Wisconsin, where his efforts are meeting with great success.

D. R. MCKENZIE, gold medalist in Natural Science in '87, is at present visiting in the city at 40 Brunswick Ave. On graduation he went to Japan as a missionary on the self-supporting scheme, but afterwards was received into the Japan Methodist Mission, where he

performed faithfully the duties devolving upon him until he was obliged through illness to return to his native land. We trust that Mr. McKenzie will soon be restored to health and vigor, thus permitting him to continue his chosen life-work in the foreign field.

A FEW months ago W. S. Herrington, '83, was appointed Crown Attorney for the Counties of Lennox and Addington, and in his official capacity has had much to do with the Ponton trial. Since his residence in Napanee he has organized the "Shakespeare Club," a society with which he has been closely identified for ten years. Recently the members of the club manifested their appreciation of his labors on their behalf by presenting him a copy of "Bartlett's Concordance to Shakespeare." College friends will learn with pleasure of the success and popularity of Mr. Herrington in his chosen profession.

IN our Christmas number of ACTA, we have endeavored to obtain a few personal items of interest from old graduates who in the closing years at Cobourg were identified with the progress of our magazine. Many graduates have manifested great interest in our efforts, and our thanks are due to them in no small degree for their valuable assistance. We trust that in the future this interest may be even more manifest than in our present number, for we are assured that the relation existing between the graduate and undergraduate body of Victoria will ever be one of closest sympathy and comradeship.

C. J. D. MOORE, '88, known as "Cid," silver medalist in Philosophy, and Social Editor in '87-88, is teaching in an academy in Santa Clara, southern California.

W. J. SYKES, '91, Local Editor in '89-90, and gold medalist in Moderns, is teaching with great acceptance on the staff of the Ottawa Collegiate Institute.

THE present pastor of the Methodist Church in the town of Ayr, Hamilton Conference, is Rev. A. J. Irwin, '90, gold medalist in Natural Science, and Social Editor of ACTA in '88-90.

INFORMATION has been received through a curriculum, forwarded to our Library from Colorado, that A. Allin, B.A., '92, and Ph.D., Social Editor in '91-92, and gold medalist in Philosophy, holds at present a position as Lecturer in Applied Psychology in the University of Colorado, Boulder City, Colorado.

J. H. RIDDELL, B.A., '90, and B.D., Editor-in-Chief in '89-90, and gold medalist in Philosophy, occupies the chair of New Testament Exegesis in Wesley College, Winnipeg.

A. B. CARSCALLEN, '90, gold medalist in Classics, held the position of Editor-in-Chief on the staff of ACTA in '88-89. On graduation he entered law, and for a few years was a member of the law firm of Carscallen & Cahill, in this city. A short time ago he removed to Wallaceburg, where he is successfully performing his many professional duties.

THE Personal Editor of '91-92, E. M. Burwash, B.A., '93, and B.D., silver medalist in Natural Science, is at present stationed at Dongola, Assiniboia, N. W. Territory, where he is fulfilling the many duties of a missionary. His many friends would be glad to hear from him through the columns of ACTA at an early date.

THE Exchange Department of '89-90 was controlled by A. H. Going, '90. Since his departure from college he has devoted his energies to the fulfilment of the many obligations successively resting upon him as pastor of the Methodist churches at Victoria Avenue, Chatham, and at Port Stanley, a pretty little resort on Lake Erie.

E. R. DONSEE, '92, Local Editor in '91-92, was not only a silver medalist in classics, but was also the winner of the Prince of Wales silver medal, founded in 1861. As President of the Literary Society in its last term at Cobourg, he was especially honored in his college career. In those days were heard the eloquent voices of McCall, Fred. Langford, Fletcher, Keenleyside and others in Alumni Hall. Since graduation, with the exception of a month spent on a circuit, he has been teaching Classics and History with great acceptance at Albert College, Belleville.

THE position of Local Editor, '89-90, was occupied by H. T. Ferguson, a graduate in Arts in '90, and in Divinity in '93. With the exception of a year spent on the staff of the Columbian Methodist College, New Westminster, he has devoted his ability to the Church, and is for the current year stationed on the Collingwood Second circuit, where he is meeting with well-deserved success.

THE wholesale tea firm of Daly & Co., London, is fortunate in having as one of its members F. W. Daly, '88, Literary Editor in '87-88. We are sure that the training received in the performance of his duties as a member of the staff is now of great assistance to him in his successful business career in the Forest City, where he is already recognized as one of its best and foremost citizens.

THE graduates of '92 will remember A. G. Hudson, Personal Editor in '90-91, as the Poet-Laureate of his class, an honor conferred on him by virtue of an excellent song which he composed, entitled "Farewell at Graduation." Mr. Hudson has had successful pastorates on the Malton and Woodbridge circuits, and is now doing splendid work in his third year at the Elizabeth Street Church, in the beautiful town of Barrie. We hope to publish the graduation song at an early date.

J. M. LARMOUR, '89, was Social Editor in '88-89. The following year was spent in Boston University, under the professorship of H. P. Bowne, where in the spring of '90 he received the degree of S.T.B. At the same time he received the degree of B.D. at Victoria; and in '92 the Ph.D. degree was conferred upon him by Bloomington University. In June, 1890, he was ordained as a minister in the Methodist Church, and has since preached with great acceptance at Gananoque and Mattawa. He is now laboring faithfully in his third year at Cobden—the liveliest town on the C. P. R., between Ottawa and Pembroke.

DURING his College career J. A. Jackson, '89, successively occupied the positions of Personal and Exchange Editor, with a prospective Editor-in-Chiefship in his final year, when circumstances obliged him to leave College. After graduation he held for a year a position on the staff of the Gananoque High School. Removing thence to Kemptville, and eventually to Iroquois, he assumed the duties of Head Master. Here for five and a half years he has earnestly toiled; success has crowned his efforts, and the High School of Iroquois has reached the highest standard of equipment and excellence.

W. J. DROPE, '89, was Business Manager of ACTA for two successive years, '87-88 and '88-89. On graduation, having attended the training institute at Hamilton, he secured a position on the staff of the Cobourg Collegiate Institute. A few months later he became identified with the Peterboro' Collegiate, where he remained for six and a half years, receiving flattering testimonials from pupils and teachers on his resignation. In September, 1896, he opened a boarding school for young men at Grimsby, and at the present time is meeting with good success in his work.

T. K. SIDEY, B.A., '91, Editor-in-Chief of ACTA in '90-91, is a Cobourg boy, and entered College with a large class in '87. He was an honor man in Classics and at graduation carried off the gold medal in that department. On leaving College he attended the School of

Pedagogy in Toronto, and afterwards taught in the Iroquois High School and the Collegiate Institutes of Ottawa and Whitby. In 1896 he went to Chicago University to take a post-graduate course in Classics, and in the following year succeeded in winning a fellowship which he holds at the present time. On receiving his Doctor's degree next year, he will probably settle down as Professor in Latin, in one of Uncle Sam's schools. He has always retained a warm interest in the affairs of his *Alma Mater* and is still a subscriber to ACTA.

THE Local Editor of '87-88, H. Langford, '88, will be remembered by old graduates as one who instigated a rebellion against certain rules and regulations affecting the rights of juniors, in the old days at Cobourg. After graduation Mr. Langford immediately entered the Law Society and in '91 was called to the Bar. A few days later our young lawyer took the train for the Western town of Rat Portage, where, in the law firm of Langford & Moran, he is meeting with great success in his profession, "managing to get three square meals every day, and keep the wolf off the front piazza." Our Literary Society may look forward to a visit from Mr. Langford in the near future.

ACTA VICTORIANA was fortunate in having, as Editor-in-Chief in '87-88, Prof. J. F. McLaughlin, gold medalist in Philosophy in '88. After graduation, he remained a year at Cobourg as Lecturer and Demonstrator in the Science department. Later, proceeding to Oxford University, he spent somewhat more than a twelvemonth in the department of Orientals, when he was appointed to the Chair of Oriental Languages and Literature in Victoria University, which he has occupied for six years. Prof. McLaughlin was ever interested in everything that pertained to College life. He was President of the Jackson Society in the Michaelmas term of '88, and as Editor of ACTA, waged a battle royal for the freedom of the Press, and the rights of the student body, for which the present undergraduates should be deeply grateful.

C. B. KEENLEYSIDE, Victoria gold medalist and valedictorian, '92, and Yale scholarshipman, '94, was Literary Editor of ACTA for '90-91. He taught in the Ladies' College, Hamilton, the year after graduation, and spent the next in post-graduate work at Yale. He has been for nearly three years Managing Director of the London *Daily News*. Before coming to Victoria, "Keenley" had been a successful newspaperman, being manager of a Winnipeg daily, at the age of twenty-two.



HAMILTON WIGLE, '89, was ordained in June of the same year, and married in August—the usual “Royal Road.” The London Conference stationed him on the South Mersea Circuit, near his old home in Essex County. At the end of three years, he volunteered for work in the West, and was stationed near Baldur, in the Manitoba Conference. After three years of faithful work he was stationed at Carman, where his unparalleled success warranted the Stationing Committee of June last in placing him in Zion Church, Winnipeg, which is the second-best appointment in the gift of the Conference. Mr. Wigle is now enjoying an elegant home, with a salary of \$1,500, and is preaching to a people who were asked for a cash collection of \$2,000, and on Sabbath, Nov. 20th, put upon the plates in actual cash \$2,318.41.

WE have received a long letter from F. D. Kerr, '92, full of interesting reminiscences of College life at Cobourg, and we have taken the liberty to insert a few extracts as told in his own inimitable way :

“My first acquaintance with Victoria was when the corner stone of Faraday Hall was laid in the year 1876. From that time until graduation in '92, I was a College enthusiast, although it was not until the early eighties that I was found with the Burwash boys upon the Campus, ever on the alert to get a few kicks at the football. I still recall with awe the football prowess of J. W. St. John, ex-M.P.P., and Prof. Langford. Inspired by their prowess I was early possessed with the ambition to play on the first team some day, and in the year 1891-2 was captain of the first team. A hard fought victory over Norwood filled our hearts with such joy that George Locke, '93, telegraphed the news to W. J. Drope, '89, and sent it ‘collect.’ A victory over ‘Drope’s Braves’ from Peterboro’, and two draws with Albert College were events of importance.

“I polled one vote for each office of the class in my Freshman year. This remained a mystery to me until my Senior year, when Keenleyside, Doxsee, and Allin confided in me that ‘when in doubt,’ each had at different times voted for me, but unfortunately for me, their votes were so scattered, I failed to reach office.

“Bob will doubtless recall Hallowe’en in the fall of '90. ‘Billy’ Waite, ‘Reggie’ Daly, Walter Mulligan, famous for his Tom-cat concerts, and your humble servant joined forces for a raid on Robert’s ducks. Robert was on the alert with gun and dog, and his cry, ‘My boys, I have you now,’ was a signal for a hasty retreat. Robert proved a sprinter, and I ran faster over the Campus that night than I ever did before or since. Scaling a high fence I sought safety by lying

down in a ploughed field while Robert rested his gun on the fence, and fired occasionally into the thick darkness. No one was injured, but Robert's defence saved the ducks, which later fell a prey to the Beare family.

"My Sophomore year was noted for a rebellion on the part of the Freshmen, who 'struck' against cleaning snow from the alley board. They finally yielded, however, and went to work, and peace reigned.

"I was always an active member of the Literary Society, and an enthusiastic follower of the sports. In fact I always held that athletics and study went well together, and therefore devoted fully as much time to one as to the other. Perhaps my favorite pursuit was in organizing a general slope from the class-room in case the Lecturer was late, which sometimes occurred in the old days.

"Am now practising law in Peterborough for recreation : take an interest in politics, and do some 'stumping' for the 'Grit cause' when necessary.

"It is ever a great pleasure for me to recall the old days which are full of pleasant memories of the boys and girls who used to meet in class-room, in College receptions, and *elsewhere*. I shall always remember my College days as the most pleasant of my life."

Mr. Kerr was Local Editor of ACTA in '91-92, and was gold medalist in the department of Honor Moderns. Thus in his career the happy combination of athletics and study was a great success.

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It is with much sorrow that we chronicle the death of the Rev. W. J. Barkwell, who, after a severe and lingering illness, passed away on the morning of Monday, November 28th. He was a member of the class of '80, and as a student was a general favorite with all who knew him. He had peculiar characteristics which fitted him for a successful minister in the church. His genial and sympathetic nature and his noble Christian character won the trust and reverence of his fellow-men. In the important charges committed to his care—the church at Toronto Junction, Woodgreen Tabernacle and New Richmond church—his devotion and energy were repaid with wonderful success. The memorial service in "New Richmond" on Tuesday evening, November 29th, was largely attended by the city pastors and members of his congregation, who mourned the loss of brother, counsellor and friend.

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## Exchanges.



ALL, yet rejoice, because no less  
The failure that makes thy distress  
May teach another full success.

—*Adelaide A. Procter.*

IN the *Presbyterian College Journal* of November is a very masterful article on "The Religious Teaching of Robert Browning," by the Rev. Prof. Scrimger, D.D. It is a keen psychological criticism of the poet's religious nature, and is well worthy of careful study by all our readers.

THE Students of the College are pleased to welcome among our exchanges *The Ladies' Home Journal*. Judging from the interest manifested in its pages by the men and women alike, it is certainly one of our most popular magazines. Its Christmas number is a triumph of decorative art, and is rich with illustrations and literary contributions of the highest character. We bespeak for the *Journal* a well-merited continued prosperity.

### FOUR EPITAPHS.

Deep wisdom—swelled head ;  
Brain fever—he's dead.

A SENIOR.

Fair one leaves him—hopes fled ;  
Heart broken—he's dead.

A JUNIOR.

Went skating—'tis said ;  
Ice hit him—he's dead.

A SOPHOMORE.

Milk famine—not fed ;  
Starvation—he's dead.

A FRESHMAN.

—*Ex.*

MUCH benefit may be derived from the perusal of the able address, "The University and the State," by Prof. Watson of Queen's University, published in a late number of the *Journal*. In a masterly way he sets forth the functions of a university, and the relation of

education to the State. He appeals to the higher qualities of the student, summoning him to keep ever before his mind "the vision of that greater, purer, and more spiritually-minded Canada which is yet to be."

WE ring the bells, and we raise the strain,  
 We hang up garlands everywhere,  
 And bid the tapers twinkle fair,  
 And feast and frolic—and then we go  
 Back to the same old lives again.

—Susan Coolidge.—*Christmas.*

THERE has come to our sanctum a new and highly artistic exchange, *Self-Culture*, a monthly journal published in Akron, Ohio. Its December number is full of bright and interesting contributions from many sources. "The Seamy Side of Empire," by Goldwin Smith; "The Quebec Conference," by John N. Blake; "The Influence of War on Literature," by Cakina B. C. Eaglesfield; "Pre-Raphaelitism in England," by Irene C. Byrne, are a few of the articles which are of special interest to Canadian readers. G. Mercer Adam, one of Canada's most talented sons, is the editor.

THE Christmas number of *The Canadian Magazine* is a magnificent production, and is another evidence of the indomitable pluck and enterprise of Canadian journalism. Its dress is very artistic, its photographs are exceedingly well executed, and its articles are varied and intensely interesting. "A Material Age," by J. W. Longley, Attorney-General of Nova Scotia; a second contribution on "The Red River Expedition," by Capt. J. Jones Bell; "Vancouver," with special illustrations, by Julian Durham; "In Fair Canada," a poem, by Jessie Kerr Lawson; "Current Events Abroad," by John A. Ewan, are among those of greatest interest to Canadians.

WE beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges during the Michaelmas term:

*Queen's University Journal, Argosy, Progress, Our Dumb Animals, McGill Outlook, Clarion, Zion's Herald, Notre Dame Scholastic, Sunbeam, Columbia University Quarterly, Self-Culture, Ladies' Home Journal, Dickinsonian, Manitoba College Journal, Lasell Leaves, University of Ottawa Review, Ottawa Naturalist, Edinburgh Student, Varsity, O. A. C. Review, University Monthly, Pratt Institute Monthly, Home Study Magazine, Albert College Times, Presbyterian College Journal, Vox Wesleyana, University of Chicago Record, McMaster University Monthly, The Princeton Tiger.*

Locals.



erry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

THIS remark was left over from our last Xmas issue.

"DID you hear the latest?"

"No. What?"

"Bell-Smith's new tie."

IRWIN—"Are you going to take that lecture in Systematic Theology this morning?"

CURTS—"Either the Chancellor or I will take it."

It is an unpardonable breach of etiquette to omit sending the Local Editors an invitation to all class receptions.

THE financial success of the Conversat this year was due mainly to the large attendance of students. So mote it always be.

THE Rev. Wm. Hincks preached a very instructive sermon to the students of Victoria in Central Methodist Church, November 20th.

OWING to the lack of space in this issue we are obliged to leave out most of the gags on Neville.

THE following students represented Victoria at the various college functions of the last month: N. W. De Witt, Trinity Medical dinner; T. W. Walker, Toronto Medical dinner; S. J. Courtice, Dental "At Home." They all reported a very enjoyable evening.

At the Mandolin and Guitar Club concert we counted eleven Seniors, six Juniors, four Sophomores, five Conference men and no Freshmen. Comment is unnecessary.

IN support of Prof. Badgley's theory advocating the non-entity of time and space, it may be noted that Schlichter reports losing "all track of time and space" during Thanksgiving week.

TOLL spent Thanksgiving in the West. His friends, after recovering from the shock, took pity on his landlady, and he received the other day by post a full-grown chicken, evidently intended to give him employment three times a day for some time to come. It was marked M.M. B.C. After devouring it at one meal he was heard to remark that it might possibly be older than that.

*MANDOLIN AND  
GUITAR CLUB  
CONCERT.*

A RATHER small but very appreciative and enthusiastic audience greeted the Mandolin and Guitar Club at their initial concert in Association Hall, on Tuesday evening, the 6th inst. The excellent programme rendered deserved a crowded house, and certainly deserved a much larger attendance of students. The Mandolin and Guitar Club, under the leadership of Prof. Le Barge, has made remarkable progress during the last year, and that the merit of their playing was appreciated was evinced by the enthusiastic encores which followed each of their numbers. The club was assisted by Miss Belle Noonan, of Boston, Miss Mae Dickenson, Miss Lola Ronan, Miss Dora McMurtry and Messrs. H. C. Cox and J. A. Newsom. Miss Blanche Badgley admirably performed the duties of accompanist.

The concert, while not realizing as large a dividend as could be desired, was a most enjoyable one in every respect, and we sincerely hope that the club will repeat it with better success financially next year.

ON November 19th an open meeting of the Literary *THE OPEN LIT.* Society was held. After a few opening remarks by the President, N. W. De Witt, the literary session was opened and a pleasing programme rendered, as follows: Vocal solo, F. M. Bell-Smith, '02; chorus, Glee Club; address, R. H. Bell, B.A.; chorus, Glee Club; debate, "Resolved, That Great Britain will not continue to maintain her present supremacy among the nations"; affirmative, J. W. Davidson, B.A., J. G. Davidson, '00; negative, W. H. Wood, '01, W. S. Daniels, '01. Piano solo, Mr. Riggs, of McMaster, which was deservedly encored; vocal solo, J. R. Van Wyck. After the programme the decision of the debate, in favor of the negative was given by Mr. Sanford Evans, M.A., who, after he had summed up the various points of the debate, gave a short interesting talk, for which he received the hearty thanks of the society. Now, however, came the surprise of the evening in the form of a want of confidence motion, which completely dismayed the Government. T. W. Walker, leader of the Independents, with the support of his faithful few, quoted instance after instance of misgovernment. The "Cabinet and his Ministry" made an able but unavailing defence, and the division of the House proclaimed that "it was time for a change."

JOTTINGS.

WE all *know* that beer is not so harmful as whiskey.—*Daniels.*

WHAT was so funny about my announcement of the Conversat ?—*W. B. Smith.*

I FEEL that the Government intends to fail to realize this.—*St. John.*

BEING a *fresh* member.—*Curts.*

FIRST SPECIALIST—Are you still talking about that Kingston girl ?  
Cragg—No ; this is another one.

“GOOD-MORNING, Mr. Walker, I suppose you want to know how Miss B. is ?”—*Mrs. —.*

ASK Porter and Wood to relate their recent experiences at the Varsity Library. We have promised not to tell on them.

“BROTHER” COLEMAN glances at the list of subjects for debate.  
“Well, I have not time to read them now ; but I have no doubt that I could do justice to any of them.”

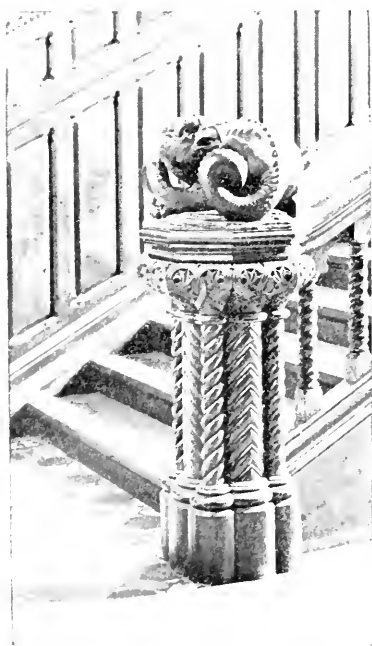
THE Theological Club has elected the following officers for the present year : President, R. H. Bell, B.A. ; Secretary-Treasurer, S. C. Moore, B.A. ; Executive Committee, Dr. J. Burwash, Prof. McLaughlin, G. S. Faircloth, B.A., A. R. Delve.

THE Seniors decided, after much deliberation, to have a meeting and elect officers. The result is as follows : Hon. President, Pelham Edgar, Ph.D. ; President, S. J. Courtice ; 1st Vice-President, Miss M. B. Reynar ; Secretary-Treasurer, G. A. Winters ; Councillors, Miss Duckett, T. W. Walker ; Judge, E. W. Edwards ; Critic, Miss M. H. Kyle ; Historians, Miss K. McKee, J. H. Holmes ; Poet, F. E. Malott ; Prophetess, Miss E. J. Taylor ; Athletic Director, N. R. Wilson ; Hockey Captain, T. W. Walker ; Alley Captain, S. L. Toll ; Football Captain, N. W. De Witt.

ON the evening of November 22nd the Century Class  
'00 RECEPTION. held a reception, which, like all its predecessors, was a most pleasant one. After indulging in general conversation and giving time to get the promenade cards filled, an interesting programme was given, one of the most pleasing features of which was the singing of Miss Mae Dickenson, with guitar accompaniment. The Honorary President of the class, Dr. Bell, gave a short address, and the various officers of the class said their little pieces. Following this programme came promenading and refreshments, until the time came for the Centurions to reluctantly disperse to their homes.

THE first session of the Theological Club for the current year was held in the College Library on Thursday evening, November 17th. The chair was occupied by the President, Dr. Wallace. The attendance was exceptionally good, being considerably above the average of previous meetings, and a very pleasant and profitable evening was spent. The paper of the evening was read by Dr. Badgley, on the subject, "God and Creation," and proved to be a very able and instructive presentation of the subject. Meetings of the club will be held at regular intervals during the college year. All students are invited to attend and take part in the discussions.

### THE CONVERSAZIONE.



THE greatest social function of the college year is now a happy memory. At four o'clock on the morning of December 3rd the weary but happy committee toddled home to bed, proudly conscious of the fact that their untiring efforts had resulted in making the Conversat of 1898 the best Conversat ever held in Victoria College. Fortune smiled on all their efforts, and as a result the six hundred guests had nothing but good words to say of every feature of the evening's enjoyment.

Never has "Old Vic" looked gayer than she did on that night. The charge of the decorations had been undertaken by the lady patronesses, and nobly they did their work. The main halls were

especially beautiful with their vari-colored bunting, artistically arranged around the iron pillars, their lavish profusion of waving palms and nodding chrysanthemums, and their gracefully draped alcoves, where, when the dazzled eye had grown weary of gazing on the brilliant corridors, innocently happy young couples found for a few blissful moments an opportunity for "seclusion sweet and calm



epose." Add to this picture an ever-changing vista of sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks and bright smiles, accompanied by the sweet music of D'Alesandro's orchestra, mingled with the rippling laughter of the merry promenaders and we have "a scene for men and angels."

In the Library was displayed a rare collection of old curios gathered from Egypt, Palestine, Japan, China and the Islands of the Sea. Special mention must be made of Mr. C. C. James' unique and interesting collection of books and illustrations connected with the life and work of Tennyson.

During the first part of the evening a delightful programme was rendered in the Chapel. Miss Jessie Alexander, Miss Ella Ronan and Mr. Harold Jarvis have seldom been heard to better advantage. Mr. J. A. Le Barge showed himself to be a mandolinist of the highest rank. The College Glee Club and Mandolin and Guitar Club also added materially to the pleasures of the evening.

After the concert promenading and cosy-corner tete-a-tetes, interspersed with visits to the refreshment booth in charge of the Harry Webb Co., occupied the rest of the evening.

The prominent guests were received by Chancellor Burwash and the members of the Faculty, assisted by the lady patronesses. The latter were the wives of the members of the Faculty and Mesdames A. Carman, Ed. Gurney, J. M. Treble, John Potts, T. Eaton, L. M. Sweetnam, George A. Cox, J. E. Graham, H. C. Cox, Chester Massey and R. C. Hamilton.

After the promenading the Committee banqueted the representatives from the various colleges. Toasts, songs, music, speeches and jokes filled in a happy couple of hours, and cemented together still more firmly the feeling of good-fellowship that exists between Victoria and sister colleges. The following gentlemen conveyed to the Victoria students the kindly greetings of their respective colleges: Varsity, D. MacDougall; McMaster, A. G. Campbell; Osgoode, George Henwood; Wycliffe, Mr. Gibson; Toronto Medical College, J. R. Stanley; Trinity Medical College, C. W. Service; Normal College, J. W. Sifton; Queen's University, R. B. Dargavel; Trinity University, R. Turley; Knox College, F. H. Barron; Dental College, T. F. Campbell.

NEVILLE (to Miss A——, about the middle of the third promenade at the Conversat)—"See here, I've got you on the string for the next go, I guess."

"MAN, I wish I could find that girl!" —*Wood, et al.*

SCENE going home from Conversat—"Stop the car! Stop the car! My girl is gone!" —*Darison.*

## Athletics.

---



HE rink committee consists of Messrs. Grange, Winters, Fergusson, Davison and McCormick. Prospects are bright for the coming season. Already some half-dozen clubs have applied for hockey privileges, and we understand there are more to follow. Mr. Breen will again manage the rink this winter.

~

AT the committee dinner on the evening of the Conversat, Mr. Dargavel, of Queen's University, spoke of the position of athletics in Victoria. He said we have not manifested as much enthusiasm in inter-college sports as might be expected from a college such as Victoria, and expressed the wish that we might become a more potent factor in the Inter-College Athletic League. We are sorry to admit the truth of Mr. Dargavel's statement regarding the rather meagre pretensions of our College in the realm of athletics. We could wish that more of our students would show an active interest in healthy college sport, but we realize the difficulty of working up a very enthusiastic athletic spirit when we are so greatly handicapped by the lack of a suitable campus.

But, though there may be room for improvement in the athletic life of our students, yet we are glad to note a gradual and steady increase of athletic interest during the last three years. Three victories for our football teams this year, instead of the usual record of defeat, the interest displayed in the inter-year series of matches and in the arrangements for the coming hockey season, the very successful tennis tournament of this fall, all tend to show the drift of the current. If we could only obtain the materialization of our hopes in regard to the new campus, we feel confident that Victoria would, in a very few years, take her stand in inter-collegiate athletics on the same footing with Varsity and Queen's and McGill.

~

WE have but space to barely mention the final matches of the football season. On November 18th our second team met the Dentals II. After a stubborn contest the game ended with honors even, neither side scoring.

On November 21st Victoria II. and McMaster II. tried conclusions. This time our team lined up in full force, and as a result showed what they were capable of by defeating McMaster to the tune of one to nothing. Vic's team was composed of the following: Goal, Badgley: Backs, Bridgeland and Newton; Half-backs, Rumball, Stillman, McKenzie; Forwards, Cook, Thomas, Chapman, McIntyre, Porter.

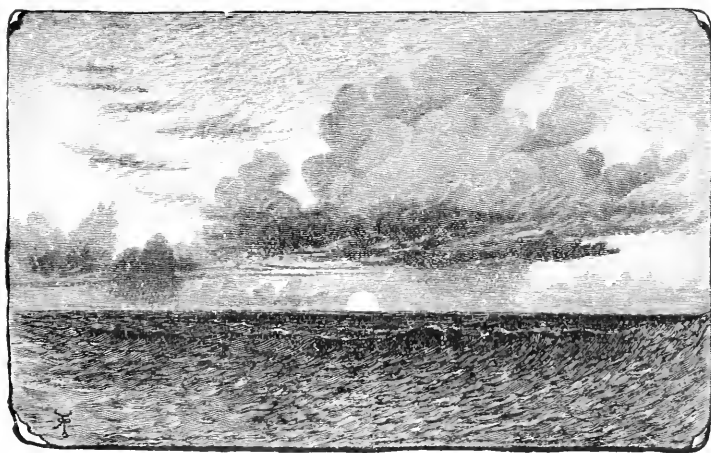


THE Seniors have been obliged to confess that they are getting old and feeble. On December 3rd nine of them gallantly struggled in the snowdrifts against the Third-year team but were unable to save the name and fame of '99 as general all-round sports. The Juniors claim the match by a score varying from five to eleven goals to nothing. The Seniors, however, say that the official score was two to one, and, furthermore, they protest the match because Smith played in a "biled shirt."

As soon as the rink is ready the Third and Second years will line up for the final match for the Inter-year Cup.

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[NOTE.—The thanks of ACTA Board are due the members of the Book-Room staff who have had charge of the printing of this issue of ACTA. The artistic topography of the number is due to their efforts to assist the Board in every way possible.—EDITOR.]



### Life's Quest.

---

WHY, toil-spent World, this ever-urging strife,  
 This ceaseless travail, this hope-baffled cry ?  
 These fruitless efforts in a fruitless life,  
 These labors vast, these restless throbbings, why ?  
 Why, longing Soul, this ever-eager quest  
 For truth and light, where doubt and darkness lie ?  
 This beck'ning phantom with her stern behest,  
 This fleeting shadow, hight perfection, why ?  
 Is this thy space, O Life, with bootless zeal  
 On ever-crumbling mansions thus to moil ?  
 No surer profit may thy hopes reveal  
 Than spirit worn and spent in fruitless toil ?  
 Rouse, rouse, thou fainting Heart, press on amain !  
 To labor is to live, or living vain.

S. A. MORGAN.

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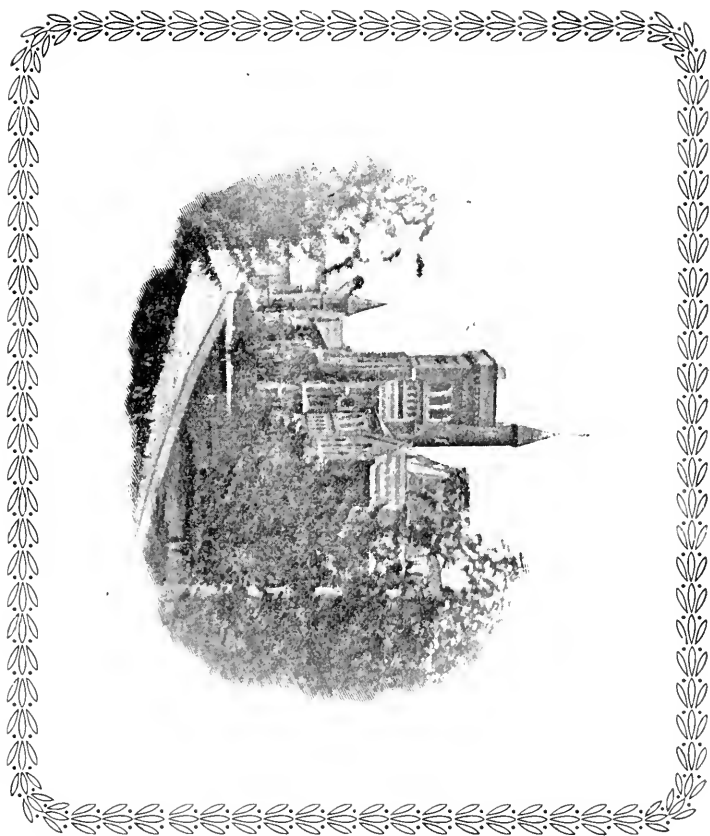
### Christ's Message to His Church To-day.

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"If Christ came now to earth I think His message would be something like this :

"Put away your earthly ambitions, your pomp and pride of wealth and social and political influence, of numbers and of antiquity and learning ; put away your unholy strife as to dogmatic theories and forms of worship and organization ; put away your individual self-seeking of place and power and money ; and as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto but to minister let all unite in the ministry which seeks and saves the lost. Henceforth let the one motto of the whole Church be, ' Holiness to the Lord and Love to all the World.' "

N. BURWASH.



OH, pensive scholar, what is fame?  
 A fitful tongue of leaping flame,  
 A giddy whirlwind of fickle gust  
 That lifts a pinch of mortal dust,  
 A few swift years, and who can show  
 Which dust was Bill and which was Joe.

—*Holmes.*

A WOMAN'S WISDOM.—He—I think I shall try writing for a newspaper. What do you think of the idea?

She—The idea is good, but you had better enclose the subscription price when you write or they might not send it to you.—*Ex.*

HE kissed the maiden on the cheek,  
 And she without compunction  
 At once proceeded to obey  
 The Biblical injunction —*Ex.*

TEACHER—What is a fort?

Pupil—A place for soldiers to live in.

Teacher—And a fortress?

Pupil—A place for soldiers' wives to live in.

"OH, for a thousand tongues!" as the boy said when he fell into the molasses barrel.

CHILL breezes now  
 The tree-tops woo,  
 And the snowbird's note  
 Is falling due.

SINCE the hero-kissing craze has started, a young lady one morning has been caught kissing the grass, supposing it to be Dewey.

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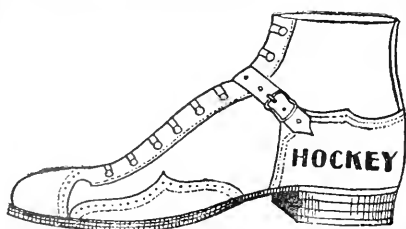
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EDWARD BELLAMY.



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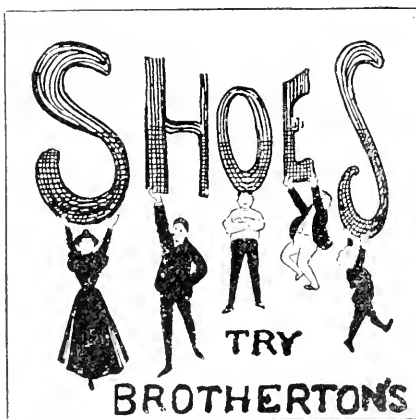


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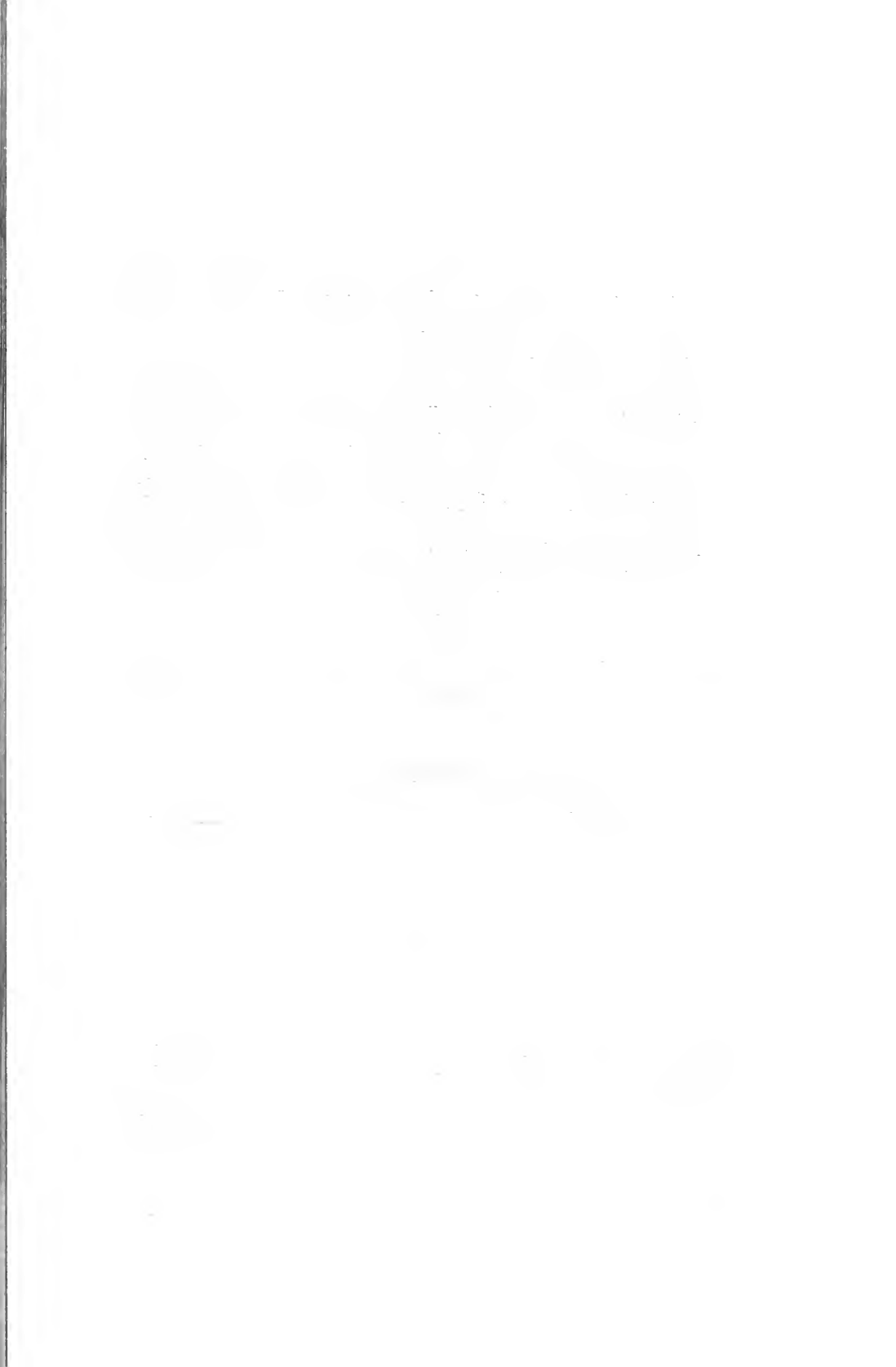
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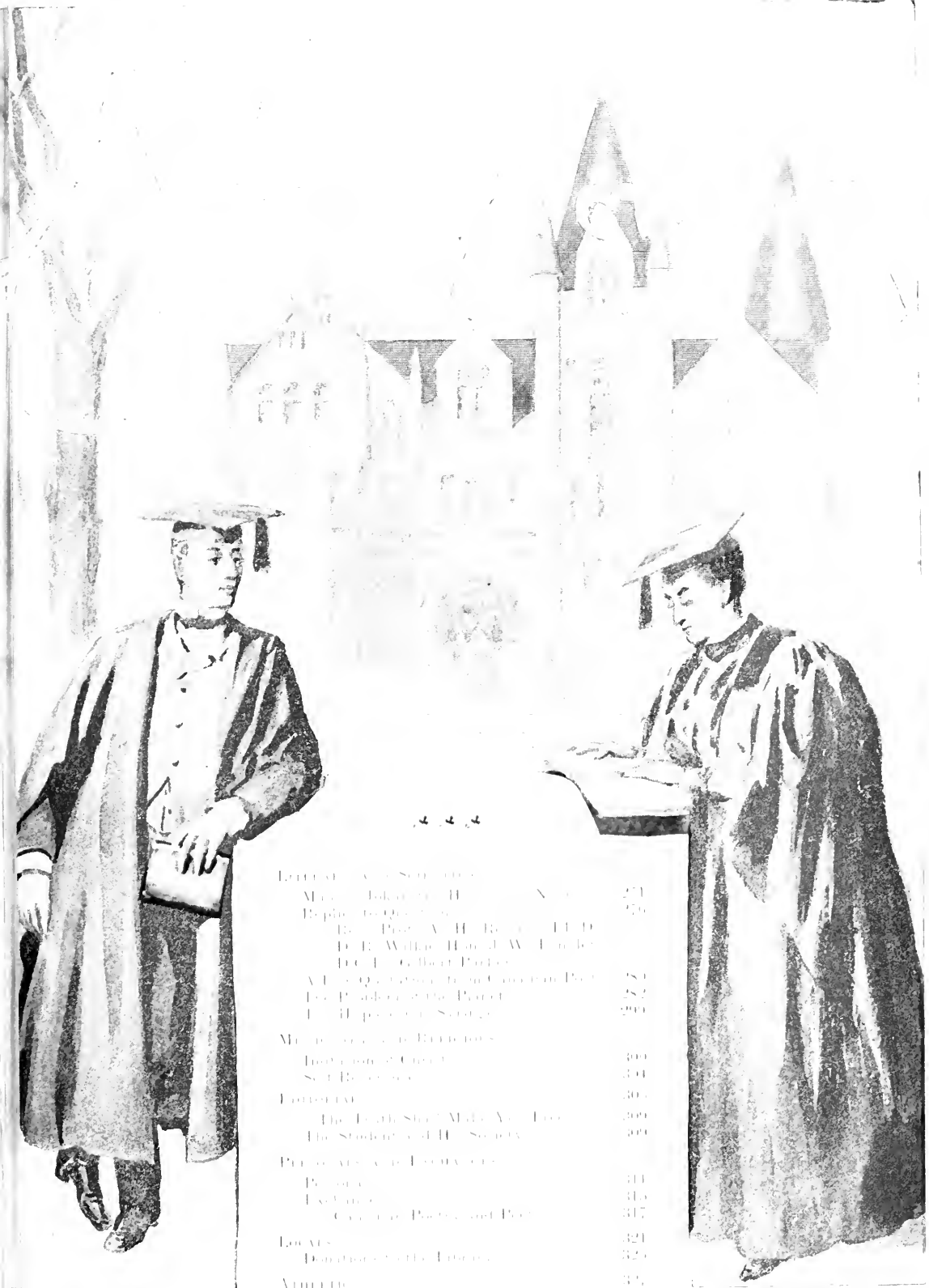
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## Literary and Scientific.

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### Maurus Jókai, the Hungarian Novelist.\*

IT is a significant indication of our present cosmopolitan habits of thought that Hungary has at last, by the prestige of Dr. Maurus Jókai, overstepped the bounds of provincial limitation, and has in the person of her most celebrated son asserted her claim to recognition among the literary nations of the civilized world. His works have been stamped by the approval of critics as current coin, and an era of European and American popularity probably awaits him. Will his influence then, we ask, as the Russian and Scandinavian influences of the recent past, prove itself likewise to be a vital and creative force in literature; or in defect of a novel message, will his work lead us back to old ideals of art that in our impatience we have cast aside as outworn and effete? If a cursory investigation of the conditions under which Hungarian literature has developed supports the latter theory, it is only a further illustration of the fact that a certain infusion of conservatism is essential to sound literature, and that a healthy advance is thoroughly consistent with a certain reverence for the past.

\* "The Nameless Castle." By Maurus Jókai. George N. Morang, Toronto.

France and England alike afford striking examples of this reactionary advance in the drama and the novel ; and not the least important factor that has occasioned Rostand's recent bewildering popularity is his artistic renewal of the idealism and romantic passion that charmed French ears more than half a century ago. It is the same eagerness of the public to seek refuge from the obsession of the degenerate realism of to-day, which is now also reviving the reputations of Lamartine and George Sand from the rust of long neglect.

And in England an analogous condition prevails. The novel of a purpose, the analytical novel of George Eliot, and the less penetrating psychology of her successor, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, are yielding the palm of popularity, if not of merit, to tales of romantic adventure, tinged with idealism and a dash of sentiment, which Stevenson restored to favor, and which his fellow-craftsmen still continue to reproduce with dangerous rapidity. This is our English return to romanticism ; and while we may regret the temporary abandonment of the middle century school as affording standards for contemporary imitation, and deplore the frequent triviality and shallowness of their successors, yet we must recognize that the present movement, though lacking the great names that made our English realism illustrious, is still an advance and not a retreat ; development and not stagnation. It will remain, too, a consoling thought that the whirligig of time will bring its revenges, and that the next generation will own once more the sway of George Eliot and her great contemporaries, when the present vigor of romantic sentiment shall have spent itself in turn.

In every respect, then, the time is ripe for the appearance of Jókai upon the scene. In consequence of the extreme provincialism of Hungarian literature, he has escaped the dominating influence of the realistic movement, and his work reaches us now with all the freshness of morning upon it. His innate idealism and profusion of romantic feeling accord well with prevalent tendencies in literature, and a certain strength of moral fibre saves these qualities from degenerating into sentimental rant. And above all, there is the man behind the book. His life has been consecrated to the highest patriotic ideals, and his years of arduous devotion to the cause of Liberty have contributed in no small measure to his great and enduring popularity in his own country.

His father was a Hungarian nobleman, but constrained by the stress of Austrian despotism to pursue the profession of advocate ; and with a view to associating himself with his father in the same profession, Jókai for some time studied jurisprudence in the colleges of Presburg

and Papa. In the latter college he formed a close friendship with the revolutionary lyric poet, Petöfi, and this attachment induced him definitely to devote himself to literature, although for a time his inclinations wavered towards art. Despite his prodigious activity in the field of letters, he labored with unflagging energy in journalism and active politics, and his efforts largely contributed to the success of the bloodless revolution of 1848. Stormy days were soon to follow. In the succeeding year Austria revoked the Magyar constitution and overwhelmed the heroic country with the mighty co-operation of Russia. These were the bitterest days of Jókai's life, and he was dissuaded from suicide only by the urgent entreaties of his wife, who found him a precarious refuge in the depths of the Tordona forest until she could secure for him a safe return to the capital.

The next decade was for him one of extraordinary activity. He founded and conducted two literary journals and the first comic and satiric paper established in Hungary, writing also within the period no less than sixty volumes of romances, besides innumerable essays and dramatic sketches. May I be allowed to mention some of his greater works produced at this time: "*Torok Vilag Magyarországon*," "*Janicsarok Végnapjai*," "*Szegény Gazdakok*," etc.

Technical perfection under such a strain is hardly to be expected, and yet his Hungarian critics assure us that his writings are never lacking in charm of artistic detail.

The following passage from his own pen describes graphically the attraction which politics exercised over him: "Well, confess it I must, I have a sweetheart for whose sake I have been unfaithful, not only to my wife, but to my muse also—a sweetheart who has enmeshed me in her spider's web and sucked my heart's blood dry, who has appropriated my best ideas, and whose slave I was and still am. Often have I wasted half my fortune upon her, and rushed blindly into misfortune to please her. For her sake I have patiently endured insult, ridicule and reprobation. For her sake I have staked life and liberty. Now, if she had been some pretty young damsel, there might have been some excuse for me; but she was a nasty, old, painted figure-head of a beldame; a flirting, faithless, fickle, foul-mouthed, scandal-mongering old liar, whom the whole world courts, who makes fools of all her wooers, and changes her lovers as often as she changes her dress. Her name is *Politica*, and may the plague take her!"

It taxes credulity to the utmost when we learn that amid such absorbing interests, and harassed by the innumerable cares of an active parliamentary life, he found leisure to write, with his own

hand and without collaboration, 350 novels, dramas and miscellaneous works ; and our surprise is only increased when we realize that among these productions of his fertile mind are many that deservedly rank as masterpieces, and constitute the chief glory of Hungarian literature.

The latest novel from his pen, which is accessible to the Canadian public, "*The Nameless Castle*," is admittedly not a specimen of his finest work. It contains comparatively little humor, and what little there is has been limited to the reproduction of the superficial whims and oddities of his secondary characters. I may instance the complacent self-esteem of the Herr Vice-palatine, or the harmless mania of the village locksmith, Master Matyas, whose sole topic of conversation is an exposition of his extraordinary inventions, which are calculated to encompass the destruction of the great Emperor Napoleon. In others of his works, Dr. Jókai develops his secondary characters with greater skill ; and in nothing does he more resemble Scott than in this ability to depict minor personages with a humoristic realism that is based upon a keen and sympathetic observance of actual life. As with Scott, also, the main characters are not discriminated with sufficient subtlety, and the more delicate gradations of passion are not successfully indicated. Rather is there a tendency in either writer, and more confirmed in the Hungarian, to present us with the empty contrast of two conventional abstractions—the villain, and the hero or the heroine. It may be added, to the advantage of Scott, that Jókai's abstractions are much more prone to preach on themes of virtue and of patriotism ; but this unfortunate defect is explained, if not justified, by the dogmatic spirit engendered by the revolt of his earlier years against the systematic despotism of Austria.

Both Scott and Jókai are unsurpassed in their imaginative evocation of the historic past ; and while they are both splendidly picturesque in displaying the stately pageantries of vanished ages, Jókai excels in the poetic and still faithful treatment of natural scenery.

It is the absence of natural description that constitutes, perhaps, a second defect in "*The Nameless Castle*"; yet, by way of compensation, the plot advances with all the greater rapidity. Into a description of the intricate details of the plot it is impossible to enter, but the general outline of the story is as follows :

We are introduced into the Paris of the First Empire, and are immediately enveloped in the atmosphere of plot and counter-plot. At the outset everything is wrapped in an air of mystery ; so, to render matters clearer, I shall at once reveal the secret of the story as it is

ultimately disclosed to us. Two Royalist noblemen have in their safe-keeping the daughter of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI., and are desperately seeking some means for withdrawing her to a secure retreat outside of France. The Emperor's adherents had wind of this affair, and to establish the identity and ensure the capture of the child Princess, they have recourse to every disgraceful stratagem then resorted to by unscrupulous spies. The little daughter of the Countess Themire (the latter poor, but dishonest, like Mark Twain's celebrated parents), has been employed ineffectually to entrap the wary victims, and finally her mother is sent to track the fugitives into Hungary. Her mission is to ensnare the affections of Count Ludwig Vavel, to solve the dangerous mystery of his ward's identity, and ultimately to betray her into the hands of the Imperial emissaries. It is possible that we divine too readily from the outset that the Countess will be "hoist with her own petard," and the climax of the plot is in point of fact the love with which Ludwig Vavel does in the end inspire her. We reach the most dramatic passage of the story when, having learned of her contemplated treachery, he confronts her with his knowledge of her guilty intentions. The Hungarian revolt against Napoleon has meanwhile broken out, and by her splendid bravery and self-devotion, the Countess regains her husband's (Vavel) love. The royal maid Marie does not, perhaps, sufficiently enlist our sympathies amid all these threatening dangers, painted as she is in the insipid colors of a too ingenuous goodness. Her little tragedy of loneliness and secret love, and her quiet fading away from life, are pathetically enough treated: yet it remains the artistic defect of the book that while she is the pivotal point around which the story revolves, the author fails to centre our commanding interest in her fate. She might have been a trifle less immaculate, less insipid; and a passage at arms in challenge of her rival's too easy conquest would have satisfied our senses that she was fashioned of flesh and blood, and not as now a mere wraith of poetic fancy.

Despite these partial defects, the book does not fail to hold our interest; and those who have had the pleasure of reading it will look forward to the American publications of the more celebrated works of the "Hungarian Shakespeare."

PELHAM EDGAR.

Rev. Prof. A. H. Reynar, LL.D.



- |  |  |
|--|--|
| My favorite authors of prose.                                    | { I admire many, but have no favorites.  |
| My favorite poets.   | { Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare,<br>Wordsworth, Browning, Tennyson.                                    |
| My favorite musical compositions.                                | { Those that tell of depth and vastness,<br>as some of Chopin's Nocturnes,<br>and Handel's Largo in G. |
| My favorite books.   | { The Bible and Shakespeare.   |
| My favorite heroes and heroines<br>in fiction.                   | { Robinson Crusoe, Hamlet and Hora-<br>tio, Portia and Rosalind, Jennie<br>Deans, Rebecca.             |
| My favorite heroes and heroines<br>in real life.                 | { Alfred the Great, Luther, Florence<br>Nightingale.   |
| The way I like to spend my<br>leisure hours.                     | { Fishing.   |
| The gift of nature I should most<br>like to have.                | { A cheerful disposition.  |
| What I covet most for Canada.                                    | { Honest work for all her sons and<br>daughters.   |
| What I consider to be our great-<br>est national defects.        | { Low ideals and party spirit.   |
| My favorite hero in Canadian<br>history.                         | { The pioneer and the saddle-bag<br>preacher.  |
| The formative influences of my<br>educational life I prize most. | { The characters of the best people I<br>have known.   |
| The college course I should pre-<br>fer to take.                 | { A broad general course, as a founda-<br>tion for live-long study.                                    |
| The motto I would give to a<br>Canadian young man.               | { "Strive and thrive."   |

*Alfred H. Reynar*

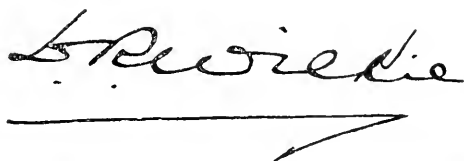


## D. R. Wilkie.

*President of Imperial Bank of Canada.*



- |   |  |
|---|--|
| My favorite authors of prose.                                 | { Carlyle, Kingsley, Macaulay, Parkman, Scott, Balzac.       |
| My favorite poets.  | { Shakespeare, Tennyson, Burns.                              |
| My favorite musical composition.                              | { Messiah.   |
| My favorite books.  | { French Revolution, Westward, Ho !                          |
| My favorite heroes and heroines in real life.                 | { Gordon of Khartoum, Florence Nightingale.                  |
| The way I like to spend my leisure hours.                     | { Physical exercise, outdoor and indoor amusements, reading. |
| The gift of nature I should most like to have.                | { High perceptive qualities with tireless executive ability. |
| What I covet most for Canada.                                 | { An Imperial Federation with a protective Imperial Tariff.  |
| What I consider to be our greatest national defects.          | { Indifference to culture, superficiality in education.      |
| My favorite hero in Canadian history.                         | { General Wolfe.   |
| The formative influences of my educational life I prize most. | { Ambition coupled with appreciation of my own defects.      |
| The college course I should prefer to take.                   | { Arts or Medicine.  |
| The motto I would give to a Canadian young man.               | { Quality, not Quantity. What you do, do well.               |

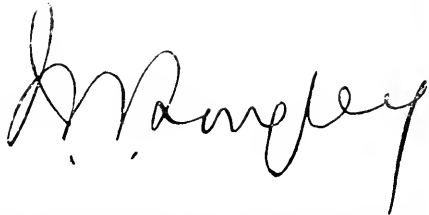


## Hon. J. W. Longley, D.C.L.

*Attorney-General of Nova Scotia.*



- |  |  |
|--|--|
| My favorite authors of prose.                                    | { Dickens, Thackeray, Goethe, Carlyle,<br>Huxley, Goldwin Smith, Henry<br>George.                                      |
| My favorite poets.   | { Shakespeare, Burns, Tennyson.  |
| My favorite books.   | { David Copperfield, Vicar of Wake-<br>field, Vanity Fair, Greatest Thing<br>in the World, Heroes and Hero<br>Worship. |
| My favorite heroes and heroines<br>in fiction.                   | { Dr. Primrose, Tess Durbeyfield, Col.<br>Newcombe, Sydney Carton.   |
| My favorite heroes and heroines<br>in real life.                 | { Bruno, Roger Bacon, Cromwell,<br>Washington, Joseph Howe.  |
| The way I like to spend my<br>leisure hours.                     | { Working.   |
| The gift of nature I should most<br>like to have.                | { Self-sacrifice.  |
| What I covet most for Canada.                                    | { A sound public opinion.  |
| What I consider to be our great-<br>est national defects.        | { Materialism and Opportunism.   |
| My favorite hero in Canadian<br>history.                         | { General Wolfe. (If native born,<br>Joseph Howe.)   |
| The formative influences of my<br>educational life I prize most. | { Reading books.   |
| The college course I should pre-<br>fer to take.                 | { With a course of Science, English<br>Literature, History, Mathematics<br>and Ethics.                                 |
| The motto I would give to a<br>Canadian young man.               | { Live and labor for others.   |



## Gilbert Parker.



What I covet most for Canada.

{ Its recognition as a nation in an Empire, by all nations and empires; its independence and resolution made into beneficent power.

My favorite hero in Canadian history.

{ The forgotten pioneer.

*Yours very Sincerely*  
*Gilbert Parker.*

## A Few Quotations from Canadian Poets.

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"O THOU WHO BIDD'ST."

O THOU who bidd'st a million germs decay  
That one white bloom may soar into the day,  
Mine eyes unseal to see their souls in death  
Borne back to Thee upon the lily's breath.

—From "*New York Nocturnes, and Other Poems*,"  
by Charles G. D. Roberts.

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ICE.

WHEN winter scourged the meadow and the hill,  
And in the withered leafage worked his will,  
The water shrank, and shuddered, and stood still,—  
Then built himself a magic house of glass,  
Iris'd with memories of flowers and grass,  
Wherin to sit and watch the fury pass.

—From "*New York Nocturnes, and Other Poems*,"  
by Charles G. D. Roberts.

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"HESPER APPEARS."

(RONDEAU.)

HESPER appears when flowing gales  
Have filled the sunset's fervid sails,  
When down the low dim Orient hills  
The purple gleaming soft distils  
To nestle in the crooning vales.  
  
To fretted hearts whom Want assails,  
Whom Youth, nor Hope, nor Love avails  
To loose their wearying load of ills,  
Hesper appears.  
  
Lifting the sordid dusty veils  
That wrap us till our courage fails;  
Ah, vexed hearts! The hour fulfils  
Your yearnings with its peace, and stills  
Awhile man's myriad fretful wails,—  
Hesper appears.

—From "*Orion, and other Poems*," by Charles G. D. Roberts.

THERE may be poison in the cup,  
But still the foam must cling,  
To keep the strong world's courage up :  
Poor fools must laugh and sing ;  
With sobs below and smiles above,  
Amasking day by day,  
On trampled, bleeding hopes of love.  
So whirls the world away.

There may be breaking of the heart,  
Though merry laughs the eye :  
Still, we poor fools must act our part,  
And laugh and weep and die.  
Still must we sportive battles wage,  
With foam of lightsome breath,  
While underneath the currents rage,  
And wrecks are churned to death.

—*From "Mordred," by W. Wilfred Campbell.*

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Morning her face is,  
Blue seas her eyes,  
All of earth's sweetness  
In their light lies.

Coral her lips are,  
Red reefs of doom,  
There do Love's ships drive  
Down to their doom.

—*From "Mordred," by W. Wilfred Campbell.*

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Had I two loaves of bread—ay, ay !  
One would I sell and hyacinths buy  
To feed my soul. "Or let me die !"

—*From "Beauty," by Theodore H. Rand.*

## The Problem of the Planets.

A lecture delivered before a Chautauqua Circle

By PROF. A. R. BAIN, LL.D.

IN regard to nearly all the most familiar phenomena of nature with which scientists have successfully grappled and explained, the minds of men have passed through three stages: First, that of simple observation and the ready acceptance of the evidence of their senses; second, that of attempts at explanation; and lastly, that of the discovery of the forces that produce and the laws that govern them. The first is a harvest time of facts, a time when observations are made, the simplest and crudest explanations accepted, and men are satisfied that things are—because they are—a happy era of contentment, no riddles to solve, no doubts to satisfy, no problems to worry and vex. But, unfortunately for man's peace, his mind begins to dwell on the facts presented, his intellect is stirred, a craving not only to know but to understand is roused within him, and to explain what he sees, hypotheses are formed, are tried, are abandoned, and in their place come others, wider in their sweep, embracing more and more of his ever-accumulating stores of facts, and thus the era of progress is ushered in and a science is born.

For illustration, look at a restless, active boy as he fastens the string to his top, and with a vigorous pull sets it spinning on the floor. How he delights in his successful venture! How his eye glistens as he watches the whirling toy. No questions worry him, and why should they? What is there to perplex or wonder at? It spins because it spins. Would his satisfaction remain as perfect? Would his brow be so unclouded if the question demon whispered in his ear these queries: Why does your top, till now a prostrate, lifeless thing, stand erect and fly through its whirling dance? Why does its velocity of revolution gradually decrease, and why does its axis of revolution begin to incline more and more towards the horizontal till at last, with its side upon the floor, it makes a few expiring turns, and comes to a full stop, a wearied, dishonored thing?

With this avalanche of questions the boy's simple delight in his elegant toy is gone. His plaything has been transformed into an ugly problem at which, in woeful plight, he gazes, a perplexed and wearied urchin. The poor fellow has entered on the second stage and his troubles have begun.

As he ponders on his problem and seeks for information, Galileo and Huyghens tell him of laws of motion and of centrifugal forces, and he sees each particle of his spinning top is trying to fly off in straight lines and bringing into play forces of cohesion ; he *hears* of *resistance*, and he sees that the particles of the air are rubbing against its sides and trying to destroy the force he gave it. Newton whispers to him of gravitation, and then he knows the countless tons of matter in the earth below him are all tugging at his top. That top is no longer a top, but an arena, on which mighty forces are at work, struggling for the mastery, and ere he can understand their play and interplay, their actions and reactions, in front of which his algebra and Euclid are helpless, Leibnitz must come to his aid with the powers of the calculus, and he himself must learn the secrets of differential equations and the modern analysis. Then the happy boy, with brow cleared up and vision enlarged, can spin his top rejoicing in its motions and their explanation.

In place of this toy put a central sun with its family of whirling worlds, and for our boy the long line of astronomers from the Chaldean priests, who from the plains of Shinar first turned an inquiring gaze on the starry heavens, to him who finally solved for us the wondrous riddle, and we have the problem with the history of whose solution I propose to deal.

You will see at once it is not for the facts established that your attention is claimed. The result of the labors of the men whom I shall call up are as familiar to you as household words ; but familiar as you are with the main facts of this the oldest of the sciences, it will not be without some interest, I hope, to trace the steps by which those truths were discovered, and to run rapidly down the long line of efforts which, often baffled and fruitless, ended in glorious achievement. The fountain head of this stream of discovery is lost in a dim and distant past. We know not who garnered the first of the long line of facts so prolific of delight and blessing to our race. Gone is the name of him who plucked the first laurel from the sky. Only in imagination can we stand side by side with the earliest astronomer and take the first lessons in our science. As the silence and shadows of night fall about us, and the stars steal out one by one till the vault is studded thick with shining gems, we see them in stately march climbing the eastern sky, slowly passing overhead and sinking below our western horizon, and we naturally suppose them fixed in a solid sphere, turning round an inclined axis, whose extremities we call the poles.

We have but to note and name the groups of stars about us, to follow them as, looking through a transparent earth, we see them describe the half of their paths below us and find out the time it takes to finish one diurnal revolution, and the whole phenomenon is mastered. If this daily rising and setting of these heavenly bodies were all with which we had to deal, how easy and simple would the problem be. But let us wait and watch a little longer. Let us fasten our attention on the crescent moon, which when first we began our star-gazing we will suppose was hanging low down on the western sky. Are we mistaken, or is it not at sunset to-night higher up, and does it not seem to be amidst a group of stars which last night were east of it, and does it not present a broader band of light than then? With great interest we watch this object, find it ever farther east at each succeeding sunset, and showing an ever-increasing disk of light, till one evening as the sun goes down it is just appearing in the east, a full round orb, simply a fainter sun; then we find it rising later and later every night and growing less and less in size till we miss it altogether, and in amazement we wonder if it is lost forever, when just as we had begun to give it up it suddenly shows in the west again its beautiful silver crescent. What a mystery to our first astronomer must have been this waxing and waning moon! What long years of patient watching must have rolled away ere this first problem was solved!

While studying this mysterious thing our astronomer would soon note that the stars close to the western horizon at sunset one evening were nearer the next, and in a night or two had disappeared while others higher up the western vault had taken their place only in their turn to be swallowed up in that bright western sun. Where had they gone? Would they ever appear again? Yes! in six months from the disappearance of any group of stars in the western light they would begin to climb the eastern sky at sunset, and in twelve months would again sink with the sun. As the stars' disappearance was evidently owing to the sun's overpowering light, this successive dropping into it of constellation after constellation could only be accounted for by supposing that the sun, like the moon, was moving east every day, but with this difference that while the one completed its circuit in 29 days the other took 365. Our puzzled astronomer says to himself these two bodies are so large, so evidently different from all the rest that, probably, I'll find no more movements to be explained, no more tracks to trace. He tries one after another of the stars and finds them always in their diurnal march invariably related to each other—no change in those grand immutable groups to which he affixed his



names. The Northern Bear, the belted Orion, the clustered Pleiades give him no trouble, as in unbroken order, they tread their daily paths.

But this same sunset sky, which has given him an eastward moving sun and moon to track, is destined soon to yield him several other bodies whose motions from their complexity and irregularity are about to furnish him with a problem whose solution will demand centuries of time and generations of workers. While scanning that portion of the heavens which is just above the setting sun, he could not fail to note one brilliant star, so splendid as to call special attention to itself. A few evenings' study would show him that it, too, was moving east amidst the surrounding stars, and faster than the sun, for each succeeding day would find it higher and higher at the sunset hour. The easterly motion of this evening star would continue, till at the going down of the sun this Hesperus would be about half-way between the western horizon and the zenith. Then after a stationary period of a day or two, during which it would apparently be making up its mind whether to go farther east or not, it would be found slowly to return to the west, and after many days of this retrograde motion, would go down with the sun and be lost to view. This disappearance of Hesperus would be followed by the advent in the eastern sky, just before sunrise, of a new star, which, under the name of Lucifer, would arrest our astronomer's attention as morning after morning it appeared earlier and earlier before the sun, till at an elevation at sunrise of about  $45^{\circ}$  it decided to go no farther west, but to retrace its steps, and by getting closer and closer to the sun again finally rise with it and disappear from his gaze. This disappearance of the one being always followed by the appearance of the other would gradually convince our star-gazer that Hesperus and Lucifer were one and the same star, swinging ever from one side of the scene to the other, now east, now west.

In addition to Venus, Mercury, too, would be found to have a similar but a shorter swing. Three more stars would be found to have proper motions of their own, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. The movements of these three bodies would appear as follows: Each would advance for months, then stop a short time, then retrograde for weeks, become stationary, advance again, and again retreat; but as its eastward journey would always be longer than its westward one, it would gradually make a complete circuit of the skies and return to the constellation in which it was first noted. Mars would finish his long trip in about two years, Jupiter in twelve, and Saturn in thirty. These seven objects form the list of those that to the ancients had any move-

ment other than that daily revolution round the earth common to all the heavenly bodies.

Babylonish magician, Chaldean seer, and Egyptian priest, in long laborious succession, had noted all these facts, tracked through the stars these strangely moving planets, and gathered thus the elements of this problem; but they did nothing with them, constructed no hypotheses, built up no system, founded no science.

These eastern sages had counted the number of days from new moon to new moon, had learned the length of the year, had watched each planet as it circled the heavens from a fixed star till it returned to that fixed star again, had measured the angle at which the sun's path crosses the equator, had made that division of time which we call a week and named its seven days—Sunday, the sun's day; Monday, the moon's day, etc., etc. They had learned that the moon's path was inclined to the ecliptic, and that each time it crossed from one side to the other it crossed farther and farther west, till after eighteen years and eleven days this crossing point was again where it had been at the beginning; and finding that this period contained just 223 revolutions of the moon, had been enabled to explain and predict eclipses, and thus rob them of their terror; but all this mass of facts remained with them simply a mass of facts, and not till the results of their labors had fallen as a rich heritage to the Greeks was any attempt made to account for and harmonize these varied movements, to rationally connect them together and reduce them to some simple principle, some efficient cause.

This bold, inquisitive, restless people saw that this was now the true problem to be handled, and to its solution they bent all the energies of that intellect whose triumphs in art and literature are unsurpassed to-day, and yet they failed. Into the causes of this failure one is sorely tempted to enter. It is a fascinating pursuit to note the strange entanglements, the ingenious but fruitless reasonings into which their very subtlety led the mathematicians and astronomers, the Platos and the Ptolemies, of that gifted race. But time will not permit me to get away from my text, even to wander into those fields where the Whewells and the Ferriers gathered such rich harvests; therefore I must not dwell on the efforts of the Greeks except to describe in as brief words as possible that final fruitage of all their labors which, under the name of the Ptolemaic system, ruled the astronomical world for two thousand years.

Hipparchus took the vague and general explanation of these movements current among the Greeks from Plato down, and so mastered

the relations of these circles and movements to each other as to give definite positions to the planes and relative lengths to the radii of these circles, and fix the positions of their centres, and on the theory thus made construct solar and lunar tables by which the places of the sun and moon amidst the stars could be calculated months ahead. For instance, he found that the inequality in the motion of the sun could be explained and the amount from day to day determined by the eccentric hypothesis. By putting the centre of the sun's path  $\frac{1}{4}$  of its radius away from the earth he accounted for its apparently greater speed in January than in July, and he could calculate its daily arc. To arrive at these numerical results he invented a rudimentary trigonometry, both plane and spherical. Hipparchus also made a map of the heavens by which future observers could find out whether there were any proper motions of any of the fixed stars, slowly altering their relative positions to each other. He showed that the length of the day as well as that of the year is a fixed quantity of time, and he also detected the precession of the equinoxes and the eastward movement of the moon's apogee.

Hipparchus so clearly conceived, stated, and reduced to numerical results this theory of eccentrics and epicycles, out of which all subsequent advances have grown, that he is universally styled the father of astronomy. He reduced the apparently confused and inexplicable planetary movements to a system, and by giving a theory whose calculated results could be compared with observed facts, set men on the road which led to the truth, though that goal was only reached through the overthrow of the hypothesis of this their first great instructor.

The Hipparchian system received its fullest embodiment in the works of Ptolemy, whose "Almagest" gives us  $\frac{99}{100}$  of all we know of ancient astronomy. This able, clear-headed disciple of Hipparchus wrote and labored, observed, and measured amidst the groves and gardens of Alexandria.

Aided by the wealth which the princely rulers of that city placed at the command of the Alexandrian philosophers, he constructed larger and better instruments than had ever been employed before for the measurement of angles and the determination of the places of the heavenly bodies. His accuracy of observation enabled him to detect what is called evection, one of the discrepancies between the moon's observed position in certain parts of her monthly orbit and that place which the Hipparchian tables assigned her, and he also detected an inequality in the planetary motions. He suc-

ceeded in reconciling both of these observed facts with the Hipparchian theory, but in doing so he was forced to begin that long line of added elements of complexity in the system which finally outweighed and destroyed it.

After the death of Ptolemy, about the year 150 of our era, nearly 1,400 years rolled away before another great step in advance was taken. A sudden and peremptory arrest was soon to be put upon this and all kindred pursuits. For when the Roman legions, whose splendid discipline had made them for centuries a living rampart around Southern Europe, at last gave way and the Northern Barbarians poured through their broken ranks in an irresistible flood, when all through the Roman Empire, Frank and Gaul, Hun and Goth, Greek and Turk were grappling in deadly strife, and ancient civilization went down in a storm of blood and fire, men had other than scientific interests to attend to, and Astronomy, affrighted at the din, fled back to the home of its childhood, and found a haven in the city of the Caliphs.

These Saracenic conquerors of Asia Minor acquired from their subjects a knowledge of Grecian astronomy, cultivated the study in a reverential spirit, preserved it through the darkest hours of the Middle Ages, and when the morning began to break and learning to revive, handed back to Western Europe all the treasure they had received, enriched by those inestimable conveniences, a decimal notation and a simplified trigonometry.

But while these Arabs preserved our science they did little else. They made scarcely any advance. They had in large measure that truly Asiatic genius for keeping things as they find them, for doing as their fathers did, for believing as their fathers believed. In this Eastern atmosphere social customs, religious beliefs, and governmental systems take to themselves fixed forms, seem cast in unbreakable moulds.

The pigtail of the Chinaman, the caste system of the Hindoo, the theology of Brahma grow heavy with time and venerable under the weight of years, and astronomy transferred from Asia to Western Europe left a realm of stagnation for a region full of a fierce and active life. Here were gifted men, eager, restless, inquiring, able and willing to bring any and every system before the bar of their reason, to question and cross-question, to put it to every form of test that ingenuity could devise, ready to grasp and hold as truth whatever stood the fiery trial, but equally ready to abandon any doctrine that failed to satisfy. That this theory of eccentrics and epicycles would not be

taken in unquestioning submission by all the spirits of such a people, was early evidenced in the reply that Alphonso of Castile made to the man who explained to him this complex system: "If God had had me beside Him at Creation, the universe would have been on a better and simpler plan." Therefore we need not be surprised to find that though canon and monk, professor and student accepted and taught the Hipparchian astronomy in every capital in Europe, yet muttered doubts were often heard, and that finally Copernicus, seeing that each advance in accuracy of observation, each discovery of planetary inequalities was followed by more epicycles and an ever-growing complexity of system, abandoned this geocentric astronomy, and eagerly sought some hypothesis that might give a simpler explanation of these complicated motions.

Here let us note how the older astronomer became his guide in the search for the true centre. The fact that Venus and Mercury went round the earth in the same time as the sun, and the fact that each swung continually from one side to the other of that luminary, seemed to point to some connection between them and it. In the case of the outer planets he observed that during the time the centre of the epicycle of any one of these planets went once round the earth on its deferent, the real planet made as many revolutions on the circumference of its own epicycle as the sun made journeys round the earth, and that continuously the arm of the epicycle which carried the planet pointed towards the sun, and lastly, that these facts were true of each and all of them. Led by these considerations, he tried to explain the phenomena of the heavens by the heliocentric hypothesis.

While the simplicity of this system seemed to commend it, the objections to it were not few, and to the men of that age not without great force. I will mention only one or two. It was urged against the diurnal motion of the earth that if a man is thus carried round to the east, a ball tossed straight up in the air would be left behind and fall far to the west of him. To men who knew nothing of the composition of velocities, and who had often noticed that if one threw up his hat while in a rapidly moving carriage he was sure to lose it, the objection was almost fatal, and Copernicus could only reply that in the cabin of a ship one could toss up things and catch them without any such inconvenience. To the objection that to suppose this huge earth rolled round on its axis once in twenty-four hours implied an unreasonable velocity of its surface, he replied that it involved a greater to suppose the fixed stars performed their vastly larger journey in the same time. Against his idea of an annual motion of the earth

round the sun, the want of parallax in the fixed stars was hurled with telling force.

It was surely well for the fate of the Copernican system that the sun's distance from us was at that time thought to be sixty or seventy times that of the moon, not four hundred times, as we know it now.

While Copernicus, in proving the beauty and simplicity of this heliocentric system, laid the foundations of modern astronomy, he coupled with the truth which he established the old false idea of circular paths and uniform motions.

Convinced that no system was worth anything which could not be brought within the realm of mathematical processes and from which numerical results could not be deduced, he spent a long life in the patient, painstaking labor of making a complete exposition of his system in geometrical language, and therefore in his attempt to reconcile the unequal motions of the planets with his idea of uniform circular paths he was compelled to make again a limited use of eccentrics and epicycles. This conscientious and complete elaboration of his system delayed the publication of his work till the end of his life, and the only copy of his book which he ever saw, and which he never opened, was handed him the day he died. The knowledge of the Copernican theory spread slowly throughout Europe, rousing much opposition but gaining many able and brilliant defenders, and gradually winning to its side most of the prominent astronomers and mathematicians of the age. Solar and lunar tables were soon constructed on this basis, and left to future generations to determine how accurately they gave the positions of these bodies.

Amidst the able men of that time, who early in life embraced the Copernican astronomy, no name stands out so prominently or shines so brightly as that of Kepler. This man, whose reverent, enthusiastic, and hopeful spirit no labor could depress, no difficulty frighten, and no defeat subdue, seems to me one of the most fascinating spirits of that age, rich as it was in daring endeavor and heroic achievement. In the life and labors of Kepler is found one of those epoch-making moments of which human history is so full. When we think that America had but lately been discovered, that here and there adventurous spirits, in tiny ships, were setting out from European harbors to found new homes and to gather the first few sheaves of the coming harvests; when we reflect that their modes of obtaining latitude and longitude were so crude that it was almost the toss of a penny whether the daring navigators would hit the mouth of the St. Lawrence or the Gulf of Mexico; when we know that the present astronomical tables,

whose marvellous accuracy leads the modern steamship with unerring certainty to the most distant port, are wholly and fully based on Newton's theorem, and that that theorem never could have been established without Kepler's laws ; and when, on the other hand, we see that the search which led to their discovery forced Kepler, from early life until old age, to aim at what in the existing state of astronomical knowledge must have seemed utterly fanciful, forced him into a pursuit that might easily have turned out to be a mere chase after a will-o'-the-wisp—when we join all these things together, surely we must feel that in Kepler's labors the commercial interests of the world hung in the balance, and that it must have been some bright spirit from on high who gave him the happy inspiration, sustained him under defeats innumerable, and finally led him on to victory. The idea which took such a hold of him as to mould his life, to direct his thought and guide his labors was this, that some unknown bond connected all the planets together and made of them one family revolving about a parent sun. What reason was there to suppose such a bond to exist?—and if it did, in what did it lie?—in some relation of the planets' sizes to their distances from the sun or from each other, or in their masses and their distances, or in their periodic times and their weights? In what was he to look for the mysterious link which, likely as not, had no existence except in his ingenious brain. But the same providential guidance which had fixed so strong a faith within him led him to seek for his treasure in a relation between the distances of these bodies from the sun and the number of days it took them to complete their revolutions. Convinced that here would be found the link sought, he began his long and wearisome investigation into the relations of these quantities to each other. First he tried if a proportion existed in the simple values of these magnitudes, then in various multiples of them, then in simple values of some and powers of the others ; making guess after guess, forming hypothesis after hypothesis, testing each by thorough but cumbrous methods, abandoning it when found fruitless, never at a loss to construct another, entering on the trial of each last formed theory with spirit as hopeful, ardor as unabated as if failure had been unknown : thus trying and failing, rising and falling, did this brave spirit toil on through nearly thirty years of earnest struggle, till at last relenting nature confessed herself vanquished, yielded up her planetary secret, and handed over to Kepler his well-earned treasure.

May we not forgive the harmless burst of joy with which he hailed his victory? Surely even we, cold Anglo-Saxons though we be, hating scenes and detesting gush, even we may sympathize with the

enthusiastic Dutchman as in great excitement he exclaims : " Nothing holds me. I will indulge my secret fury. If you forgive me, I rejoice ; if you are angry, I can bear it. The die is cast, the book is written to be read now, or by posterity, I care not which. *It* may well wait a century for a reader since God has awaited six thousand years for an observer." Now what justifies the special delight which this poetic, prophetic spirit took in his first and second, but above all, in his third law ? Why do *we* view these discoveries as so important ? Is not every new fact of value ? Undoubtedly it is, and perhaps the next step could not be taken without it, yet we feel that some truths are so evidently turning-points in the progress of a science, that to *our* minds they outrank their fellows. Among these regal truths we class the Keplerian laws.

Taking the accurate observations which Tycho Brahe made from the towers of Uraniberg, Kepler showed that the real paths of the planets could not be reconciled with any circular hypothesis whatever, around either earth or sun, centrally or eccentrically situated, and abandoning that curve with all its complicated machinery of deferent and epicycle he established his first law that the planetary orbits are ellipses with the sun in a common focus. Watching carefully the motions of the planets in these elliptical orbits, he soon reached the second of his discoveries, and proved that each planet so moved in its orbit that a line joining it with the sun would continually sweep over equal-sized triangles in equal times.

In these two laws Kepler finished satisfactorily and forever that phase of the astronomical problem through which, up to that hour, it had been passing. Generations of astronomers, in long succession had been spelling out slowly and laboriously, letter by letter, the answer to the questions about what ? and in what shaped paths do these bodies revolve ? To their labors Kepler put the finishing touch, and henceforth no one ever asked *how* do the planets move. But while he was thus the Malachi of the old dispensation, he was also a Moses leading men towards a new realm, bringing them to its very borders, but unable himself to enter in. His third law, that the squares of the periods of revolution are as the cubes of the distances from the sun, so evidently linked all these bodies in some mysterious fashion to the sun that the question at once rose to every lip : *Why* do they move in elliptical orbits ? *Why* do their radii vectores sweep over equal areas in equal times, and *why* are their periods so bound to their distances ?

With these *whys* our problem changes its features altogether and enters a new phase.



Now the search is not for movements, but for their *physical cause*. Convinced that here some force is at work, the questions now were: Where does it reside? How does it act, and whence does it come? But the solution of this problem was altogether too heavy for astronomy alone. A sister science, that of mechanics, had to appear on the scene to pass through its period of infancy, develop a strong, vigorous life, clasp hands with its elder sister, and thus give to human history the first instance of a combined attack of the sciences upon one stronghold of darkness.

Clear mechanical ideas had been very long in forming. The doctrines of motion were very vague. Men divided all motions into the meaningless classes of voluntary, natural and violent.

Circular uniform motion was considered an instance of the first class. Natural motion was supposed to be always stronger at the end than at the beginning as in the case of falling bodies, and it was presumed also to be always in straight lines, for a body under natural motion was supposed to be seeking the end which nature intended it to find, and nature always seeks her ends by the shortest route. Violent motion was any other kind. This whole body of misty, unscientific notions had been clothed in definite statements, put into something like a connected system and embodied in the science writings of Aristotle, and shared with his other ideas the faith and reverence which made them text-books in natural science for generations. But when men began to give up the quest for scientific truth in subtle but barren discussions about the ideas involved in the mere words they were daily using, and learned to intelligently question the phenomena actually passing on around them, then a revolt against Aristotle's sway was inevitable. Into this battle for the truth Galileo entered with hearty zest. Called to teach while yet a young man, he filled his lecture-room with crowds eager to hear the daring youngster expound the mechanical theorems of that old master, only to refute and ridicule them. So audacious and irreverent a procedure could not long go without a protest from the older and more dignified dons of the universities, and Galileo was called to account for his conduct. Gladly accepting the challenge, and choosing for battle-ground the universally received Aristotelian doctrine that the heavier a body is the faster it must fall, he and his opponents repair to the top of the leaning tower of Pisa; the spectators gather at the base, the trial balls are carefully weighed, one is just twice the weight of the other, the issue is fairly taken, the dons, the professors, the monks, the whole Aristotelian phalanx asserting that the heavy one must reach the

pavement in half the time taken by the other ; on the other side young Galileo alone daring to differ, and to assert that both would go down together ; a moment's suspense, the balls start, wing their way downward side by side, and strike at the same instant.

Of course official dignity must be preserved, and since the balls behaved so unseemly somebody must suffer. Galileo is driven into exile and outraged authority is appeased. This Galileo, having heard rumors of a strange magic glass by which somebody in the Low Countries was making the distant steeples seem close, and knowing a little of optics himself, constructed with his own hands a rude tube, fitted in the lenses, and so became the first among men to scan the heavens with a telescope.

Though Galileo made many very striking discoveries, greatly assisted the Copernicans, and widened men's conceptions of the bounds and numbers of the planetary system, it is not in Galileo, the astronomer, we are concerned at this instant, but in Galileo, the discoverer of the laws of falling bodies and of the parallelogram of forces, and the fellow-worker with Stevinus, Descartes, and Huyghens in overturning the Aristotelian physics, and in building up that science of mechanics for which astronomy, at this hour, stood in need. With this bare reference to Galileo and his co-workers, whose labors, though in another field, were absolutely necessary to enable astronomy to move on, we must hasten with our narrative and take up our problem at the point where Newton found it ; state clearly what he sought, and try to understand the steps by which he climbed to his great discovery.

Of the man himself I need say nothing. Everybody is familiar with the story of his weak and suffering childhood, with the early shown bent of his genius, with the laughably hopeless efforts of relations to make a farmer of him, who, while the sheep went astray and the cows trampled the corn, was utterly lost in mathematical problems, in constructing sundials and water-wheels. There is not a schoolboy or girl in all Anglo-Saxondom who does not glow with pride at the mention of his name, and men of every nationality acknowledge that if all the scientists of the ages should meet in solemn conclave Newton would be chosen president.

This was the man, who, master of all that had been done up to his time in astronomy, mathematics and mechanics, sought by utilizing these various stores of knowledge and focusing these separate rays of light, to answer all the whys which since Kepler's time had been the puzzle of the astronomical world.

Huyghens had shown that if a body is revolving in a curved path it tends at each point of its course to move off in a straight line, and would so move unless some force pulled it out of that line, and, therefore, these planets revolving in curved paths must at each point in their orbits be pulled by some force out of the straight tangent line in which they would otherwise move. Where did that force lie? And according to what law did it act? In answering, let us follow nearly as possible Newton's steps.

First he showed that the planets could not move in accordance with Kepler's third law, unless they were effected by a force towards the sun's centre, and varying in strength as the inverse squares, that is, if one planet was twice as far from the sun as another, this attractive force would exert upon it only one-fourth of the power which it would exert on the nearer. His next inquiry was this, Could a force acting in the same way and tending to the same centre account for the shape of the paths? To answer this second query he undertook to find what path any body would pursue under two forces—one impulsive, tending to drive the body in a straight line in any direction, the other constant, and tending to pull the body towards a fixed point. He hoped he would find this path to be an ellipse. It turned out to be any one of four different curves, an ellipse, parabola, circle or hyperbola. Here his result was more general, more far reaching in its consequences than even he had anticipated, for it not only accounted for the planetary orbits, but proved that those comets which, falling into our system from the depths of infinite space, sweep once round our sun with terrible velocities, and in their parabolic paths fly out again never to return, were governed also by the same law of attractive force located at the sun's centre. He had now shown that the *sun* attracted each *planet* according to this law of inverse squares. The next query was, Does each planet attract its own satellite according to the same law? The proof of this involved proving that the earth pulls the moon towards its centre by exactly the same kind of force as it pulls a stone dropped near the ground.

It was known in Newton's time that the moon's distance from the earth's centre was sixty times the earth's radius, whatever that radius might be. Therefore, if the earth's attraction for the moon acted according to the inverse squares, its strength at the moon to pull the moon down would be  $\frac{1}{3600}$  of the power of the earth on a stone near its surface. Again, Galileo had shown that if a body falls in one second any distance, in two seconds it would fall four times as far, in three seconds nine times as far; therefore, in sixty seconds, or one minute,

3,600 times as far as in one second. Now, combine the weakened effect of the earth's attraction at the distance of the moon with the number of seconds in one minute, and you will see that if the attraction of the earth for the moon obeys this law of inverse squares, then the moon must be falling in toward the earth every minute of every month, just as far as a stone falls in one second down here, and that, you all know, is sixteen feet. Well, Newton, taking the value of the earth's radius as it was then supposed to be, found that the moon's actual fall per minute was only thirteen feet. Here was a terrible disappointment! Was the hope that had begun to dawn on him vain? So far the result of his labors had pointed to one single force regulating all these vast movements, and explaining equally well the path of a planet and that of a falling apple. Was all this to turn out a delusion? He could not tell. No error in the work could be found, so the papers were put away, and nearly twenty years passed by ere the discrepancy was explained. After the lapse of those long years, when attending a meeting of the Royal Society, he learned that Picard, of France, had just completed the most careful and accurate measurement ever made of the earth's radius. With this important revelation of an error in the old received value of the earth's radius, hope revived. Taking the new value, reviewing his work eagerly, and finding as he progressed that the wished-for result was likely to appear, he grew so excited, trembled so violently, that he passed the work over to a friend, and the long-hidden truth was found.

The next step in this grandly widening generalization was to show that the sun pulled each *satellite* according to the same law as that by which it controlled the planets. To prove this was an undertaking vastly more difficult than the three preceding ones; for if the sun did influence a satellite, its influence was evidently so mixed up with that exerted by the planet on it, and the motion which the sun's power gave it, if it gave it any, was so woven into its orbit round the planet to which it belonged that to disentangle one of these motions from the other, and assign to sun and to planet the exact effect due to each, seemed a hopeless task; but bending all his splendid abilities on the work in hand, bringing into play his singular power of concentrated attention to one point, inventing new and more potent mathematical methods, and seizing with unerring instinct just the discoveries of preceding ages which bore on his problem, the work was done, and Newton had reached the next resting place in his upward march.

On this elevated platform let us rest a moment and find out where we are. After our dizzy climb we need an instant to take breath and

understand the scene before us, and as on this Alpine height our vision clears, and our thought takes in the significance of the prospect, we see below us the whole of our planetary system from centre to circumference, we notice the controlling central mass and the great wheeling orbs around it. We feel within us the glow of conscious power as we realize that in the attractive force of these spheres for each other we have the key of the whirling motions—that we can calculate the effect of each upon the others—can predict to a hair's breadth where each will be amidst the starry host a thousand years hence, and point out exactly by what point each was passing a thousand years ago. Surely our guide will stop here. But no; while we are resting and in a half-bewildered way are trying to master what he has already shown us, this tireless daring spirit is planning how he can scale a far loftier height and win a higher vantage ground. We think the realm of our solar system, over which he has already shown that his law holds sway, is surely large, and so it is; but it is nothing to that of which he is thinking now. If with the velocity that would carry us across the Atlantic in the one-tenth part of a second, we should wing our way from our sun outwards, we could reach the utmost confines of our system in twenty-four hours; but we would be forced to press on our rapid flight day after day, and day after day, for eighteen years, before we could reach the nearest out-post of that region to which his thought is directed. The query with him now is this, "Does the law hold in those far-off realms," and he sees that the answer to this question lies in the answer to another, namely, Is the attractive force really at the centre of these bodies, or is its apparent connection with the centre only the resultant effect of many smaller forces? All the bodies in our system are spheres, or nearly so. Does this force exist in them because they are spheres, or are they spheres because of the existence of this force? Would this force be found in them at all if they were of any other shape? Is it in them because they fill the relation to each other of sun and planet? Would it be there if they performed no such offices? In short, the query now is, Does this force lie in these bodies as masses, or is its true home in each separate particle of which their bulk is formed? If it could be shown that this attractive power exists in every particle of matter of whatever kind and wherever placed, then every region of the universe must own the sway of this far-reaching law. The vast shoals of meteoric dust which seem to float through all the inter-planetary spaces, and out of which, as we sweep along, we gather those beautiful shooting stars that, like fireflies, now here, now there, light up our midnight skies, are not made up of

particles too small, nor are the fixed stars, to whose bulk our earth is as nothing, too large to bow to this universal gravitation. It is not easy to realize the sweeping character of the conception whose truth Newton undertook to establish. Suppose you take your stand on a headland by the sea shore, watch an ocean steamship as she surges past with her 6,000 tons burden at twenty miles an hour, and begin to speculate on what kind of cable would be necessary which, with one end anchored shorewards and the other fastened to the ship, should force her, in spite of engine and wheelsman, to move in the arc of a circle. How many strands of twisted steel would you need for the ponderous rope? Now turn your thoughts for a moment to this earth as she speeds on her way round the sun, and see in her a mass not of six thousand but of six sextillions of tons, moving not at twenty miles an hour but at eighteen miles a second, and tell me, was he not a bold man who undertook to show that all the rushing masses of hurrying worlds are held fast to the sun, and bent into their curving paths by mighty cables made out of gossamer strands of such infinitesimal attractions as play back and forth between the dust particles which you see floating in the air across the track of a sunbeam?

And yet, not only did Newton make this endeavor, but triumphed in it grandly, for by a beautiful, many-linked chain of invincible argument he climbed to this last height in his ascending course and one of the greatest truths ever reached by an unaided mortal was won.

Realizing at once the importance of the doctrine of universal gravitation, as this discovery was called, eager astronomers in Europe and America went to work with high hopes and redoubled energy, and have won and are winning triumph after triumph, but in this Newtonian astronomy we have the clue which they all have followed, the key which explains nearly all they have done.

Our task is finished. We have floated down the long stream of astronomical discovery and found the solution of this problem of the ages.

## The Hypodermic Syringe.

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I HAD a dream the other night  
When everything was still,  
I thought I saw the devil  
A-coming down a hill;  
An awful look was in his eye,  
With fear he made me cringe,  
He bore within his smoky hand  
A hypodermic syringe.

“Aha,” he cried, “ole Alcohol  
May like a serpent hiss ;  
The worst that he could ever do  
Cannot compare with this.  
The stouted frame I wreck and break,  
The strongest brain unhinge ;  
I do it all in secret with  
My hypodermic syringe.

I’ve planted bottles full of pap  
About this lovely earth ;  
I’ve soothing syrups ready for  
The infant at his birth ;  
And when the child to manhood grows  
And feels the slightest twinge,  
I straight present my victim with  
A hypodermic syringe.

He’ll steal, he’ll cheat, he’ll beg, he’ll beat,  
He’ll gladly pawn his shirt  
To get the soul-destroying drug  
To fill his little squirt ;  
It’s dangerous to look on wine  
That has a ruby tinge,  
Red wine is not a patch upon  
My hypodermic syringe.

I’ve got some things stored up in hell  
That men have made for me—  
A whiskey still, a big bomb-shell,  
A two-edged snicker-snee.  
You’ve seen such like on earth, I wis,  
To make the natives cringe ;  
The worst of all the outfit is  
A hypodermic syringe !

THE KHAN.

## Missionary and Religious.

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### Imitation of Christ.

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THERE is nothing more sure and certain than that man can best be cultivated by imitation, that it is copying the great and beautiful type of example that educates man. It is only the few and the elect and the rare that can be original—the mass must be imitators; and even as regards the originals they become models by working after a model or an idea. Men have defined art as the imitation of nature, but the nature it imitates is not, of course, nature devoid of life that lies behind man, but the beautiful nature transfigured by mind that lives within him. The supreme genius in art is the man that sees furthest into nature, and gives most of himself to the nature that he sees. He can make us feel that in a scene that is just prosaic to us, lies a light that was never on sea or shore, and he can make us feel the inspiration and the poet's dream. To a man trained after a great master, the nature that is to be imitated is a nature transfigured and made, as it were Divine. To one race God gave the sense of beauty; the Greek read the meaning of "the human form divine," expressed in his art, and bequeathed his gift to all posterity. When the rude barbarian made an end of Greek beauty, and buried it under its own ruins, the very sense of grace and shapeliness and seemliness seemed to die out of the mind of men. When, in later days, under the ruins the shapely bust, the beautiful head, the rare and exquisite form of the hero and of the god were discovered, there came back to man a new feeling for art, and by copying the antique, by imitating the Greek, he regained his lost sense of beauty.

So in an order by himself, infinitely higher than the order of ourselves, stands the man Jesus Christ. Man's lost sense of God, man's lost sense of spiritual loveliness come back to him in the presence of Christ; and as he copies he is cultivated, as he imitates he grows like the Divine, for the highest region in which cultivation by imitation can be seen is religious. Yet there, too, it is a thing of nature, though nature at her highest and purest. Man is to be an imitator of God, for he is, as it were, of the stock of God: he bore the divine image and had the divine superscription before the image was defaced and the superscription effaced, but the ruined image and superscription are both restored. Man in order to be godly must be God-like, and his God-



likeness is a matter of nature ; because we are of God's kin we are of God's kind. Mind from highest to lowest is still mind ; the Divine and the human may be infinitely distant, yet the distance is of degree, not of nature. Within the kingdom of nature there are divisions where things approach and even touch, and yet are never inter-confused. The mineral does not change into the vegetable ; the vegetable is not transformed into the animal ; the animal does not grow into the man, but in the kingdom of mind, between the highest, the maker of the universe, and the lowest, looking through the hardly human eye of the savage, there is an infinite distance in degree, but there is no absolute difference of kind between Shakespeare's fancy's sweetest child and the almost brutal Kaffir ; between Newton reading with piercing eye into the mechanism of heaven and the hardly articulate Australian there may intervene what seems an impassable gulf, but it is a gulf that time and opportunity and culture can bridge.

Give the thousands of years of training to the savage that the civilized man has had, and he is savage no more—he, too, stands up a civilized man. So between God and man there is and ever must be an infinite distance. Yet the progressive nature of created mind makes it an infinite impossibility that mind shall ever approach towards a divine that cannot be reached, yet which it ever has in view. He who comes as man into the world is just a little lower than the angels ; give him the angels' opportunity and time and there is no angelic space he will not cover, no path he will not tread, no end he will not gain. Man thus capable of infinite progress, progression indefinite is man by imitation, can be cultivated, made the image of the Divine.

Since, then, man's kinship to God involves the capability of likeness to God, the main point needed is the image of the Divine, the apparent manifest copy of the Eternal. In the old law it was said, "Be ye holy, for I am holy," yet that God was just, as it were man's own notion of the Divine. It did not stand manifest, incorporate, incarnate before heaven, but the very image of God had this strength and distinctive quality. He also was the son of man, the true and perfect image of the Eternal, and at the same time the true and perfect image of the Temple. Here you will observe that just because of this Christ is the most imitable of all characters. He is the one being in history that all historical men can copy and, as it were, reproduce. Do not think that that is a mere pulpit paradox. He is indeed pre-eminent, one with whom man can be contrasted rather than compared. He stands in a supreme order, or, as it were, by

himself. So much is this the case that to love Him is to love all mankind, to serve Him is to serve man and God and eternity. In obedience to Him and in honor of His name men have built great churches, reared immense cathedrals that look down upon their commerce and preside over their daily life: in honor of His name they have chosen reproach, surrender of pleasures of sin, and lived the highest and noblest life, and for love of Him they have courted shame. Love of Him has quieted their hearts, angry at its own suffering, and given richer and newer meaning to all the passions and all the pages of time. When you look at Him in His relation to man He is alone the one Being who has no fellow, the one Power that is the power in life, in thought, in character.

Turn to the history of Christian art and literature as expressed in the conception of Jesus and see what it says. In earliest Christian art Jesus appears as a radiant youth; a kind of eternal youthfulness looks out from His placid and radiant brow. Something of the old Greek love of beauty lived, and they made Jesus beautiful—beautiful as the dream of man could make Him. They represented Him in two forms: first, as a teacher sitting in the midst of His disciples, creating life and making radiant, whose very person is a lesson in moral and physical beauty. The other form is the form of a shepherd, coming home with lambs or the lost sheep, bearing the one in his arm and the other on his shoulder, bearing it by strength which yet was love, home to safety and to God. When the world, which was the church, grew further and further from His spirit and became possessed by the sadness of a disordered mind, and threw back upon Him a misery and a pain unknown to the older Christ, then you see the mediæval Master rise, the man who suffered pain; and they began to represent Him with a crown of thorns, to represent Him with the wounded hand and the wounded side. And you have it in His modern reproduction—the weariness of the Carpenter in His workshop, tired with anguish, raising himself in His weariness and shaping himself like a cross and casting its shadow upon His simple-minded mother. The art that sees in Christ only the Man of Sorrow, only the One who never had, as it were, the ever-radiant beauty save as a child in His mother's arms, is surely false to life. I would not speak one ungenerous word of that great devotional mood; its spirit of devotion is beautiful, needful, never more needful than now; it is the quality of its devotion that needs to be entirely and radically changed. It turns an ascetic face to Him. What underlies it is the

complaint of the preacher, of the old sceptic that survives in Ecclesiastes, who preaches "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity !" and he turns from the world with that feeling, renouncing all and giving himself up to monastic seclusion and the misery that it brings. Never was this monastic self-torture in life native to Christ. He never said, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." A devotion based on the spirit of vanity as expressed here is not a devotion that expressed the soul and the inspiration of Christ. He loved man ; He was an enemy of disease as well as of sin ; He was a physician of the soul but also of the body. He did not love to see the blind man sitting by the wayside begging ; blindness He labored to remove, and begging He labored to end. As He loved life He loved joy. His first gracious appearance was at a wedding feast, making the joy of the wedding more abundant by His presence. He loved nature with a rich, great affection. Take the sermon on the lily, and see how He appreciated its pure and tender beauty ! Look at the parables and hear how He expressed His feelings with regard to the cultivation of the mustard seed, the sower going out to sow, the growth of the vine and the fig-tree. Many a day He must have spent on the hills that clustered around Nazareth, many a time He must have walked out into the valleys with tender imagination and fancy free, dwelling on the things they symbolized—the great Heaven above, and the silent yet everywhere-present God.

So Jesus, drawing in upon Him all that was beautiful in nature, placing himself against all that was evil in man, gave us His great example that carried with it suffering. He who would cure ill must suffer from the ill he cures in doing it. He took upon Him our sin, for the man who never stooped to sin, to ignorance, never helped to do away with it, the man who never saw crime never ended it. The passion of Christ was a passion to save that involved hatred of ill and sin, but love of life.—*A. M. Fairbairn, D.D.*

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PHILOSOPHY of schools, nor science wise,  
 Nor labor itself life's secret finds ;  
 'Tis love alone can sheathe the alien sword,  
 And crown mankind in his own kingdom Lord.

—From "*An Old Fisher's Song*," by Theodore H. Rand.

### Self-Reverence.

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YOU are the brethren of Christ, the sons of God ; the dignity of His likeness and image is upon you ; the sign of His cross upon your brows. Your bodies are His holy temple, your hearts the altar on which He has kindled the fire of His love. You hear His word, you receive His sacrament. You are called by His high calling to be holy and pure. The glory of your adoption, the inestimable price paid for your redemption, the ennobling mystery of sanctification, have you more sacred than a dedicated thing. There is nothing high, there is nothing noble, there is nothing God-like to which you are not clearly summoned ; for which you are not naturally fit. And shall *you* descend voluntarily into the defilement and pollution of sin ? Nay, reverence yourselves for you are greater than you know. Oh, surely when you think of the high and holy men, the household and city of God on earth : or, when yet passing upwards you mingle in thought with the spirits and souls of the righteous in those solemn choirs and sweet societies, that sing, and singing in their glory move ; or, when soaring yet higher on the wings of solemn and consecrated thought you fix your contemplations on the Father who created you, on the Spirit who shed His light abroad in your hearts, on the great High Priest who stands to intercede for you by the throne of the Majesty on high. Surely in the light of such thought, the philosophy which jests at sin, and the worldly wisdom which bids you descend from the sunlight of holy contemplation to fill yourself with the husks which the swine do eat—surely, I say, in the light of such contemplations the rank theories of the worldling and the sensualist become hideous and revolting. So may they ever seem, not for the condemnation of others, but for the ennoblement of ourselves. So may they ever seem to us till our lives are worthy of the holy name whereby we are called. Wholly worthy in this life they cannot be, but by God's grace they shall be hereafter, when in that city into which can enter no evil, no abominable thing, He who hath loved us and purchased us to himself with His own blood, shall clothe our sinful souls in the white robe of His righteousness and confess our names before His Father and before His angels.—*Farrar.*

TERMS: \$1.00 A YEAR; SINGLE COPIES, 15 CENTS.

All matter intended for insertion in the columns of the paper, together with all exchanges, should be addressed to E. W. GRANGE, Editor-in-Chief of ACTA VICTORIANA, Victoria University, Toronto.

All business matter should be referred to W. G. SMITH, Business Manager, ACTA VICTORIANA, Victoria University, Toronto.

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## Editorial.

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otes.

WE desire to express the thanks of ACTA Board for the many favorable notices of our Xmas issue. The kind words of praise and encouragement we have received are very thoroughly appreciated. We hope to continue by our issues of this term the favorable impression created by our last number.



OUR February issue will contain an illustrated article on "Art in Canadian Book-Binding," by Mrs. Dignam, President of the Woman's Art Association of Canada, and also a paper by Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith, on the subject of "Canadian Artists and their Work." The names of the writers and the character of the subjects are a guarantee of the interest and value of the articles, and need no further comment from us.



The following letter speaks for itself and will be of interest to the students :

OTTAWA, *December 27th*, 1898.

*Editors ACTA VICTORIANA.*

*Dear Sirs,*—I am much obliged to you for sending me two copies of ACTA VICTORIANA, and congratulate you on the admirable number you have brought out for the holiday season. It is by far the best sample of literary scholarship and editorial selection that I have yet seen issued from our universities, and reflects much credit on your young men. Wishing you success in the coming year, I am,  
sincerely yours.

JNO. G. BOURINOT.

WE have a number of Christmas copies still on hand. We trust the students and friends of the college will assist the Board to make the venture a financial success by sending in their orders for extra numbers.



IN the December issue of *The Argosy* there appears among the editorial notes a rather bombastic charge of plagiarism against us in relation to our November editorial on the college campus and the value of a first-rate football team as an advertising agent. We gladly acknowledge the fact that in our article of forty-six lines we did "steal" (quoted from *The Argosy*) seven lines of *The Argosy's* "thunder" (quoted from *The Argosy*). They expressed in good language the idea we wished to convey, and we feel that no apology is necessary for our using them. We regret, however, that we neglected to give *The Argosy* due credit for their use.

We would beg to suggest to "our editorial brethren" (*sic*, quoted from *The Argosy*) that the half column given to the charge of plagiarism might have been better employed in making an *acknowledgment* of plagiarism. In their November issue appeared a very able article on "The Occupation of Egypt," from the pen of R. B. H., '99. It is a "curious coincidence" (quoted from *The Argosy*) that in Sir Alfred Milner's work, "England in Egypt," "the very same opinions" (quoted from *The Argosy*) should have been "expressed" (quoted from *The Argosy*) "in the very same language" (quoted from *The Argosy*). The article in question occupies some four pages, and consequently the "curious coincidence" (quoted from *The Argosy*) is all the more striking. It is rather ludicrous, too, that when the charge of plagiarism was made against us, *The Argosy's* attention had been drawn to Sir Alfred Milner's "steal" (quoted from *The Argosy*) from its columns.

We have, however, no desire to quarrel with the judgment of the editorial staff of so valuable a paper as *The Argosy*, and desire to sincerely thank them for the otherwise very kind references to ACTA.



A FEW figures as to some of the leading universities of the United States may be of interest to our readers. The total number of regular students at Harvard this year is 3,879; at the University of Pennsylvania, 2,719; at the University of Michigan, 2,694; at Yale, 2,542; at Columbia, 2,382; at the University of Chicago, 1,643; at Johns Hopkins, 580. In the graduate schools, there are 319 students at Harvard, 151 at the University of Pennsylvania, 73 at the University

of Michigan, 270 at Yale, 313 at Columbia, 370 at the University of Chicago, and 192 at Johns Hopkins. Harvard shows a total gain over last year of 101 students; in the graduate school, a gain of 51 students.



THE CONVERSAZIONE.

THE Conversazione of last month is generally acknowledged to have been the most successful one ever held in the halls of Victoria, and the committee in charge deserve the hearty thanks of every student for the way in which they performed their work.

But the success of the past ever serves to point the way to greater things in the future, and we venture to suggest a few changes in connection with the arrangements for the Conversazione, which we think would prove advantageous.

The members of the Faculty have always shown a warm interest in the success of the Conversat, and, whenever asked, have always gladly helped the committee in every way possible. It appears to us that it would be not only courteous, but also wise, if future committees were empowered to associate with themselves two or three members of the Faculty. We do not think that such an innovation would tend to take the control of the function out of the hands of the students, and we are confident that the experience and the judgment of such an advisory committee would materially aid the students in avoiding the breaches of polite usage and good taste that have sometimes occurred in past years.

Then, too, we would urge that the greatest care be taken to have all invitations, correspondence, etc., properly supervised and made to strictly agree with the rules of correct form. We have seen invitations sent out looking like grocers' circulars, and letters written and addressed in a hap-hazard and slovenly way. It may be thought that these small mistakes are mere trifles, but among people of culture and refinement these neglected trifles at once mark our status as gentlemen. The committee cannot be too careful in seeing that Victoria's foremost social function conforms in every particular to the dictates of the best society.

Moreover, we think that it would be a courteous and eminently fitting thing to send an invitation to every graduate and to every prominent friend of the College. Such an act of thoughtfulness would greatly tend to keep us in touch with our alumni.

As a final suggestion we would advise that at least one member from every sub-committee be retained each year, and that the ex-chairman and ex-secretary be made associate members of the committee.

## THE ESSAY PRIZE.

WE would like to suggest to the Literary Society the advisability of changing the annual essay prize of fifteen dollars to a prize given for the best short story contributed to ACTA. Essays we have in abundance, during our college course; but of original literary efforts we have practically none. Every student has, during his course, several opportunities to win a prize as the reward of his scholarship; but to the embryo litterateur we give scarcely any encouragement. We venture to state that the students as a whole would appreciate a good original story by one of themselves better than they would appreciate a prize essay. Moreover, there is to be considered the fact that such a story would prove a most interesting addition to the columns of ACTA. We hope the suggestion will be acted upon in the Literary Society.

ELECTIONS TO  
"ACTA" BOARD.

WE believe that a change could be made with advantage in the present method of electing the members of ACTA Board. In the case of *The Varsity* and many other college journals the staff is chosen by a nominating committee appointed by the Literary Society, and we believe that this system should be adopted in Victoria. At present the members of ACTA Board are elected by a majority vote of the whole Literary Society, and too frequently the students do not bear in mind the literary qualifications of the candidates for the office and the desirability of selecting the various members with a view to the prospective departments they are to fill. These difficulties would be obviated by appointing a nominating committee, which could take into consideration the various requirements of the Board and the real merits of each candidate.

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THE annual Conversazione of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, will be held on Friday, February 17th. A cordial invitation is extended to all Victoria students to enjoy the hospitality of the ladies of the College on that occasion. A special train will leave the Union Station at 6.30 p.m., going direct to the College grounds. Returning will leave the grounds at 12 o'clock. Railway tickets are one dollar each, and may be procured at the College from E. W. Grange, or at the office of R. C. Hamilton, 59 Yonge Street.



## “The Truth Shall Make You Free.”

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“THE truth shall make you free.” As the inscription meets us at the beginning of each succeeding term, the words seem to breathe more and more a sort of restful confidence and hidden strength. Does it make us free? Amid the hurry and the pressure of college work, we seldom stop to ask ourselves the good of it all. But yet we know we are growing gradually conscious of a freer and larger life; we feel the “glow of conscious power”; we are gaining a truer perspective of life, and leaving behind us the narrow horizon and that disproportionate view of the minor things of life which kept us groveling among trifles. Our thoughts have widened with the patient efforts of the years; faculties and aptitudes have been developed and revealed; we feel more, want more, are interested in a vastly greater variety of things, are haunted by thoughts, touched by emotions and moved by ideals which are incommunicable to those who have not drunk at the fountains of human science and culture.

And if any should ask, why leave “the unquestioning ignorance that was bliss”? we shall reply that conscious pain is better than unconscious lethargy, that *spirituel* delights transcend physical joys, and that the sensitiveness of a higher state of being is more to be desired than the obtuseness of a lower.

Aye, the truth *does* make us free. Henceforth to our soaring spirits there are no bounds.

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## The Student and His Society.

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EMERSON has said, “It is little matter what we learn; the question is, with whom we learn.” It is an oft-repeated and now somewhat trite saying that the curriculum plays too important a part in our college life, and that the cultivating influences of our associations are too often neglected. The lack of culture and social aplomb among Canadian students, as compared with their English prototypes, is indeed a hackneyed subject, but, nevertheless, a question which is of the greatest importance to all of us. How often have we heard the personal experience on the part of many of the withering influence upon the man who buries himself in the study of the recluse, where, in the constant contemplation of his own often lumbering mental

processes, he loses the power of acquitting himself in society with the facility of expression, the happy presence of mind and the quiet dignity of bearing necessary to the true gentleman. While nothing tends to make a man more interesting and attractive than a good developing course of study, there is, nevertheless, no scholarship which will take the place of the refinement and the self-forgetfulness which comes from the cultivation of the society of others.

On the other hand, there is, of course, to be avoided an empty and slavish subservience to the conventionalities and trivialities of society. As a former editor of ACTA has said, "The preserving of a rugged individuality along with a courteous bearing and susceptibility to impression on improvable points is the problem before us." The college student is not apt to lose his individuality. His education not only trains him to think, but it also gives him something to think about. He is apt, though, to become too self-centred, to neglect his social life and the opportunities afforded him of rubbing off the little excrescences of his own nature through contact with people of superior refinement and culture.

It will not harm us to assume more of the polish of good society, and it will be easy for us to guard against the superficialities which sometimes accompany it.

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### The Library.

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ADDED by purchase: Thorpe's Collection of Anglo-Saxon Poetry; Keat's Poems—ed. by Bates; Wordsworth's Poems—ed. by Dowden; Elze's Wm. Shakespeare; Lloyd's Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare; Sweet's New English Grammar, Parts I. and II.; New English Dictionary, ed. by Murray, vols. 1-3; Report and Despatches of the Earl of Durham; Francke's Glimpses of Modern German Culture; Alder's Wesleyan Missions; Collection of Hymns for the use of the M. E. Church, New York, 1821; Montgomery's Omnipresence of the Deity; Select Poems of Shelley, ed. by Alexander; Minto's Manual of English Prose Literature and Characteristics of English Poets; *The Expositor*, Third Series, 10 vols.; Indices to the Third Series of *The Expositor*; Moulton's Ancient Classical Drama; Lysiae Orationes, xvi., ed. by Shuckburgh; Lysias' Epitaphios, ed. by Snell; Wundt's Outlines of Psychology; Tennyson's In Memoriam, ed. by Rolfe; Brooke's English Literature; Keat's Poetical Works, ed. by Palgrave; Texte's Études de Littérature Européenne; Euripides' Alcestis, ed. by Paley.

## Personals and Exchanges.

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### Personals.

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[In order that these columns may become intensely interesting, may we request the graduates to contribute from time to time anything that might be of personal interest to the friends of ACTA.]

A HAPPY New Year to old students and graduates of Victoria. We invite your hearty co-operation during the ensuing year in making the personal columns of ACTA bright and interesting to all the friends of "Old Vic." A news item, a card, a letter recalling the scenes of college days, or any other manifestation of your continued interest in your *Alma Mater* will be gratefully received by the Board of Management.

WE regret very much that several communications concerning graduates were received too late for insertion in the Christmas number of ACTA. We take much pleasure in noting them in this issue.

G. J. LAIRD, '81, Ph.D., is performing the many and arduous duties of Registrar in Wesley College, Winnipeg.

W. J. SYKES, '91, Local Editor in '89-90, and gold medalist in Moderns, spent the year '91-92 in Cobourg Collegiate Institute as Modern Language Master. In September, '92, he was engaged as English Master in the Hamilton Collegiate; and in '94 was appointed English teacher in the Ottawa Collegiate, a position which he has since filled with great acceptance.

W. McMULLEN, '91, gold medalist in Philosophy, has been preaching since graduation in the London Conference. He is stationed for the current year at Ruthven, where he is doing good work.

AFTER graduation, A. Allin, '92, Social Editor of ACTA in '91-92, and gold medalist in Philosophy, went to Heidelberg and studied under the celebrated Kemo Fisher and Caspari. He then proceeded to the University of Breslau, where he studied under Bauemker, Freundenthal, and Lipps, entering the same classical association as the one attended by Prof. Bell. In '95 he obtained the degree of Ph.D. at Berlin University. During his vacations on the continent, he visited Austria, Italy, Denmark, Switzerland, Sweden and Norway. The year of '95 was spent at Clark University as Honorary Fellow in

Psychology, and in the following year he was appointed Professor of Psychology and Education at Ohio University. In '97 he was called to the charge of the Department of Psychology and Education in the State University of Colorado, situated at Boulder, Colorado, where he is now engaged. He is also Associate Editor of the Colorado *School Journal*. Last summer he was married to Miss Birdie Carey, of Toronto. ACTA extends to Mr. and Mrs. Allin kindest wishes for a bright and prosperous New Year.

AFTER a very successful college career, J. H. Riddell, '90, Editor-in-Chief of ACTA for '89-90, and gold medalist in Philosophy, wended his way westward, and at once entered as a probationer for the Methodist ministry in the Manitoba and North-West Conference. His first station was on the Cartwright mission, where for three years he labored faithfully and well, winning golden opinions for himself both as a man and as a minister. So conspicuously useful indeed did he show himself, that a larger sphere of usefulness soon opened itself to him. Grace Church, of Winnipeg, required assistance for its pastor. and Wesley College was in need of additional help on its teaching-staff. The opinion appeared unanimous that Mr. Riddell was just the man to fill this dual position, an opinion which time has amply justified. Shortly after his appointment, Young Church, largely through his instrumentality, became self-supporting, and severed its connection with Grace Church, Mr. Riddell being appointed its first pastor. At the expiration of his pastorate of four years—years crowned with abundant success—the College authorities having in the meantime learned to fully appreciate his great worth as a teacher, put forth a special effort and induced the Conference to allow him to devote his whole time to college work. To this work, then, during the last three years, he has been entirely devoted, first as tutor, and for over a year past as senior professor in the Department of Classics. His work throughout has been characterized by great earnestness and zeal. Strong in body, strong in mind, strong in Christian character, he has been a most valued member of the College staff. His warm-hearted and generous disposition has endeared him to all, and has secured for him a warm place in the hearts of all the students. As an educationalist he ranks among the foremost in the West. May "Old Vic" send out many more such worthy sons.

A SHORT time ago we were glad to welcome in our college halls the genial face of Geo. H. Peacock, a specialist in '97-98 who is preaching at South River in the Algoma District.

N. R. WEBB, otherwise known as "Smoky," formerly of '99, is at present conducting a coal and wood business in the city. He intends to write off his exams. in the spring, and to continue attendance at college next fall.

H. S. SPENCE, '95, is stationed for the year '98-99 on the Roblin circuit, in eastern Ontario, where he is waging a battle royal with the Hornerites. We bespeak for him great success in his efforts.

We are pleased to note the good standing taken by Messrs. G. B. Henwood, C. W. Goodwin, P. W. O'Flynn, and J. L. O'Flynn, recent graduates of Vic., in the law exams. at Osgoode Hall.

C. W. FOLLETT, a specialist of '96-97, is preaching at Richard's Landing, Algoma District.

W. H. EASTON, who spent '96-97 in Victoria in post-graduate Theology, was recently renewing old friendships at the college before his return to work in the Montreal Conference.

J. A. PETCH has been called from his work at college to take charge of the Dufferin Bridge mission, Parry Sound District, vacated by R. J. Dobson, '98, who through ill health is obliged to give up his labors for a time.

We gladly welcomed during the week a visit from S. D. Dinnick, a specialist of '96-97, who is preaching at Sprucedale, Parry Sound District.

W. T. PRICE, '00, has been renewing old acquaintances at the College during the past week. He is stationed at Welcome, Bay of Quinte Conference, until the close of the present Conference year. We hope to see him at College next fall.

F. W. JACOMBE, '96, Editor-in-Chief of ACTA in '95-96, made us a friendly call on his way to Pickering College, where he is engaged in the task of imparting knowledge to the youth of South Ontario.

THE Personal Editor was highly pleased to receive not long ago a photograph of Master Tiffin, son of Rev. A. C. Tiffin, a specialist of '96-'97, and an ex-member of ACTA Board. Mr. Tiffin is at present preaching with great acceptance on the Walton circuit, London Conference. We hope some day to welcome Master Tiffin to College, and to initiate him in the mysteries of "The Bob."

J. C. REID, '97, silver medalist in Philosophy, and in his final year the holder of the Senior stick, is preaching at Dunboyne, Essex County, where he is meeting with great success in his work.

WE are pleased to learn that A. T. Cushing, '98, is meeting with much encouragement in his missionary efforts near Calgary, N.W.T. We trust he has not yet lost the critic's art, which he so ably practised in his final term in the Union Literary Society. His bright and genial nature is set forth in his cordial greeting to our Business Manager: "More power to your elbow, and may your shadow never grow longer!"

REV. THOS. VOADEN, who studied for three years with the class of '83 and graduated in '91, is living in Cathcart, Burford township. He is at present engaged in writing a little book on "Christian Perfection."

V. J. GILPIN, '98, stationed since Conference at Grand Valley, has arranged to exchange work with Rev. Mr. Ellis, of Riceville, owing to the continued ill health of Mrs. Ellis. We will greatly miss "John" on the hockey rink this winter.

A LETTER has been received at College from W. H. C. Leech, '98, containing a kindly word of encouragement to the various College institutions. Mr. Leech is preaching in Manitoba, where, amid the multifarious duties of a pastor's life, there now and then float in upon him visions of past glory achieved in his career at "Old Vic." ACTA extends best wishes for success in the Prairie Province.

F. M. CONEY, '00, is carrying on a successful stationery business in the city at 362 King St. East. He will be pleased to have a call from old acquaintances.

THE festal season made glad two hearts at least by uniting in the bonds of matrimony the Rev. J. D. Richardson, '98, and Miss Edith Gordon, of Grand Valley. The happy event took place at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Gordon, on the afternoon of Wednesday, December 21st, 1898. ACTA extends kindest wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Richardson as they together, on the Omagh circuit of Hamilton Conference, begin to weave "the tangled web of life."

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It is with great regret that we learn of the death, on the 11th inst., of Russel Petch, son of the late Prof. Petch. Students of Victoria extend the deepest sympathy to Mrs. Petch and Miss Petch.

IN a St. John (N.B.) daily there was chronicled on the 24th December, the death of C. A. Stockton, a graduate in law, 1870, of Victoria University.

## Exchanges.

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ACTA extends to its many exchanges glad wishes for a successful New Year. May 1899 be a year of progress, development, and expansion for all our Canadian colleges and universities: and may our college journals seek to disseminate a wider knowledge of the great moral, social, political and intellectual problems which are forcing themselves forward for an early settlement by the young Canadians of the new century. Canada has become a nation: her prosperity is assured; and the manifold forces and influences of university life must be set in more active operation in the moulding of her destiny.

Two new exchanges have come to us during the past month, *The Princeton Tiger* and *The New England Conservatory Magazine*—the one filled with wit and humor, and the other devoted to the cultivation of art. We are pleased to add them to our list of exchanges.

OH, hum! yawned young Willie boy—waking one morn,  
And his watch ticked ten and a quarter.  
I find if I would be up with the sun  
I musn't sit up with the daughter.—*Ex.*

THE several issues of the *Sunbeam* which have reached us during the present College year are especially bright, and the various contributions are terse and interesting. We advise all our College men, desiring valuable information, to read carefully "A Modern Antiquity" in the December number. ACTA wishes the *Sunbeam* a highly prosperous New Year.

WE stood at the bars when the sun went down  
Beneath the hills on a summer day;  
Her eyes were tender and big and brown,  
Her breath as sweet as the new-mown hay.  
Far from the west the faint sunshine  
Glanced sparkling off her golden hair;  
Those calm, deep eyes were turned toward mine,  
And a look of contentment rested there.  
I see her bathed in the sunshine flood,  
I see her standing peacefully now—  
Peacefully standing and chewing her cud,  
As I rubbed her ears—that Jersey cow.

—*Harvard Advocate.*

THE Christmas issue of the *Manitoba College Journal* is a splendid contribution to college journalism, and reflects much credit upon its editorial staff. "Canada's New Time," by Charles W. Gordon, and "Kipling's Poetry," by Charles L. Foote, are especially interesting to Canadian readers.

THE Christmas number of the *Dalhousie Gazette* is rich with varied and interesting contributions from many sources. "Dalhousians Abroad," by B.B., '98; and the concluding article on "Behring Sea and the Questions Involved," are especially worthy of perusal. The magazine is a credit to the student-body of the University whose literary and intellectual development it represents.

THE January number of *Self Culture* is an exceedingly interesting issue to Canadians. Its front page is adorned with a very fine portrait of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada; while among its many worthy contributions is one by Sir John Bourinot, entitled "Canada and the United States." The writer sets forth the ideal relations which ought to exist between the two nations, and as an indication of the lofty sentiment pervading the whole article, we take the liberty to quote a single sentence: "Canadians, Englishmen, and citizens of the Republic should forget the past with all its bitterness, and take equal pride in the achievements of peoples allied to each other by so many ties of a common origin and a common interest." G. Mercer Adam, the capable editor of *Self-Culture*, and a loyal Canadian, sends kindly words of cheer and encouragement to ACTA, which we reciprocate most cordially.

THE Christmas number of ACTA has evoked many favorable comments from the press, excerpts from a few of which we are pleased to quote:

"The Christmas number of ACTA VICTORIANA appears to-day, and the students of Victoria University have every reason to feel proud of the issue. A very interesting feature of the number consists in the replies of a number of prominent Canadians to questions of much interest in connection with literary and national topics. The editors are to be congratulated on their energy, and the success which has attended their efforts."—*The Mail and Empire*.

"The most pretentious effort of the Union Literary Society of Victoria University yet issued is the Christmas number of ACTA VICTORIANA, which appeared yesterday in the shape of a substantial volume of about two hundred pages. The editors have drawn on



the best of Canadian writers and public men for contributions, and the result has been a magazine of which the students of Victoria may well feel proud."—*The Globe*.

"The Christmas number of ACTA, the official organ of Victoria University, is brimful of good things, poetry, biography, fiction, historical sketches, etc."—*The Cobourg World*.

From a half-column review in the *Montreal Gazette* we clip the following: "The Christmas number of ACTA VICTORIANA is one of the finest publications that the press has yielded this holiday season. The list of writers and the character of the contributions make it entirely worthy of commendation. It does credit to Mr. E. W. Grange, '99, the Editor-in-Chief, to Mr. W. G. Smith, '99, and all others concerned in its preparation. ACTA VICTORIANA is now in its twenty-second year."

A COLUMN and a half of Canadian poems from ACTA appear in the *Montreal Herald* of December 31st, 1898.

"We said a year ago that the ACTA Christmas Number for 1897 was the best number of any college journal we had ever seen. We can only add of the still larger and better Christmas Number for 1898, that it 'beats the record.' The survey of Canadian literature and contributions by numerous Canadian authors, and the beautiful illustrations and printing of the magazine is something which its editors and Victoria University may well be proud."—*Onward*.

#### "CANADIAN POETRY AND POETS."

THE *McMaster University Monthly* has ever been in the front rank of Canadian college journals. In no period of its history has it proven more worthy of that position than during the Michaelmas Term of the College year '98-99. Among its many good contributions, "Canadian Poetry and Poets," by Ernestine R. Whiteside, '98, is certainly the most excellent. The author's keen psychological analysis of the personal character of our Canadian poets, as set forth in their poetical productions, is worthy of the highest commendation, and should be carefully examined by all students of Canadian literature. We take the liberty of quoting a few passages, which sum up the leading characteristics of our authors.

Of Mr. Roberts the critic writes: "The chief part of Mr. Roberts' poetry is founded on his love of nature. He is a worshipper of Nature

and Nature's God. All her moods are alike beautiful to him. To the dun waste of a bare potato field he can impart that dim splendor we find hovering over the peasant figures in a Millet's painting. The mood changes, and

"A shimmer of sunshine, woven in pink and white,  
A smell of home and honey on the breeze"

is the glimpse of a buckwheat field lying in the sun. It is no longer a common buckwheat field, but a thing of loveliness and charm. It has been invested with a poet's power of idealization." . . . "From this conception, we will expect no masterpieces of original thought, or mystical dreams of imagination, but rather simple, unassuming songs, bearing upon them the stamp of a poet's mission. Such songs we find. They are not strong perhaps; lacking in freedom and spontaneity sometimes, but always calm, hopeful and true, breathing out, to those who read, a gentle fragrance of beauty and quiet restfulness." . . . "The second quality in Roberts' poetry is its patriotism. He has a love for his country, pure and deep and strong, a love full of hope for a glorious future. He is impatient to rouse us to action—

"Awake, my country, the hour is great with change,  
Awake, my country, the hour of dream is done,  
O strong hearts of the North,  
Let flame your loyalty forth,  
Till earth shall know the Child of Nations by her name."

"It is the duty of our poets to rouse us to life and action. Then, welcome always to the poet whose genius is in this way directed to the national good."

Passing on to a criticism of Lampman, we notice: "While Roberts and Lampman are both nature poets their attitudes are very different. Roberts is the disciple of a great teacher, whose hidden truths he seeks with earnest patience to apprehend. Lampman is the simple child, loving, with an instinctive sense of kinship, a universal mother. Out of his sense of discipleship, Roberts writes with conscious purpose—to give others his inspiring view of idealized nature. Out of his perfect sympathy, almost by involuntary compulsion, Lampman reflects to us pictures of mirror-like accuracy and loveliness. The latter has the faculty of broadly suggesting scenes, which is very effective. He has greater control over poetic expression in regard to ease and smoothness; but his range of thought is narrower, nor can the greater accuracy and beauty compensate the lack of spiritual insight.

The duty of the poet is to bring nature into relation with man, and thus show the great unity." . . . "Lampman excels in his sonnets. The perfection of finish and gem-like brilliancy necessary to the sonnet is his characteristic. For dramatic effects he is not qualified. He excels in the description of placidity and calm. His mood is one of reflection and dreams. 'An Athenian Reverie' is a subject which gives his talents full play. It is an exquisite creation. The poet loves his theme. The words flow on in restful lingering rhythm. A soft content glows through the lines—

"How joyously  
These hours have gone, with all their pictured scenes !  
A string of golden beads for Memory  
To finger over in his moods, or stay  
The hunger of some wakeful hour like this."

"The ruling characteristic through all Lampman's poetry is his passion for beauty. His descriptions are so fine, sympathetic and true, yet so infused with an artistic idealization, that in reading them there comes those lines of Browning—for the poet and artist are very near akin—

"For, don't you mark, we're made so that we love  
First when we see them painted, things we have passed  
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see."

"If Lampman were to be criticised, it would be for his indulgent surrender to mere external beauty. This being 'content to watch and dream' leaves him weak to pierce into the heart of things, or even fully to analyze and express his own feelings. But the poet realizes his own failing, for in 'An Athenian Reverie,' he says :

"There are so many things to think upon,  
So many deeds, so many thoughts to weigh,  
Yet in that thought I do rebuke myself,  
Too little given to probe the inner heart,  
But rather wont with the luxurious eye  
To catch from life its outer loveliness."

"And so criticism is disarmed, though it never could be severe with one whose faults are negative, and whose virtues are those of purity and gentleness."

And now we come to Carman, who, "unlike Lampman, leaves a strong impress of his individuality upon his work. He is original to

a high degree. So strong is this originality that his descriptions often impress one more as being Bliss Carman's way of looking at a scene than the scene itself. His subjects bear great similarity to each other, for his inspiration seems to be born mainly of the sea. One feature of his work we hail with appreciation is the appearance of the personal element. It is vague and limited as yet; but it brings with it more or less of that great power in literature—human interest. Vagueness is the great defect in this poet." . . . "Carman is more imaginative than either Roberts or Lampman. He has also greater power over the music of language, though at times he is surprisingly faulty, which is made the more harsh as breaking the usual rhythmic flow. This musical quality is always in fine harmony with the motive of the poem."

The writer refers to William Wilfred Campbell as one who "has the nature element of the three preceding poets and the personal element of the last, intensified; yet he stands in marked contrast to them all." . . . "Of nature he deals with but one phase. 'Blue, limpid, restless lakes, God's mirrors underneath the sky' is the one recurring theme. He loves the lakes with Lampman's intuitive sympathy for Mother Earth. They are to him a joy, a peace, a rest."

"The day dreams out, the night is brooding in,  
Across this world of vapor, wood and wave,  
Things blur and dim. Cool silvery ripples lave  
The sands and rustling reed-beds. Now begin  
Night's dreaming choruses, the murmurous din  
Of sleepy voices. Tremulous, one by one  
The stars blink on. The dusk drives out the sun. . . ."

"On such passages the reader of Campbell's poetry would fain linger; for it is the happiest part of his work." . . . "Campbell is one of the strongest of our Canadian poets. He has a wonderful talent for dramatic and tragic writing. In this regard he holds undisputed sway in Canada, and would be, I think, a fair rival to his contemporaries in a wider field. His sympathy with nature, his feeling, and power of expression are strong. His work is stamped with the sterling mark, and yet it is sadly marred. The cause of this failure would seem to me to lie in one thing, but this how vital—the ethical nature is amiss. It is as though a highly-wrought generous nature has received some mortal hurt."

Miss Whiteside closes a remarkably able review by reference to a little volume, "At Minas Basin and other Poems," by Theodore H.

Rand, of McMaster University, Toronto. "Its characteristics are sweetness, dignity, earnestness and calm, and a founding on religious faith." . . . "The 'divine' spirit inbreathed into this volume is to be found in its essence in the little poem, 'I am'—'I am, and therefore these,' which embodies a most wonderful conception of God, the eternal, beginning and end, author and soul of all; God, hidden in the mysteries of nature; God, supreme above the activities of man—

"I am the shimmer of dawn,  
The blush of the rose.

Am end of the way men grope,  
I am man's bread of life.'

"This supreme conception has two aspects. There is the nature and the human side."

## Locals.

### Notes.

THE beginning of the end.

Now for the grind.

It is understood that Porter and Thom have secured the positions of instructors to the Kindergarten class.

THE following snatches of conversation were overheard among some theologists on the Midland railway, as they passed various north-eastern towns: "Young ladies"—"good-looking ones"—"I know lots here"—"Minnie"—"Bessie"—"ordained"—"June"—"September"—"married."

The names of the brethren are held over until next issue.

KNIGHT starts for Toronto on the 4th. On the 9th he is seen taking the train at Belleville. There had been some delay. Developments later.

NEVILLE has been overcome by the wiles of a Hamilton young lady. His postage bill is enormous.

Now that the skating season is on, a request is to be presented to have a clock placed in the hall, so that the students may get to the rink as early as possible.

A. D. ROBB reported a good time at the McMaster dinner.

W. G. SMITH thought 'Varsity dinner "a swell affair."

THE closing meeting of the Literary Society for the Xmas term was held on December 17th. Dr. Horning gave an interesting talk on matters pertaining to ACTA, the Conversat, Senior dinner and the Library. Some impromptu recitations were delivered, and after the routine business had been disposed of, the election of officers for the Easter term was held. The officers are as follows: Honorary President, Dr. Sweetnam; President, W. G. Smith; 1st Vice-President, S. J. Courtice; 2nd Vice-President, F. L. Farewell; Critic, F. E. Malott; Assistant Critic, J. W. Davidson, B.A.; Leader of Government, A. P. Misener; Leader of Opposition, J. Sinclair; Corresponding Secretary, W. H. Wood; Recording Secretary, W. J. Spence; Assistant Recording Secretary, F. L. Barber; Treasurer, C. L. McIrvine; Curator, C. E. Auger; Pianist, A. D. Robb; Assistant Pianist, F. M. Bell-Smith.

THE annual Oration contest, under the auspices of the Literary Society, was held in the College chapel on the evening of December 13th. The subject of oration was "Montcalm," and six orators presented themselves for the competition. These were: H. E. Kellington, '00; C. L. McIrvine, '01; E. W. S. Coates, Spec.; T. Green, '02; J. W. Hedley, '02; B. W. Thompson, Spec. The orations were very good, varying in style from the one full of jokes to the funereal one. Each orator was wildly applauded at *any* time by his enthusiastic class-admirers. The judges, however, Rev. James Allen, M.A., Rev. Dr. Milligan and Mr. N. B. Gash, LL.B., decided that C. L. McIrvine had done his little piece the best. Interspersed with the orations, a musical programme was rendered, composed of a glee by the Glee Club, a vocal duet by Misses K. and L. Westman, piano solo by Miss Williams, a vocal solo by Miss K. Westman, and one by F. M. Bell-Smith. The chair was ably filled by Dr. A. J. Bell.

"WE'RE 1901."—*Amy*.

"THE study of the dead languages does not usually result fatally."—*Coates*.

"BEFORE I begin to speak let me say something. I am supposed to be delivering the funeral oration of a French officer over Montcalm's grave. In order to save time and make it more interesting I will speak in English."—*Green*.

"I AM encouraged by the fact that Montcalm was small of stature."—*Coates*.

THE Glee Club went over to Bathurst Street Methodist Church on the evening of December 15th, and gave a concert under the auspices of the Epworth League. A very enjoyable time was spent. The boys enjoyed a bun-feed after the programme. All got home safely, but by *circuitous* routes.

"I am going to see that girl home"—*Frleigh*, at 8.30.

"I promised to call next Thursday"—*H. B. Smith*.

"It's a dirty mean shame to take my girl"—*Neville*.

"I'm coming back here Sunday night"—*Archer*.

EMBOLDENED by their success on the 15th of December, the Glee Club took a trip, on the 23rd, up to King, where they were to give a concert. The trip was most pleasing; glees were sung on the train, and stories, good, bad and indifferent, were told by Newton and others until the destination was reached. The concert was a success in every way and every one enjoyed themselves thoroughly. When the time came to go to the various homes, things became interesting. The last seen of Porter and Curts, they were stalking down the road, each with a baby in his arms. Two of the others did not look so funny when they found that their team had run away. However, all things have an end; Toronto was reached safely, and all dispersed to their homes in time for Christmas.

"I know where I would like to stay"—*Archer*.

"I used to go to school with her"—*Curts*.

"I have to see Miss D—— home"—*McKenzie*.

THE regular meeting of the Women's Literary Society was held in the ladies' study, December 1st. The leading feature of the meeting was the debate, "Resolved, That women have had as great an influence as men on the civilization of the nineteenth century." The affirmative was ably upheld by Miss McKee and Miss Susie Chown; the negative by Miss Duckett and Miss E. J. Taylor. Under the circumstances, sentiment was on the side of the affirmative; but fact triumphed, the negative carrying off the laurels. An instrumental solo, Sharp Practice and Critic's report brought the meeting to a close.

ON December 14th the Women's Literary held their annual Oration contest in Alumni Hall. Great expectations were aroused by the number of entries; but they, alas, were doomed to disappointment. Miss Bollert, '00, and Miss Powell, '01, alone presented themselves at the destined hour. They chose such entirely different phases of the general subject, "Criticism," that comparison was almost impossible.

The unusual powers as a speaker of the representative from the Third year called for special commendation from the judges. The Scientific Notes, read by Miss Wigg, '01, proved both interesting and instructive. A new departure, in the form of the representation of a scene from Henry V., by Misses Duckett, '99, and Reynar, '99, caused considerable merriment among the spectators. The meeting was again restored to seriousness by a piano solo and the critic's report.

"SWEETS to the sweet. Farewell" was the charming Christmas greeting of "Allantaha" to some of her sister students on the last day of last term. The sweetness of the idea and of its expression was only excelled by the sweetness of its originator. One of the "brother" students who shared in the sweets heartily endorses this opinion.

REMEMBER the Glee Club Concert which will take place on the 30th or 31st of this month.

It has been suggested that the Glee Club give a series of concerts in aid of the campus fund. That's all very well, but who will shoulder the deficits of the concerts?

"PLEASE note the fact that I scored *the only two* goals for North Toronto last Thursday."—*McCulloch*. Don't talk, Mac, till you meet the Freshmen.

#### KNOX-VICTORIA DEBATE.

THE third of the Inter-College debates was held in the chapel on December 9th. Representatives from Knox College and Victoria argued for two hours the question, "Resolved, that the present condition of the industrial classes is due more to the employee than the employer." The affirmative was supported by R. H. Bell, B.A., and J. W. Davidson, B.A., of Victoria, and the negative by H. Munroe, B.A., and W. J. Knox, B.A. After everything had been said on the subject the judges, Prof. McKay, E. Coatsworth, Jr., and B. E. Walker, decided that the "ken" of the Presbyterians had proved the most convincing, and accordingly awarded the debate to Knox.



### Donations to the Library.

BY Rev. N. Burwash, S.T.D., LL.D.: Report of the Commissioner of Education, U.S., 2 vols.; Parkhurst—Hebrew and English Lexicon; Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1897, 2 vols.; Canadian Almanac, 1851-79, 82-86, 89, 93, 97; Wesleyan Repository, vol. 1; Minutes of the Wesleyan Methodist Conferences, England, 1875-77; Minutes of the Methodist Church of Canada, 1883; Missionary Notices, London, 1848; several numbers of Wesleyan Missionary Notices, Toronto, and Methodist Union; Presbyterian Year-Book and Almanac, 1875; Acts and Proceedings of the Presbyterian Church, Canada, 1871, 75-6, 79, 82.

By the Students' Volunteer Band, Victoria College: Beach—Dawn on the Hills of Y'Ang.

By H. Warner, Esq., Napanee: Statutes of the Province of Ontario, 1880, 91-94.

By L. E. Horning, M.A., Ph.D.: Welsh—Development of English Literature and Language; Whitney—German Grammar; Schiller—Sämtliche Werke, vol. 2, and Die Jungfrau von Orleans; McCosh—Criteria of Diverse Kinds of Truth and Locke's Theory of Knowledge; a complete set of Le Canada—Français; Atlantic Monthly, 1885-86; several numbers of *Contemporary*, *Scribner's*, *Canadian Methodist Magazine*, *Latine et Græce*, *Le Courrier du Livre*, etc.

By Rev. J. F. McLaughlin, M.A., B.D.: Spalding—History of English Literature; Anglo-American Bible Revision.

By Rev. T. G. Barlow: Kirsop's Historic Sketches of Free Methodism.

By the Copp, Clark Co.: Macaulay's Life and Writings of Addison and Essays on Wm. Pitt; Pouvillon's Petites Amis; Rintoul's Introduction to Practical Physics.

By ACTA VICTORIANA: Owen's Pioneer Sketches of Long Point Settlement; Clement's History of the Dominion of Canada; McDougall's Pathfinding on Plain and Prairie; MacBeth's Making of the Canadian West; Mackenzie's Thayendanegea; Croil's Steam Navigation; Mason's Faces that Follow; Manners' Cuba and other Verse; Herbin's Grand-Pré; Knight's Vision of the Seasons; Letters Describing Romanism in its origin; Saunders' Rose a Charlitte; Parker's Battle of the Strong; Young's Stories of the Maple Land; Longley's Love.

By Rev. R. Johnston, Bethany: Doctrines and Discipline of the Free Methodist Church, Canada; Hymns of the Canada Wesleyan Methodist New Connexion Church; Williams' Inquirers' Guide to Gospel Truth; Barclay's Treatise on Church Government; Boyd's Summary of Canadian History; Murray's English Reader and the Fifth Book of Lessons; Minutes of the Methodist New Connexion Church, 1863-4, 67-70, 73-4; Expositor of Holiness, vols. 2-6, 9-12; Earnest Christianity, 1875 6; Canadian Almanac, 1877, 79-80, 83.

By D. W. Dumble, M.A., Peterboro': Shakespeare's Works, ed. by Knight, 2 vols.

By Rev. D. Norman, B.A.: How I became a Christian—out of my Diary. By a "Heathen Convert."

By Rev. John Hunt: Doctrines and Discipline of the M. E. Church, New York, 1804.

By A. E. Lang, B.A.: *Scribner's*, vols. 9, 10.

By Rev. J. S. Ross, M.A., D.D.: Two Pamphlets on Prohibition.

By Rev. A. P. Addison, B.A.: *Review of Reviews*, 1892-97; *Forum*, 1895-98; *Methodist Magazine and Review*, 1895-97.

By Rev. R. Walker: Minutes of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada, 1847.

By Commissioner of Labor, U.S.: Bulletin of the Department of Labor, No. 19.

By Library of the Legislative Assembly of Victoria, B.C.: The Year-Book of British Columbia Compendium.

Calendars have been received from the following Universities: Melbourne, Trinity, Columbia, London, Manitoba and Alma College.

## Athletics.

Now is the time "to cut ice."

THE rink is patronized better than ever this year, and prospects are bright for a very successful season. Chill Hiems has thus far been most favorable, and the ice is in good condition.

THE skating rink has been lengthened a little and an extra light added to the hockey rink. The Crystals, Excelsiors and H. S. Howland Company (city teams) have secured hockey privileges at stated hours.

THE attendance at the Kindergarten class this year is most gratifying to those in charge. Some of the class are complaining that the ice is so extremely *glissant* that it interferes with their equilibrium. The rink committee have the matter under consideration.

THE Hockey Club was reorganized shortly before the close of last term. Results are as follows: President, N. R. Wilson; Vice-President, G. A. Fergusson; Secretary-Treasurer, H. E. Kellington; Manager, T. W. Walker; Capt. of 1st Team, G. A. Winters; Capt. of 2nd Team, P. C. Dobson. The club intends to enter a team in the Inter-College series. We pick the fourth year team of University College as the likeliest team to win the cup—after Victoria, of course.

THE inter-year schedule is posted on the bulletin board. There are five teams in the struggle, and so far no odds have been offered on any of them. The final match will probably be between the Freshmen and Sophomores. Those appointed to referee the matches are: A. P. Addison, E. W. Grange, G. A. Fergusson, W. L. Amy and A. Burwash. All disputes are to be referred to G. A. Winters, P. C. Dobson and E. A. McCulloch.

FISHER, Armstrong, Faull, "Jolly" Dobson and John Gilpin are wondering if we miss them now. We do.

THE first of the inter-year matches was played on Thursday afternoon, the 12th inst. After diligent search the Seniors were able to scare up six men to meet the Freshmen. At the end of the match none of the six could be found—9-2 tells the tale. The mighty have fallen and the erstwhile champions of '96 and '97 have been ignominiously defeated, routed, slain by the first year team. Various explanations are offered to account for the phenomenon, but none are very satisfactory. The most probable one is that the Seniors

allowed themselves to be beaten in order to encourage the Freshmen. There are, however, some objections to this theory.

Our reporter picked up the following remarks after the game :

"I'll bet you three billion dollars they can't do it again."—*Winters*.

"Sic transit gloria mundi."—*Grange*.

"I'm not feeling very well."—"Pilly."

"If ———." *Tommy*.

"We're so sorry."—*Chorus of '99 maidens*.

### Facetiae.

"SMILING 'neath the mistletoe

Stood the Boston maid with spectacles,

He dared it, and lo !

On his beard were pendent icicles."

—*Notre Dame Scholastique*.

"WHO was that fellow that wanted to trade his kingdom for a horse?"

"That's a wheel I never heard of."

"What is?"

"The Kingdom."—*Ex*.

"MAY I print a kiss on your lips?" I asked ;

And she nodded her sweet permission—

Then we went to press,

And I rather guess

We printed a large edition."—*Ex*.

"HULLO!" said the chestnut to the robin, "what are you?"

"I'm a little bird," said the robin. "What are you?"

"I'm a little burred, too," said the chestnut.

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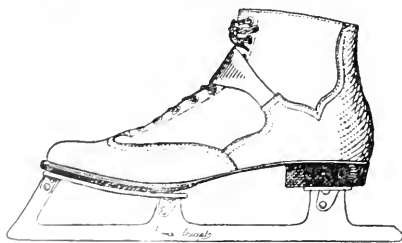
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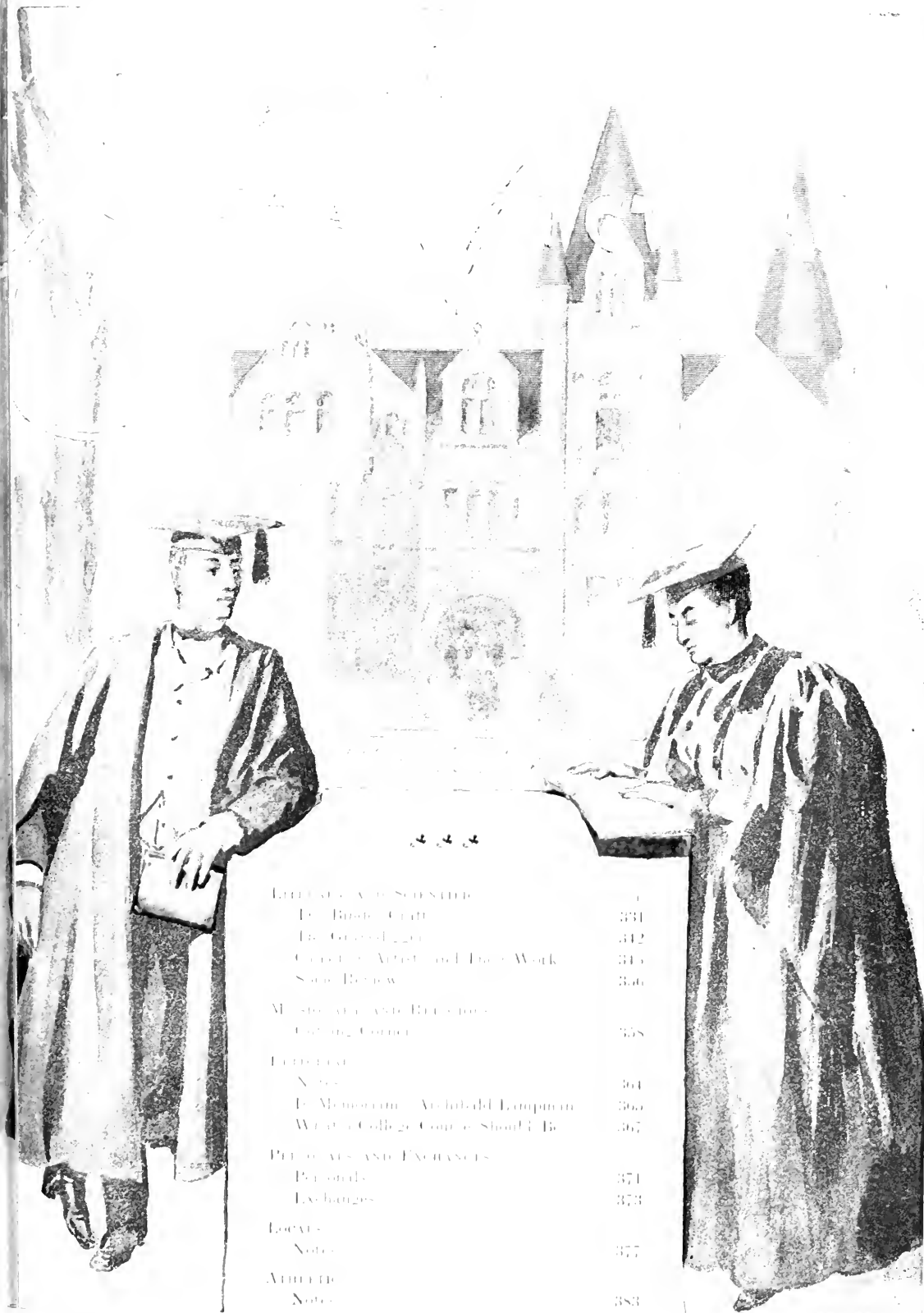
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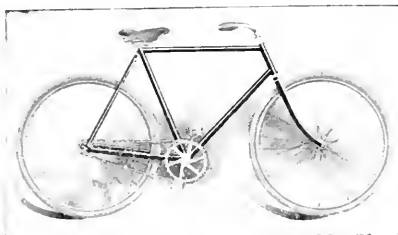
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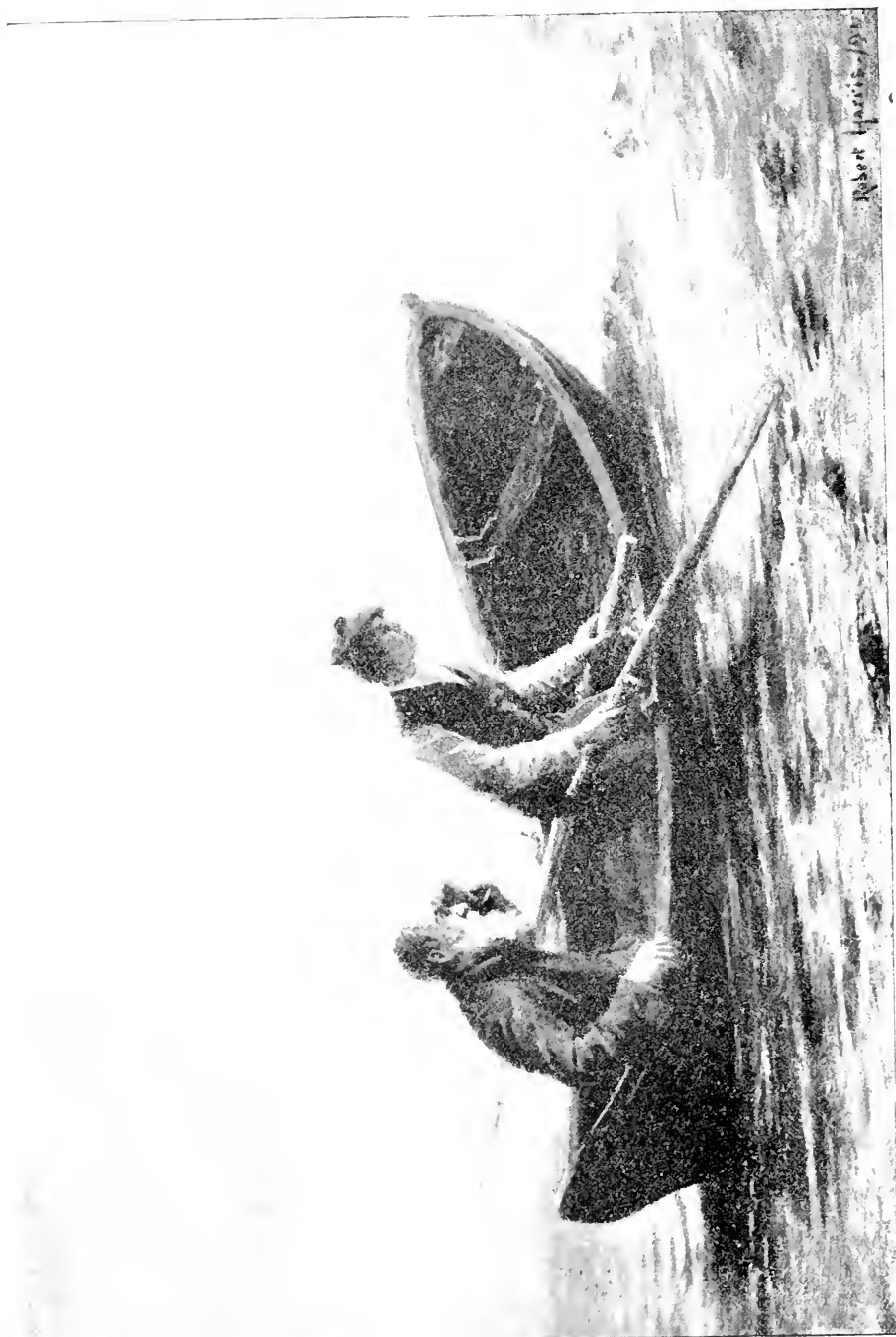
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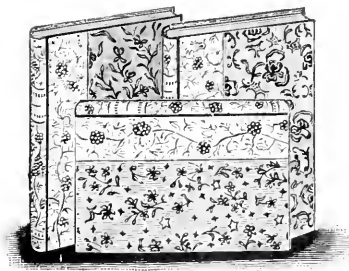
## Literary and Scientific.

### The Binder Craft.

---

By Mrs. M. E. DIGNAM, President of the Woman's Art Association  
of Canada.

---



THE art of the bookbinder is a much more ancient inheritance than that of the printer or the paper-maker, for, when manuscripts were written on papyrus leaves and the skins of sheep and goats, even then the binder was called in, and though the *volumes* were rolled on wooden cylinders, they passed through the hands of the *bibliopegi* before they

were placed in round boxes on the shelves of the libraries.

In Herculaneum books have been found with flat bindings, which we know had become the fashion soon after the beginning of the Christian Era, being referred to by classical writers, who described the sumptuous book-shops in Rome and the principal cities of Italy.

Afterwards the monks undertook to bind their holy books in the monasteries, taking the greatest pleasure in finishing the covers of their illuminated rituals and other manuscripts with the most precious metals and costly gems.

After the invention of printing in the fifteenth century, the craft of the binder at once rose to great importance, and ever since the binding and its decoration has been a matter of great interest. In France, during the last three centuries, the art has been nurtured with the greatest care. From the days of Henry II. and Diane de Poitiers down to the present time, there has existed in Paris a succession of bookbinders who have done honor to their country and their craft. The names of Nicolas Eve, Clovis Eve, Le Gascon, Padeloup, and Derône are household words among lovers of books throughout the world, and there are still those who delight to carry on the traditions of bibliopegy in Paris.

In studying the history of binding, facts show that the Romans were little inferior to the moderns in the art. Their first aim was utility, which insensibly led on to ornamentation. At first the leather was stretched over the edges and backs of the covers to protect the book. Afterwards clasps instead of straps were used for securing it.

Cicero, Pliny and Seneca often refer to the pleasure they had in their books. Then, as later, there were workmen noted for their skill. Cicero wrote to his friend to *send him some fine parchment and two slaves who were clever binders*.

The reverence and high esteem with which books were regarded in the East was very marked. Massive books were carried in the public processions of the Byzantine Emperor in the middle of the fifth century. Doubtless these mighty records of what were probably the nation's laws, impressed the populace with awe and added to the dignity of the sovereign ruler. The bindings of these books were in gay colors, red, blue and yellow leather, ornamented with thin golden rods placed in lines across the back, so as to form lozenge-shaped patterns.

In the sixth century book cases or covers, "Byzantine Coatings," as they were called, were of metals—gold, silver and copper—with precious jewels. Then the goldsmith claimed the external ornamentation as his own. The miniaturist adorned the interior, and to the binder nothing was left but the fastening of the leaves and the adjustment of the wooden covers.

We read of a book of the gospels which was bound in massive silver. It was called the "Silver book of Ulphilas," having been

translated by Ulphilas, Bishop of Moesia, A.D. 370. Its magnificence called forth the exclamation of St. Jerome: "Your books are covered with precious stones, and Christ died naked before the gate of His temple."

In the early days of the Christian church princes and prelates were accustomed to bestow manuscripts of the "Gospels" splendidly adorned upon various churches. They were decorated with pure gold and precious stones, and were placed as cherished gifts upon the high altar. So all down through the centuries the book-lover and collector have preserved and continued the art of book-making in its highest artistic development, but as conditions have changed and nations risen and fallen, so we find variations and changes in the art of book-making.

In the compass of one short article it is impossible to even suggest the many directions in which one may study the subject. Archæologically, historically and commercially, each has its individual charm.

In early times the artist had his acknowledged place. He was an art craftsman, and bound his books with as much pleasure as the artist painted his picture, inscribing his name in full on the book. Under such conditions the craftsman was independent, not being limited in either time or pay. The finished work was his own, a complete creation, worthy of the precious contents and worthy of the artist binder.

Now, all that is changed, with but rare exceptions. The division of labor, the constant pursuit of one restricted object, finish and cleverness, supersede the artistic fancy and delightful variation of details which formerly constituted the life of the craft and which can subsist only where there is leisure, liberty and fulness of purpose—conditions which do not exist to-day for the craftsman. The separation of what was considered the more gross from that which was considered the work of the intellect, evolving as it did the degradation of manual labor and the laborer, resulted in the loss of artistic individuality in the treatment of the whole, and now the making of the book is a commercial thing, cheapness being the desired ultimatum. The machine manufactures the book, the workman turns the crank.

By way of comparison, one has only to think of the Plantens in Antwerp, in those troublous times when their great printing house was such a force, and as it stands to-day intact, showing all the methods used to publish their books, the appliances remaining there just as they were when the last printing was done, we can contrast what we would call primitive methods with those of to-day. There we find

none of the machines for stitching, cutting, sewing, stamping, hinging, etc., now to be seen in every modern printing and binding house. The hand made the type, set it, printed the page, and every part pertaining to the making of the book. It was a labor into which the individuality of someone entered. Slow and laborious as it was, it met the demand that then existed, and to-day the early bookbinding has our respect and veneration as nothing that we are producing will create in the minds of future generations. Our book, made by the machine, oftentimes decorated according to no tradition or art canons, but being the outcome of every passing fad and fancy of the day, will pass with other crazes into oblivion. The art decoration may, however, be as worthy as the literature, and as lasting as the materials used in its production. There are exceptions, and notable ones, which should receive a cursory glance. Cloth binding, which is so generally used on this continent, is an English development, and with it came a new style of decoration, a new era, in which the faddist designer had full scope for fad and fancy. The process of machine blind stamping and machine color stamping and gilding of the design gave freedom to the artist, who, not being the craftsman, had a totally different conception of design for the cover. It was simply the pictorial aspect that appealed to him; therefore the departure from classic styles is most marked to-day in England and on this continent. Only a very small proportion of bindings are wrought leather, or blind tooled in the geometrical designs and accepted styles belonging to the various great eras in binding. The pictorial or partly emblematical design, stamped in gold, or gold and colors, on the cloth, is the vogue.

On the Continent the reverse condition is found. The French lead in *relieur de luxe*, and their binding holds the status of a revived art. Materially some of the modern binders do as good work as the great binders of the past. They use good materials, better engraved tools. Their execution on mosaic is correct and faultless. From the point of view of style, however, they are not to be compared with the workers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The modern binders simply reproduce the designs consecrated by the names of Grolier, Le Gascon, Padeloup and Derôme. They are, as a rule, faithful and painstaking copyists, and excellent craftsmen, rather than artists. Gruel, one of the wealthiest and highest priced of Parisian bookbinders, has a shop with numerous binders and gilders, and a very large collection of tools, stamps and plates, which enable him to reproduce any binding of the last three centuries; and with the help of jewellers,

goldsmiths and ivory carvers, he will reproduce even a Carolingian or a Byzantine binding exactly according to pattern ; but, given a fine modern book, say, the "Rubyat" of Omar Khayam, illustrated by Elihu Vedder ; or a "Herrick," illustrated by Abbey, he will propose as a matter of course a "*relieur de style*," "Grolier eighteenth century, *Petits fers filets frisés*," or a style dear to M<sup>lle</sup>. de Pompadour, at a cost of from \$100 to \$200, to be delivered in a year's time. It never strikes him to design something new and somewhat in harmony with the contents. Amand, however, frankly seeks inspiration in the contents of the book, and will execute a death's head, a flower, a fool's cap and bells, a visiting card, or any other common object. Large sums of money are exchanged by American collectors every year for the products of the French work-shops. Very often orders are sent through agents—such and such books, bound for such and such price ; as the late Theodore Childs said, "A process about as enlightened as buying books by the yard and diamonds by the quart." He also said what practically means the revival of the condition that produced great work in earlier times, that the only way to get good original binding is to make friends with the binder—inspire him with a purpose in the carrying out of the whole. He made a stirring appeal to amateurs not to be content with *relieurs de luxe*, which imitate only the models of the past, but to imitate the great amateurs of the Renaissance, and put themselves in touch with the artists, mentioning such names as John Lafarge, Alfred Parsons Hunt, Giacomelli, and talk the matter over. He thought any one of these might show Gruel that we could have other than servile copies, and suggested that the rôle of the amateur of objects of art is not generally to buy things ready-made, or to order copies.

That there is a struggle and protest against this commercialism of our day, we have only to note the work of the late William Morris, some charming examples of whose book-making we happily possess in our Public Library in Toronto, and of the Doves bindery, at Hammer-Smith, under the direction of Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, whose individuality has been such an inspiration to many who were desirous of taking up binding as an art craft. In England especially the protest is becoming stronger, and hopes are prevailing over fears that a better, truer era is approaching.

Burne-Jones Rossetti, Walter Crane, and many others, may be mentioned as not only designers of modern covers, but as specially interesting themselves in the advance of the binders' craft. Lectures have been given, articles written, and considerable effort has been made to

preserve at least some sentiment on the subject. In this age of great production, numerous books and publications are devoted to the history of book-making. Research and historical study covers a very large field, which would be surprising to those who have given no thought to the evolution of the book.

### BOOKBINDING IN CANADA.



Cover design by S. C. SIMONSKI.  
Toronto. Wm. Briggs,  
Publisher.

The publishing of books in Canada being of very recent date, in tracing the development of binding we have only later conditions to deal with. We have no archæological and historical data, the work of no art craftsman to record, neither have we had great binderies. The status of bookbinding in Canada is almost purely commercial, belonging to the epoch of latest improved machines, to produce cheaply and in quantities being the object. There is no distinct individuality shown either in form, design, materials used or in any other way.

From Great Britain came the original workmen who have trained the Canadians, who now almost entirely fill the requirements of "turning the crank," and from the United States largely are the improved machines imported. Many of the designs used are imported also from our neighbors, and oftener the design is but a shop device, to take away the "plainness" of the cover with no relative or artistic value; it is almost never even a fair adaptation. The mechanical work as far as can be determined is up to a fair average, and undoubtedly Toronto is the centre of the book publishing and book-making for Canada, which during the last two or three years has received great impetus, and the probabilities are that a demand for some higher class of work may come in the near future.

A collection of Canadian poets recently given to Victoria University probably fairly indicates what our bookbinding has been in the past, and leads one to hope that the outsides of the books are not an indication of their contents, for certainly as examples of Canadian bookbinding they might better pass into oblivion; but, of course, we know that our literature is worthy of a better envelopment and we look forward to the time when durable and useful as well as pleasing bindings will take the place of the present ones, which might be labeled and



preserved as archaeological data. What has been said of this valuable and interesting donation to Victoria may be taken as largely applicable to all early Canadian books.

It is encouraging to note in visiting the publishing houses that limited equipment exists for the productions of good bindings. Good materials for bindings are kept in stock, and in one establishment at least hand sewing takes the place of the machine even at the reduction of profit, and you find workmen who do good tooling with small but good range of plain designs and tools.

Where binding is the exclusive business, as it is in a number of firms in Toronto and elsewhere, the mechanical and machine work is up to a good average. Again, where the business of the house is only publishing and supervising the production of the book, Toronto possesses up-to-date firms where, as fast as it is possible to do so, artistic and modern bookmaking in all its parts is being pushed.

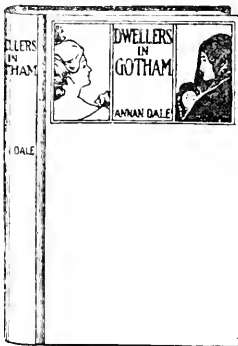
In commercial work the United States, it is said, leads the world. The bank books, ledgers, day books, etc., made for great New York houses, are intended to last for centuries to come. In Canada rapid strides in this direction are evident, and our commercial bindings are quite up to the requirements in utility, and in prices they probably also are costly enough for the resources.

Altogether it would appear that book-making in all its relations is in a healthy condition to grow, and with better copyright laws would progress rapidly.

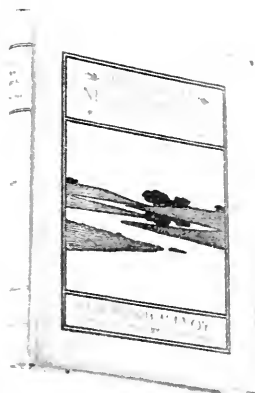
There is, however, one phase of it which certainly is not what it should be. Surely Canadian artists and designers should do something in the book cover designs. Undoubtedly they have the ability to give us work quite equal to what is imported: but it is much easier at present for the publisher to send to New York and get a design without any delay than to hunt up local talent and explain and consult with the artist, who makes a special effort to digress. When the



Cover design by FRED. H. BRIGDEN, Toronto. Wm. Briggs, Publisher.



Example of modern machine work in stamping cloth in colors and gold, as well as of the design of to-day. Poster Art. Wm. Briggs, Publisher.



Cover design by G. A. REID, R.C.A.  
G. N. Morang, Publisher.

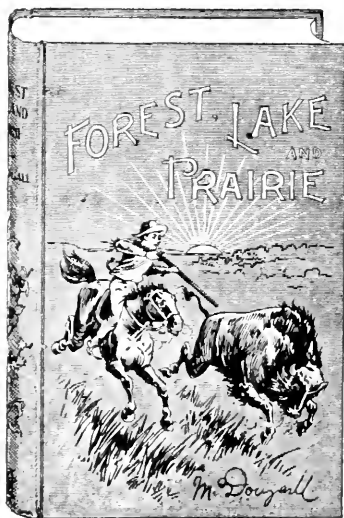
sale of pictures is so uncertain as it is in this country, and must be for considerable time to come, it seems as though every art field should be covered. There are many art crafts which have scarcely been touched in Canada, and yet would repay digression if the painter of unsaleable landscapes and genre pictures would but turn his attention to them. The result would be a development of art taste, for it must come through all the things that are our environment. And when the culture of Canadians shall demand art in bookbinding, both the Canadian

artist and craftsman have the possibilities which will develop into giving us thoroughly good work.

#### WOMEN'S PLACE IN THE CRAFT.

As women have had some place, and their influence is traceable in every art and art craft, so in bookbinding woman has had her place and her work, which to-day is enlarging and developing. In the history of book collecting and book making, much interesting data relate to women. The passion for books that filled so much of the life of Diane de Poitiers is well known. It was the great age of bookbinding, and the rarest and most beautiful specimens were to be found in the library of Henry II. and Diane. She possessed a splendid library, which was not dispersed until 1723. Anne of Brittany also had a beautiful collection, but of very different style from that of the beautiful Diane.

Women have always been lovers



Cover design by J. E. LAUGHLIN, Toronto.  
Wm. Briggs, Publisher.

of books beautifully bound. Noted examples are Queen Henrietta Maria's New Testament and Queen Mary's book of "Hours." That outer covers for books were made by women at an early date we know from a record of the Duke of Burgundy, in 1398, paying "fifty sols tournois" to Emelot de Rubert, an embroideress, for cutting out and making in gold and silk two covers in green cloth. A reference to women as bookbinders is also found in a very curious record of Old London, which runs thus: "In Edward II.'s reign certain Welshmen were attached at the suit of Diomsia, a bokebyndere, on a charge of having broken into her house in Flete Street, in the suburbs of London."

Books bound by Richard and Mrs. Weir are familiar to all collectors. In 1774 they were employed at Toulouse in binding and repairing the books in Count Macarthy's library. Mrs. Weir was celebrated as the most complete book-restorer that ever lived,



A quaint design decorated with the heads of some of the "wild animals," a flying bird, a series of footmarks in the snow, an alert rabbit. All who have read this charming book will recognize the fitness of its cover. The design is by the author of the book, ERNEST SETON THOMPSON. G. N. Morang, Publisher.

and was for a long time employed by Roger Payne, the most celebrated of English binders. She repaired the books in the Record office in Edinburgh.

In the Bodleian Library is a volume of the Epistles of St. Paul, the binding of which was embroidered by Queen Elizabeth.

Women have not always been initiated into all the mysteries of bookbinding, but one of the most important instances that we have is in the Ferrar family. In 1624, Nicholas Ferrar founded, with a colony of relatives, a religious establishment at Little Gidding, in Huntingdonshire, which, on account of the number of



Cover design by JOHN INNES.



American design.  
Wm. Briggs, Publisher.

female inmates, was styled the Protestant Nunnery. A bookbinder taught the family the whole art and skill of bookbinding, gilding, lettering, and what they called pasting printing by the use of the roller press. By this assistance Ferrar composed a full harmony or concordance of the four evangelists, adorned with many beautiful pictures, requiring a year to complete. The fame of the book reaching Charles I., the king requested that a copy should be prepared for him. It was bound entirely by Mary Collett (one of Ferrar's nieces), all wrought in gold in a most elegant fashion.

Not always since has the whole craft been open to women, and to-day, while many women are employed in binderies, it is largely in the gathering, folding and stitching that they find employment, the poorest paid and lowest mechanical parts of the work, done oftentimes under most wretched conditions, and in Canada they have not gone further.

In some of the allied art crafts, work is done by women as workers in leather designs, and in new inventions in colored leather for bindings original things have been accomplished. A notable instance is the work of Miss L. M. Forster, of West Hackhurst, Abinger, Dorking, where she teaches (plough-boys) the art of hand-wrought leather, with charming results. Miss Forster's classes are made up of boys in the neighborhood of her own village, and she teaches them evenings.

The Salvation Army some time ago established a bookbinding factory for women, with the aim of providing a means of earning a living. The results were satisfactory.

The handiwork of fine binding has been most successfully taken up in England by women. The work of Miss Sarah T. Prideaux and Miss Irene Nicholls commands a high price. In America in 1891 the late Miss Evelyn H. Nordhoff conceived the idea of starting a bindery in New York where she could bind books



Cover design by F. H. BRIDGES.  
G. N. Morang, Publisher.

herself and teach women the trade. In 1898 she had carried out her plan. She was inspired with the idea from hearing a lecture by Mr. Cobden-Sanderson in London. She at once began to study designing with the daughter of William Morris. Her efforts to learn bookbinding were discouraging, as only sewing and the other parts of business usually done by women were open to her in New York. She finally found a family of old-fashioned foreign binders, who taught her what they knew, serving as a foundation from which she worked out the rest alone. She gave much time to the treatment and coloring of leather which was in the end peculiar to herself, although the first idea was given her by the Mexican leatherwork of California. In 1894 she became the pupil of Mr. Cobden-Sanderson at the Doves Bindery. Her work all through was thorough, original and educational, and her pupils in New York hope to carry out her idea in establishing a School of Allied Crafts for women.

In design women are doing good work. In England it is only necessary to mention the name of Miss Orin Smith, and to note the following. In connection with a recent exhibition in London, prizes were awarded to two samples which were signed Miss Matthews. Weeks after it was learned that "Miss Matthews" was the Princess Victoria, daughter of the Prince of Wales.

In the United States one of the foremost and most influential designers for cloth covers is Mrs. Whitman, of Boston, who was one of the first artist designers, and it is only within the last fifteen years that artists have given their attention or been employed in book cover designing to any great extent. Mrs Whitman has shown great reserve and artistic treatment and conspicuous good taste in her work. Miss Richards, Miss Morse and Miss Armstrong are also well known as designers.

Surely there is a limited field in Canada for women. Some time and thought given to the matter should result in our having designs and original work in bookbinding. And possibly we may have some women of means to become patrons of one of the most beautiful art crafts.

#### COPYRIGHT.

It is no doubt true with regard to the bookbinding industry in Canada that it suffers indirectly in consequence of the anomalous state of copyright legislation, which allows of the flooding of our market with what are called "colonial" editions of popular books, so that the Canadian publisher is naturally indisposed to embark money in the making of books which, as a consequence, he has but a limited

prospect of selling. Canadian publishers are willing to pay for the sole right of sale in the Canadian market if it can be guaranteed to them; but at the present time, even when they buy the Canadian rights of a book, they are liable to the incoming of English editions to divide the possibilities of a market which, while it might be enough for one, is not enough for two. Inquiries show that if proper and reasonable changes in the copyright law were made, the outlook of the bookbinding and allied industries in Canada would be very greatly improved. Now that Canada has arrived at its present adult stage of existence, and has paper-making, printing and bookbinding facilities which place it abreast of the world, as evidenced by numerous books produced here, it does not seem too much to ask that the conditions should be made as favorable as they are for the British publisher. Those conditions do not in any way restrict the liberty of the reader and buyer of books. They simply guarantee to the publisher that he shall have what he pays for.

NOTE.—In the museum of the Educational Department may be seen carvings and electrotypes which show some of the early styles of book covers. They are all sacred subjects, dating from the fourth century, and representing Byzantine, Italian, Carlovingian, Russo-Greek, French and German, which are mostly Gospel covers.

### The Gravedigger.

OH, the shambling sea is a sexton old,  
 And well his work is done.  
 With an equal grave for lord and knave,  
 He buries them everyone.

Then hoy and rip, with a rolling hip,  
 He makes for the nearest shore;  
 And God, who sent him a thousand ship,  
 Will send him a thousand more;  
 But some he'll save for a bleaching grave,  
 And shoulder them in to shore,—  
 Shoulder them in, shoulder them in,  
 Shoulder them in to shore.

Oh, the ships of Greece and the ships of Tyre  
 Went out, and where are they?  
 In the port they made, they are delayed  
 With the ships of yesterday.

He followed the ships of England far,  
As the ships of long ago ;  
And the ships of France they led him a dance,  
But he laid them all arow.

Oh, a loafing, idle lubber to him  
Is the sexton of the town ;  
For sure and swift, with a guiding lift,  
He shovels dead men down.

But though he delves so fierce and grim,  
His honest graves are wide,  
As well they know who sleep below  
The dredge of the deepest tide.

Oh, he works with a rollicking stave at lip,  
And loud is the chorus skirled ;  
With the burly rote of his rumbling throat  
He batters it down the world.

He learned it once in his father's house,  
Where the ballads of eld were sung ;  
And merry enough is the burden rough,  
But no man knows the tongue.

Oh, fair, they say, was his bride to see,  
And wilful she must have been,  
That she could bide at his gruesome side  
When the first red dawn came in.

And sweet, they say, is her kiss to those  
She greets to his border home ;  
And softer than sleep her hand's first sweep  
That beckons, and they come.

Oh, crooked is he, but strong enough  
To handle the tallest mast ;  
From the royal barque to the slaver dark,  
He buries them all at last.

Then hoy and rip, with a rolling hip,  
He makes for the nearest shore ;  
And God, who sent him a thousand ship,  
Will send him a thousand more ;  
But some he'll save for a bleaching grave,  
And shoulder them in to shore,—  
Shoulder them in, shoulder them in,  
Shoulder them in to shore.

*From " Ballads of Lost-Haven,"  
by Bliss Carman.*

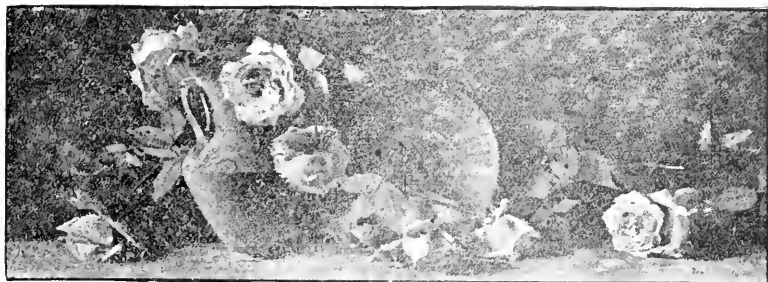


From the painting by F. MCGILLIVRAY KNOWLES, R.C.A.

"THE HARVEST OF THE SEA"

Loaned by the "WESTMINSTER," Toronto.





From the painting by MRS. G. A. REID.

## Canadian Artists and Their Work.

BY F. M. BELL-SMITH, R.C.A.

IN undertaking the task of writing about the work of my brother artists I would wish it to be clearly understood at the outset that I do not assume the position of a critic.

Those who have attended the annual exhibitions of the Ontario Society of Artists for the past twenty-five years, and can recall to mind the pictures which in the early days were considered among the best, will, I think, admit that a great change has taken place. The paintings which the committee of to-day will barely accept, would then have been thought worthy of some of the best places. The fact is that there has been a steady improvement year by year; new, fresh, vigorous young painters of both sexes have come into the field, and by the strength of their work, and modern ideas, have crowded to the wall those who a few years ago held the most prominent positions in the profession in Canada.

This advance, however, steady though it has been, has not been unimpeded; many have been the set-backs, oppositions and discouragements. Death has claimed several of our best and most gifted artists, not only when full of years and when their powers had failed, but in their very prime, and at a time when honors were beginning to fall thick upon them.

[NOTE.—For some of the illustrations in this article we are indebted to the kindness of *The Canadian Magazine*, *The Westminster*, and Messrs. G. A. Reid, L. R. O'Brien, F. McG. Knowles and E. Wylie Grier.—ED.]



From the painting by  
F. MCGILLIVRAY KNOWLES, R.C.A.  
"THE SPINNER."

Think of Allan Edson, who died at the age of forty-five, a painter, some of whose works might grace any gallery in the world ; of Wyatt Eaton, one of the best as he was one of the most earnest painters on this continent ; himself a neighbor of Edsons—born in the same township—died before he was fifty. Then who will soon forget poor Paul Peel, who, after having achieved high distinction at the Salon—obtained a medal there—had one of his pictures bought by a foreign government for its principal gallery—died at the age of thirty-four. I could also speak of others, but must close this list with the name of Adolph Vogt, who laid down his brush at the early age of thirty-one,

after giving great promise of a future that might have rivalled Tryon or Rosa Bonheur.

Canada has also lost several distinguished artists through the failure of Canadians to encourage them, and thus keep them in the country. Such a painter as Shannon, whose name is mentioned to-day with those of John Sargent and E. A. Abbey, as one of the strongest exhibitors at the Royal



From the painting by G. A. REID, R.C.A.  
"FAMILY PRAYERS."

Academy, is a credit and honor to any country, and his estrangement is a serious loss to Canadian art; also Fraser, Sandham, Woodcock, Bruce, Bridgman, Lawson, strong painters all, but who have left Canada owing to lack of encouragement.

But heavy as has been the drain on our best talent there are still left many whose work reflects credit on themselves and their country. Of these I shall say something further on.

As little advancement had been noticeable prior to the formation of the first society of artists, it may fairly be assumed that these societies have had a large influence in the general upbuilding of an art feeling in the country and the individual progress of the artists themselves.

This being so, a brief sketch of the history of the principal art societies of Canada will help to a clearer understanding of the position and status of the leading painters of to-day.



From the painting by G. A. Reid, R.C.A.

"THE BERRY-PICKERS."



From the painting by E. WYLY GRIER, R.C.A.

"BEREFT."

In the fall of 1867 in a studio jointly occupied by Allan Edson and myself, in the old *Herald* building on St. James Street, Montreal, a number of artists were gathered in response to a letter written by my father, John Bell-Smith. At

this meeting was formed the first artists society in Canada. It was called the Society of Canadian Artists. Among others present were John Bell-Smith, who was elected President, John A. Fraser (Vice-President), O. R. Jacobi, Adolph Vogt, Allan Edson, Henry Sandham, William Fraser, C. J. Way, J. Duncan and the writer.



From a Photograph.

WYATT EATON.

The main object of this Society was organization for the purpose of holding exhibitions of the works of the members, which was done for some seven or eight years. But owing to death and removal of more than half of their number the society has been dormant since 1875. The Ontario Society of Artists was organized in Toronto in 1873, and after passing through difficulties that at times have threatened its existence, is to-day in a thoroughly prosperous and healthy condition.

On the 2nd of March its Twenty-seventh Annual Exhibition will open to the public in their own gallery in the Princess Theatre block on King Street.

This society has a membership of over fifty professional artists, of whom the large majority reside in Toronto. Far from being a close corporation, like some of the English societies, the O. S. A. freely admits the work of outsiders, the only stipulation being that they shall



From the painting by F. M. Brice-Sutton, R.C.A.

#### “FLIGHTS OF A CITY STREET.”

satisfy the Hanging Committee in point of merit. In this respect the works of members are received on the same conditions, for the committee has power to reject any picture not deemed worthy.

New members are elected at the annual meeting during the Spring Exhibition, one of the requisites being that two works of the applicant shall have been accepted by the committee and hung in the exhibition.

The Society has life classes during the winter and a sketch class for its members only.

The Royal Canadian Academy of Arts was founded in 1879 by His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne and H.R.H. the Princess Louise, its first exhibition being held at Ottawa the following year. Its constitution is copied from that of the English Royal Academy, with such alterations as were found necessary in order to meet the local conditions of this new country. Being a Dominion institution



A BUST of Mr. O'BRIEN, the first President of the Royal Canadian Academy, by HAMILTON MCCARTHY.

and in receipt of a small annual grant from the Dominion Government, it was thought inadvisable to localize it by giving it a "home" in any particular city; therefore its annual exhibitions are held in the largest centres in rotation. Ottawa, Montreal and Toronto have so far had the exhibition in turn, with the single exception of one (the second in its history) in Halifax in 1881.

Mr. L. R. O'Brien, who in 1879 was President of the Ontario Society of Artists, was chosen by Lord Lorne as the first President of the Royal Canadian Academy, which office he held for ten years, being succeeded by Mr. O. R. Jacobi, who, in turn, gave place to Mr. Robert Harris, of Montreal, the present incumbent.

There are two principal divisions, classes, or perhaps more correctly speaking, *ranks* of membership, viz., Academician and Associate. The management is in the hands of the Council of twelve Academicians, who hold office for two years in rotation. The Academicians elect the Associates, but in the election of an Associate to the rank of Academician both classes vote. The constitution provides that there may be forty Academicians--no more. Of these forty, not more than ten may be architects. A limit is also put upon the number of designers and engravers, but there is no such restriction to the number of painters and sculptors. At present the list is not full, but as there is generally an election of one or more at each annual meeting, the ranks are steadily filling up.

An Academician is required, before he receives his diploma, to present a piece of his work (approved by the Council) to be placed in the National Gallery at Ottawa. These diploma works, now numbering over forty, form the nucleus of our national collection. This collection has been added to from time to time by the purchase of pictures by the Government and the Royal Canadian Academy, and by valuable donations. Among the latter may be mentioned works by the late Sir John Everett Millais, President of the Royal Academy; the late Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A. (Sir John Millais' predecessor), John Frederick Watts, R.A., and H.R.H. Princess Louise.

This year's exhibition of the R.C.A. opens in Montreal on the 7th of April.

And now I come to the most delicate and difficult part of my task, viz., a reference to the artists personally. Having already made brief mention of a few of those whom the hand of death has removed, I shall confine my attention to those who are at the present time in active work.

I will take the portrait and figure painters first. Mr. Robert Harris, P.R.C.A., Montreal, not alone by virtue of his office as President of the Royal Canadian Academy, but as a painter of great ability, claims our first notice. His style is broad and strong. His coloring, especially in the flesh tones of his portraits, is warm and very satisfying. He possesses the rare power of suggesting the *mind* of the subject. His portraits live. In his figure compositions he has attained various degrees of success, sometimes reaching a very high plane, but always having a lofty and worthy motive. In a word, as a portrait painter Mr. Harris is powerful; as a figure painter he is conscientious.



From the painting by L. R. O'BRIEN, R.C.A.

"A LANDSCAPE."

Next to Mr. Harris several names occur—all good painters. Of these Mr. F. McGillivray Knowles, R.C.A., has brought back from England and France much knowledge and skill derived from such great masters of painting as Hubert Herkomer, R.A., and Benj. Constant, under whom he studied for some years. His work is characterized by a clean, strong, direct method and close attention to detail.

Mr. J. W. L. Forster is so well known personally and through his portraits to friends and students of "Old Vic," that I need say nothing further of him or his work. Geo. Agnew Reid, R.C.A., E. Wyly Grier, R.C.A., and A. D. Patterson, R.C.A., are all strong painters of portraits; each has a leaning to some great master of painting, and each strives to emulate his ideal. Mr. Reid achieved a great success in his picture the "Foreclosure of the Mortgage," which attracted great attention at the World's Fair at Chicago, and won for him a gold medal; but for some years past he has broken away from the comparatively tight and matter-of-fact style of his early efforts, and having devoted his attention almost exclusively to mural decoration, has adopted the semi-impressionistic coloring so well adapted to that class of work. Mr. J. C. Pinhey and Mr. Dyonnet paint few pictures, but what they do they do well.

There are some good painters of figures who do but little that is seen at our exhibitions, their time no doubt being principally occupied in teaching. Among these may be mentioned Mr. Wm. Brymner, of Montreal; Mr. Moss and Mr. Brownell, of Ottawa.

Mr. Sherwood has painted some portraits that have the merit of being likenesses and solidly painted. His best efforts have been directed to the painting of street-arabs and dogs.

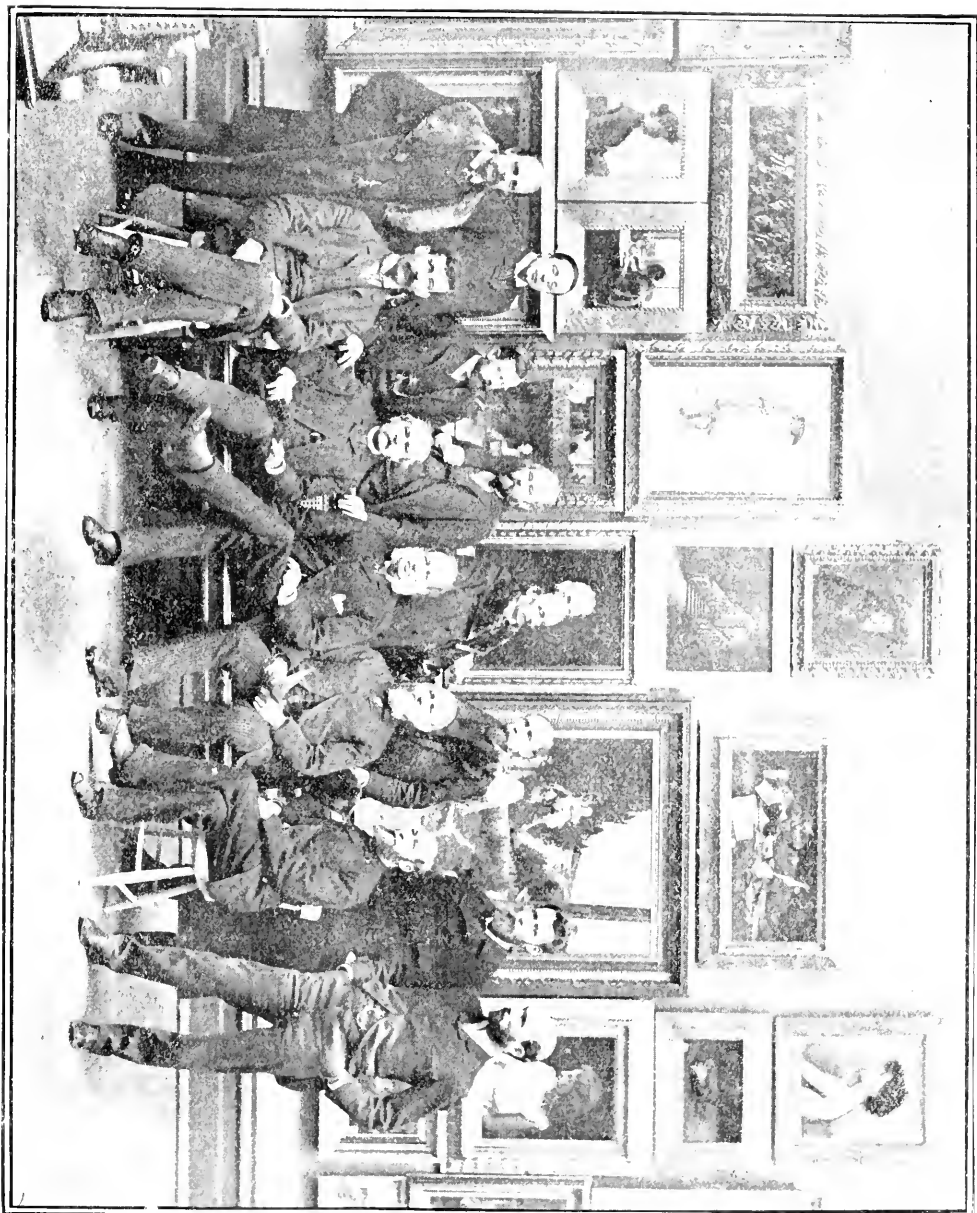
Of the painters of landscapes Mr. Homer Watson is perhaps the best, with Mr. John Hammond, of St. John, N.B., a close companion.

Carl Ahrens, dreamy and impressionistic, and Owen Staples have made rapid strides towards the front rank.

W. E. Atkinson and William Smith are both painters of landscape of a broad "Dutch School" style—bold and sketchy but artistic and decorative. Mr. W. D. Blatchly, always bright and sunny, and Mr. Bruenech have many admirers. Mr. C. J. Way, who has spent the past twenty years in Switzerland, has recently returned to Canada.

Mr. L. R. O'Brien, R.C.A., the first president of the Royal Canadian Academy, is one of the most conscientious and painstaking students of the beauties of Canadian scenery that has ever sketched rock, pine or waterfall in our broad land. The Atlantic wave surging





A GROUP OF McADAMS

TAYLOR, BELL-SMITH, WATTS, HARRIS, DAY, FORSTER, McCARTHY, FORBES,  
 BREYNER, JACOB, O'BRIEN, HUTCHISON, SMITH.

against the rock-bound coast of Nova Scotia, the placid waters of the mighty St. Lawrence, the towering cliffs of the Saguenay, the waving pines of Muskoka, and, above and beyond all, the valleys, lakes and glaciers of British Columbia have all been treated by his clever and facile pencil. He has well earned all the high esteem in which his work is held.

Mr. C. M. Manly is a painter of pleasing and popular landscapes, his interpretation of moorland scenes being especially effective.

Space will not permit more than a passing reference to a large number of artists, each of whom possesses some strong individuality which gives interest to his work. F. A. Verner will leave behind him a valuable record in his pictures of Indians and buffalo. A. C. Williamson and F. C. V. Ede appear to have permanently located in France, and their absence is a loss. Marmaduke Matthews, with his broadly washed water colors; T. Mower Martin, indefatigable, prolific and versatile, painting with astonishing rapidity, a wide range of subjects, but succeeding best in woodland interiors and still life; Mr. R. F. Gagen, spending his holidays in some delightful sea-shore village, and bringing back bright, clean, fresh water-color sketches, that tell of the fine weather and good time he had, are familiar as frequent contributors to our exhibitions.

One name I omitted to mention among the figure painters is Frederick S. Challener, one of the rising young men, whose fine color sense and correct eye give promise of the greatest possibilities in the future.

Of animal painters we have very few. Mr. James Graham, of Montreal, who has painted some really surprisingly good pictures for so young a man, and is now studying in Europe, and Mr. Maurice Cullen, a strong painter, touched with a streak of impressionism, are among the best.

But so far I have made mention of men only. What of our lady artists? If I have left them to the last it is not that I esteem them the less, or that I consider them as ranking below the best of those gentlemen I have named. Indeed, if I were to name those whom I consider the ten best painters in the country, five of the ten would be women. Who, that is familiar with the works of Miss Sydney Tully, with her refined and artistic treatment of the female head; of Mrs. Reid, with her beautifully treated pictures of roses; of Miss Florence Carlyle, with her more than masculine dash and breadth of technique: of Miss Laura Muntz, fresh from the powerful influence of the Paris *ateliers*; of Miss Holden, of Miss Haggerty, but must admit that these ladies deserve places in the very front rank of Canadian painters.

In conclusion, I may be pardoned for referring to the criticisms in some of the daily papers. The proprietors of these journals, no doubt, do all they can to secure good and competent judges to write about the pictures, but the writers are too often strongly prejudiced either for or against the individual painter, the result being that in the one case glaring faults are passed over and fulsome praise bestowed, while



INDUSTRY, INTEGRITY, INTELLIGENCE.

Proposed decorations of New City Hall, by W. CRUIKSHANK, G. A. REID and E. WYLY GRIER.

in the other the critic is blind to all merit, and unmercifully "knives" the unfortunate object of his spleen. It would be unfair to set up the highest standard of European art by which to judge our Canadian painters; and yet it may be asserted with perfect truth, that there are living some members of the English Royal Academy who, notwithstanding the fact that they are entitled to write the magical letters R.A. after their names, do not to-day, if, indeed they ever did, paint as well as some of our own Canadian artists. Such painters deserve the warmest support from all loyal Canadians.

If all those who have the means had a commensurate amount of taste and love of the beautiful and artistic, our senses would not so often be shocked by the sight of the horrible nightmares that disfigure the walls of some of our otherwise richly furnished homes, and the hearts of our own painters would be more frequently gladdened with handsome commissions.

### Some Reviews.

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THE review of Canadian books which appeared in the last Christmas ACTA did not include all the books of the year, and but one or two issued later than October 1st. It is now my pleasing duty to supply some of the seeming or real omissions by noticing briefly some two or three really good books. *Wild Animals I Have Known*, by Ernest Seton Thompson, is a beautifully illustrated collection of animal stories, of the grand old wolf "Lobo," the king

of the Currumpaw, who compels our admiration even in the moment of the defeat he met at the hand of his superior, the clever trapper ; of the wise old crow Silverspot, the heroic defender of his flock ; of Raggylug, the rabbit ; of the dog Bingo and his equally clever companion Wully, the great sheep-dog who so grievously degenerated into a killer of other flocks ; of the untamable, pacing mustang which preferred death to captivity and slavery ; of Redruff the partridge, and of the Springfield Fox which brought poisoned meat to the last of her litter rather than see him live a captive. Naturally we think of Kipling's tales of the jungle beasts and of Roberts' *Earth Enigmas* and *Around the Campfire*, but I do not feel that either of the Canadians suffer a great deal by the comparison. No matter whether we believe or not in the theory that animals have souls, no lover of animals can refuse to sympathize with the analysis of the motives of animal hearts made for us by both these authors. They have both made a distinct contribution to the literature of this subject, and both are deserving of very high praise for their work.

Prof. Roberts has recently given us the continuation of his *Forge in the Forest* in *A Sister to Evangeline*, the story of Yvonne de Lamourie. There is a clear improvement in the execution of this work, it being to my mind much compacter in plot and more natural in the treatment of the characters. The sinister influence of the Black Abbé, so striking in the first book, is felt here even more strongly, and his foil, the madman Grûl, continues his work of counteracting the Abbé. The hero, Paul Grande, is the nephew of Jean de Mer, the sieur de Briart of the *Forge*, and the good old honest priest, Father Fafard, still ministers to the spiritual needs of the sorely tried dwellers in Grand Pré. The expulsion of the Acadians forms the background of the story, and on this canvas is thrown the picture of the beautiful character, Yvonne de Lamourie. At the critical moment her all-absorbing but repressed love for Paul Grande drives her from her family circle, and from the arms of her betrothed English lover, Anderson, to willingly and cheerfully accept an exile's fate with Paul. The loving care with which the author portrays her character and her charms, and the skill with which he brings out the play and counterplay of reason and passion shows us how well he can divine the motives of the human heart and mark him as one from whom we have every right to expect good things in the future. That Paul and Yvonne surmount the almost insuperable difficulties of their situation goes without saying, and we can all rejoice in their good fortune. Prof. Roberts is to be sincerely congratulated on this new work.

It is encouraging to note that *A Veteran of 1812*, the life of Lieut.-Colonel FitzGibbon, has been so much called for that a second edition has been published. There is much additional matter in the way of a very interesting preface, a new chapter of some thirty pages, and an additional appendix of nine pages, consisting of a letter by Colonel FitzGibbon, written at the request of Lord Seaton, which gives some light on the early political troubles of Canada.

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Sometimes it is well to adorn historical facts, lying far from our times, with a romance of imagination. This has been cleverly done, and in simple language, in a work primarily intended for boys, by Charles W. Whistler, called *King Alfred's Vikings* a story of the first English fleet. Ronald Vemundsson, the son of Vemund, king of South Mereland, in Norway, is represented as being dispossessed by Harold Fairhair, and with only a viking ship and its crew, finds his way to England, and to King Alfred, just at the time when that good

king is feeling most sorely the effects of the onslaughts of the Danes. There is a mutual attraction, and after sharing all the hardships and successes of the king, the Viking becomes the admiral of the first English fleet, thus helping to lay the foundation of the naval supremacy of the English. Founded upon Asser's life of King Alfred and other contemporaneous history, the author gives us a splendid picture of the times, of the wars with and victories over the Danes, portrays the character of Alfred in clear outlines, and shows us incidentally the contest between the old heathenism and the new religion, Christianity, which was to take its place. There is enough of the boy left in me to enjoy the book thoroughly, and I commend it to all interested in the life of the days of King Alfred.




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## Missionary and Religious.

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### Cutting Corners.

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BY FRANCIS HUSTON WALLACE, M.A., D.D.

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DURING those summer months when our college halls and grounds are lonely for lack of students' voices, faces, and forms, as I have sat reading under a tree, I have often been interested in observing the difficulty with which our faithful Robert prevents pedestrians and bicyclists, passing through our grounds, from ruining the lawn by cutting corners. And on street corners I have noticed the frantic appeal, "Please *do* keep off the grass," and have seen it systematically disregarded by multitudes of people who would rather trample down the grass than take half a dozen steps more and keep to the walk. And it has been amusing to watch the frequent discomfiture of those who, taking a short-cut across the college lawn, have presently found themselves in a *cul-de-sac* and have been compelled, after all, to go round by the proper path.

All these things have been a sort of parable to me. They have set me thinking of those who are cutting corners educationally, ethically, spiritually : of those who, in their haste to get a degree, or to gain a completed certificate, or to acquire wealth, or to attain the heights of Christian experience and Christian character, depart from the safe paths of true principles and proper methods, and push out hurriedly on "short-cuts" which lead to disappointment and failure.

Many aspirants after a college course make the fatal mistake of hurrying through their preparation. Four or five years at a good High School these ardent spirits cannot endure. They prepare in two, perhaps in one ; succeed in securing a bare matriculation mark ; and then, when they have entered the educational paradise of college, are disappointed to find their studies too heavy, their examinations too severe, their "stars" too numerous, and, in short, college life a drag rather than a delight. This is the penalty of cutting corners in preparation.

In methods of study, moreover, a similar mistake is made, where students, to avoid the dreary drudgery of looking up words and mastering details for themselves, and all the rest of that plodding toil, which alone can train them to true independent strength, resort to the habitual use of translations, keys, and all those helps which become crutches on which those who use them become finally entirely dependent. He only is truly educated who is trained to work, to think, to investigate, to form conclusions for himself. Here let me commend to theological students the work of the Theological Club. In this club the spirit of original investigation and frank discussion is cultivated, men are encouraged to search for facts as for fine gold, and the tendency to crude haste in theorizing from insufficient data is repressed.

There are probably no greater offenders in the matter of cutting corners than candidates for the ministry. I am not unaware of the financial difficulties which debar many eager students from those longer courses of study which they would prefer. But, at the same time, I fear that not a few are debarred from the B.A. and the B.D. course by lack of courage and grit quite as much as by want of cash. Many men seem to think that, if they can only reach ordination, it does not matter much which course they take to that goal, forgetting that the preaching of "the Gospel of the glory of the blessed God" and the organization of the Church demand the highest human powers at the highest point of development. No man can be too well educated for the ministry. Thousands are inefficient for lack of such thorough college study as should waken them from intellectual slumbers and

make them alert, quick, sympathetic, all alive to the interests, the problems, the perplexities of the men of their own time, and should instruct them in the application of the unchanging Gospel to the changing circumstances of mankind.

Short courses to the ministry usually lead to short pastorates, and ultimately to meagre results. But he who does the best he can, who takes the fullest and longest course possible to him, and who remains persistently and patiently a student all his days, will command respect, will hold his position, will enjoy the satisfaction of perpetual growth.

“Yea, this in him was the peculiar grace  
 (Hearten our chorus!)  
 That before living he'd learn how to live—  
 No end to learning;  
 Earn the means first—God surely will contrive,  
 Use to our earning.  
 Others mistrust and say, ‘But time escapes!  
 Live now or never!’  
 He said, ‘What’s time? Leave now for dogs and apes!  
 MAN HAS FOREVER.’”

How often the mistake is made of cutting corners in the matter of the development of character. Fond and pious parents think that by methods of haste and precocity the whole future of their dear children may be secured. Impatient of the slow processes of legitimate growth they proceed to stimulate and force the development. But, alas! how often the short-cut leads to bitter disappointment. Over twenty years ago I knew a devoted father in England, who had extreme notions of the possibilities of infant piety. As children came, they were not only consecrated to God and trained for God, but subjected to the hot-house system of development. At a very tender age they were encouraged and expected to experience emotions and to perform duties which properly belong to later years. They were required to pray aloud at family prayers, and that in the presence of strangers. For a while the process seemed successful, and the children were apparently highly intelligent and devoted Christians. But, alas! to-day not one of them seems to feel any interest in religious things. Precocity is a sign of defect and not of excellence. The piety of the child, if normal and abiding, will not be that of the adult. The divine rule and method in the development of religion and character is “first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear.”

How much permanent good has the evangelist or the pastor done



who has by heated exhortation wrought his hearers up into a frenzy of emotion, and then induced them to make a profession of the highest attainment, the most complete sanctification? I have seen a vast audience, at a holiness camp-meeting, stirred by the fervid oratory of a man whose ability and sincerity and personal piety were beyond all question, into a profession, manifested by rising to their feet, of being "dead to sin." Was such a wholesale effect salutary? Far from it. A large proportion of those people were doubtless disgusted both with themselves and with the preacher, on sober reflection, and probably repelled from a true doctrine of holiness and hindered in the legitimate development of Christian character. Nothing short of patient continuance in well-doing will ever issue in high Christian character. Crises may come. Very suddenly long strides may be taken in the knowledge and love of God. But, after all, the emotional crisis is worth in the great process of the development of Christian life only so much as it produces of steadfastness, endurance, perseverance, humility, faith, hope, and love in daily duties and ordinary relations. Nothing but faith and patience inherit the promises. There are no short-cuts to heaven. In religion and ethics short-cuts lead in the other direction.

Most deplorable are the errors of those who try to cut the corner to personal success in the work of the Church, either by the use of unfair means to secure promotion, by superficial methods of pulpit preparation, or by ignoble artifices to fill the church and swell the roll of members. Twenty-two years ago in the city of Toronto two bright young ministers labored side by side. During the illness of the one and his prolonged absence from his work, the other, in his frantic haste to rise, worked up an invitation for himself in the congregation of the absent brother. This contemptible short-cut to ministerial success led, not to promotion in the Methodist Church, but to a speedy exit from it. As I behold young ministers fretting for bigger churches, pulling wires, writing letters, holding interviews, moving heaven and earth to secure invitations, I cannot but exclaim, Fools and blind! There is no such short-cut to real and abiding success. Do your duty well where you are. Cultivate your own field well so that it shall yield a rich harvest of conversions and of Christian character, think less of the promotion of the future and more of the opportunity of the present—then the future will take care of itself, and wherever you go life shall be rich and satisfying to you.

How strong is the temptation to cut the corner in the preparation of sermons! Many a man, quick of thought and ready of utter-

ance, cannot endure the drudgery of much reading, of patient gathering of materials, of the orderly development of thought. He hastily sketches an outline, and then trusts to the inspiration of the moment. Perhaps for a while he sparkles as a wonderful boy preacher. But after a while people notice that they know all that he has to say, that he does not improve, that he is not instructive ; and the latter end of that man is worse than the first.

He who would be permanently powerful or helpful as a preacher must fill his mind with much reading of the best books, must patiently master the Bible, must heroically wrestle with great problems, must agonize to thoroughly understand his text and develop his subject, must give, if necessary, his days and nights to secure clearness of thought and richness of illustration and force of application. So only shall he grow in pulpit power, and each sermon shall be to the people a message and an inspiration. As you would save souls, build up the Church, and serve your God in your preaching, persistently avoid all homiletic short-cuts.

How much scandal has been caused by the attempt to cut the corner in the matter of securing large congregations and many members. Methods that are beneath the dignity of the Church and inconsistent with the purity of the Gospel and an insult to Christ for whose sake the Church exists have too often been adopted through the frantic desire to secure immediate tangible results. Anything to fill the pews and the collection plates ! Nay, if the Church cannot sustain herself by methods which are consistent with her principles, she had better far go down. Out with the buyers and sellers, out with the showman and the buffoon, out with all clap-trap and secularity from the sanctuary of God.

Even in the sacred work of bringing men into the Church there is the possibility of cutting corners, of enrolling a membership without genuine repentance, conversion, consecration. When Christian met Formalist and Hypocrisy, he asked them, "Why came ye not in at the gate which standeth at the beginning of the way ?" And they pertly answered, "that to go to the gate for entrance was, by all their countrymen, counted too far about ; and that therefore their usual way was to make a short-cut of it, to climb over the wall as they had done." To all Christian's indignant expostulations they are indifferent. But the truth of his warnings is proved when they reach the hill Difficulty. Christian himself has much ado to climb it, but succeeds. Formalist and Hypocrisy are still looking out for a short cut. "When they saw that the hill was steep and

high, and that there were two other ways to go; and supposing also that these two ways might meet again with that up which Christian went, on the other side of the hill: therefore they were resolved to go in those ways. Now the name of one of those ways was Danger, and the name of the other Destruction. So the one took the way which is called Danger, which led him into a great wood: and the other took directly up the way to Destruction, which led him into a wide field, full of dark mountains, where he stumbled and fell, and rose no more."

There are *no short-cuts* to the highest and best things in education, in character, in work. If we would attain the highest we must "run with patience the race set before us," we must cherish the noblest ideals, we must never give over the supreme effort to realize them.

In education, in Christian experience, in character, in work, the main thing is to get started right, to act on correct principles, to adopt true methods. Then we have all the future, aye! eternity itself, for the great development, the grand success. The true man acting on true principles cannot ultimately fail.

∴ That low man seeks a little thing to do,  
     Sees it and does it;  
 This high man, with a great thing to pursue,  
     Dies ere he does it.  
 That low man goes on adding one to one,  
     His hundred's soon hit:  
 This high man, aiming at a million,  
     Misses a unit.  
 That, has the world here—should he need the next,  
     Let the world mind him!  
 This, throws himself on God, and unperplexed  
     Seeking shall find Him."

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All matter intended for insertion in the columns of the paper, together with all exchanges, should be addressed to E. W. GRANGE, Editor-in-Chief of ACTA VICTORIANA, Victoria University, Toronto.

All business matter should be referred to W. G. SMITH, Business Manager, ACTA VICTORIANA, Victoria University, Toronto.

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## Editorial.

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### Notes.

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THE thanks of ACTA Board are due Mrs. Dignam and Mr. Bell-Smith for the very interesting and valuable papers which they contribute to the present number. We are confident that their kindness will be thoroughly appreciated by every reader of ACTA.

THERE are two things which have greatly tended to compensate the Board of Management of this paper for the extra time and labor involved in its publication. One is the kind response which has invariably met our request for contributions to our columns, and the other is the favorable criticisms which have been lately showered upon us. As a rule, we have found that the most courteous and kindly compliances with our requests have come from those to whom the sacrifice of time involved meant most—a fact which has a general application in every field of human endeavor. To those who have sent us words of praise and encouragement we again extend our thanks, and assure them that the knowledge of their appreciation of our efforts means much to us.

WE shall be glad to receive any criticisms, favorable or otherwise, of the editorial on "What a College Course Should Be." The question is one of the greatest importance to undergraduates and graduates alike, and we hope they will show their interest by giving expression, through our columns, to their views upon the subject. So far we have not received a single response to our request of last October, that the students and alumni of our University should look upon ACTA as their organ of utterance, and give expression through it to their views upon all matters of importance to our constituency.

ALTHOUGH nothing much has been said of late regarding the long-announced and long-looked-for new campus, still we believe that negotiations are quietly going on looking to a speedy realization of our most cherished hopes. We hope to be able to make, in next issue, a definite announcement of the position in which the matter now stands.



**ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.**

DIED FEBRUARY 10TH, 1899.

To every Canadian, who has an intelligent appreciation of the value of our own literature, and who has formed of late high hopes for its growth to world-wide recognition and esteem, the news of the death of Archibald Lampman must come with a sense of personal loss. He was one of the small coterie of Canadian poets whose work has obtained not only a local, but also a national acceptance, and to whose genius Canada owes a real and a lasting debt of grati-

tude. Lampman has long been acknowledged as first among those who in Canada sought to picture to us the beauty of the objective world. He surrendered himself to his passion for beauty, and his poetry breathes a joyous and sympathetic communion with the pictured scenes of memory and nature. With a wonderful charm of poetic expression he gives us "perfectly finished pictures of mirror-like accuracy and loveliness." His work was essentially objective rather than subjective. He was, as he confesses in "An Athenian Reverie":

" Too little given to probe the inner heart,  
But rather wont with the luxurious eye  
To catch from life its outer loveliness."

His verse is full of purity and gentleness, and reflects what he referred to as

" Those high moods of mine that sometime made  
My heart a heaven, opening like a flower,  
A sweeter world, where I in wonder strayed,  
Begirt with shapes of beauty and the power  
Of dreams that moved to that enchanted clime,  
With changing breaths of rhyme."

Mr. Lampman's death in the prime of life, and at a time when he was doing his best work, is indeed a severe loss to Canadian literature. In our next issue we hope to publish a much fuller and better appreciation of his life and work.

To ACTA readers, who remember the late poet's noble poem in our Christmas number, the opening stanza will now appeal with peculiar significance:

" Through the wide-set gates of the city, bright-eyed,  
Came the minstrel: many a song behind him,  
Many still before him, re-echoing strangely,  
Ringing and kindling."

The minstrel has, indeed, passed through the City's gates, where "hourly naming God, the Eternal," all his lute-strings are

" Making now a song for the spirit only,  
Deeper-toned, more pure, than his soul had fashioned  
Ever aforetime."

## What a College Course Should Be.

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I VENTURE to assert, without fear of contradiction, that there comes to every student in the fourth year of his college course a feeling of disappointment when he casts his eye back, in retrospect, over the work of his years at college, and contrasts the actual educational value of his course of study with the results which he might have reaped from a freer following out of his own predilections in his methods of work, and a less rigid adherence to the hard and fast rules of the curriculum. To the pass student comes the regret that, while he may have a general idea of many departments of knowledge, he is complete master of no one department. He has not the feeling of conscious power to master other fields of learning that comes from a thorough and complete investigation of one special line of study. To the honor student comes the thought that, while he may be master of his own department (though we doubt if the limitations of a four years' course will permit a student to really master a single one of the honor courses prescribed by the curriculum), he is, on the other hand, ignorant of even the fundamental truths of other departments of study. To the student in moderns, the wonders of science and nature are a sealed book; while to the student of natural science, the great names of literature—Homer, Virgil, Dante, Goethe, Shakespeare—are names that call up no great thought and no real conception. And the same criticism, I believe, will apply with equal force to every other honor department.

This, then, being, as I believe, a true statement of existing conditions, let me advance in all modesty my crude ideas as to what the ideal college course should be.

Broadly stated, I would endeavor to combine the two principles of the pass and the honor course. I would not have the student begin to specialize to any great extent until his Junior year; certainly I would not allow the students of our high schools to specialize to such a degree as is done at present. That is, it seems to me, the fundamental mistake of our high school system; for in a preparatory school course the pupil cannot hope to go far enough to master any one field of knowledge, and to do less is to lose the real benefit of a special course of study. Moreover, the average high school course is all too short to gain a general survey of human knowledge, which is the first essential of a liberal education.

Then, as to the object of these years of general study, I would endeavor to obtain a general acquaintance with the subjects of English

literature and its allied subjects of music and art, economic science, the languages, history, natural science, and with the fundamental principles of mathematics and philosophy. Let me attempt to point out, as briefly as possible, the necessity of some knowledge of each one of these subjects.

The highest object of all education is the culture of the soul, and the only thing that can give to the soul this culture is its own work—the record of its feelings, its passions, its emotions, its hopes, its fears. And that record is found in literature and art and music; hence the better acquaintance we have of these subjects the more we come in contact with the emotions and the imaginations of the great souls of present and past ages, and by such contact we reveal to our own souls new emotions, new fields of thought, new aspirations and new joys—we become, in short, a part of the great souls of all ages. And inasmuch as we cannot find in English literature all the world's treasury of soul-records, it behooves us to study the languages—especially French and German, and Latin or Greek—that we may come in contact with the great minds, great hearts, great souls of other races and other days. I emphasize both the modern languages in preference to the classics, because I believe that in one or other of the living languages you will find repeated nearly all that was worth repeating in the Greek and Latin literatures. Moreover, a knowledge of French and German is a necessity to the student who later attempts to do advanced work in any field of investigation, for he will find that much of his most valuable data will be found in French and German textbooks which have no English translations.

Then as regards the study of history. If any study is liberal and liberalizing, it is the modern study of history—the study of the passions, opinions, beliefs, arts, laws and institutions of different races and communities, and of the joys, sufferings, conflicts and achievements of mankind. If the humanity or liberality of a study depends upon its power to enlarge the intellectual and moral interests of the student, quicken his sympathies, impel him to the side of truth and virtue, and make him loathe falsehood and vice, no study can be more human or more liberal than history.

As a vindication of our claim for the importance of the study of economic science we have but to quote President Eliot, of Harvard University: “When we consider how formidable are the industrial, social and political problems with which the next generation must grapple; when we observe how inequalities of condition increase, notwithstanding the general acceptance of theories of equality; how



population irresistibly tends to huge agglomerations, in spite of demonstrations that such agglomerations are physically and morally unhealthy ; how the universal thirst for the enjoyments of life grows hotter and hotter, and is not assuaged, . . . we can hardly fail to appreciate the importance of offering to large numbers of American students ample facilities for learning all that is known of economic science."

The claim of natural science for an equal place in the student's attention with the above-mentioned subjects needs hardly any support. The science which reveals to us God in nature ; which scrutinizes, touches, weighs, measures, analyzes, dissects and watches things ; which teaches us to observe, to classify and compare, deserves to be admitted with all possible honors among the liberal arts.

Finally, no argument need be advanced to prove that every student who pretends to a liberal education should become acquainted with the fundamental principles of mathematics, logic and ethics. The necessity of such knowledge is self-evident.

I contend, then, that from the entrance of the pupil into the high school until the close of his second year at college his main purpose should be to gain a *general* acquaintance with each of these branches of study.

Then, with his mind comparatively matured, I would have the student follow out his own bent during his last two years at college. Let him take up some line of study towards which he feels particularly drawn, and specialize to his heart's content in that particular department, so long as he makes himself complete master of at least *one* problem. When he has done that, he is in a position to repeat the process in connection with any other problem, for, to all intents and purposes, the same lines of investigation and reasoning will hold good in every problem. *Ab uno disce omnes.*

But unless he thoroughly knows his one particular subject his specialization will be but of little avail ; for to be but half-master of a couple of departments or of two branches of the same department of learning is but to duplicate one's experience to no purpose. For example, in the department of Modern Languages, as at present laid down in the curriculum, it is a practical impossibility in the third and fourth years, at any rate, to thoroughly master in the course of the year more than a small fraction of the work prescribed. A complete study of Goethe's *Faust* is a whole year's work ; and yet the study of *Faust* is but a twelfth part of the course laid down for the fourth year. What is the result ? The student cannot find time to follow up the

interest created by the study of *Faust*, but is compelled to leave the problem unfinished and hasten to duplicate his experience in an incomplete and hurried study of one of Shakespeare's plays. And, if I mistake not, similar examples may be cited in connection with all the other honor departments.

But I am met with the objection that, if the student of the third and fourth years is allowed to virtually choose his own line of study, the traditional degree of bachelor of arts, which for three hundred years, at least, has had a tolerably clear meaning, will be deprived of all exact significance, so that it will be impossible to tell what one who holds the degree, has studied. I reply that the degree will continue to testify to the main fact to which it now bears witness, namely, that the recipient has spent eight or ten years, somewhere between the ages of twelve and twenty-three in liberal studies, the last two of which years have been devoted to the working out of particular problems in some special department of study.

In conclusion, then. I would say that my ideal college course would be one where the student as freshman and sophomore laid firm and broad the foundations of a wide and liberal education by means of carefully chosen courses in literature, æsthetics, history, the languages, economic science, philosophy, mathematics and natural science, to be followed in his junior and senior years by a gradual specialization along lines of study 'that he most affects.' I would have the personal element enter more into the course, and, especially in the last two years, I would limit the lecturer's work to guiding and inspiring rather than catechising. I would have the great interest of the University centre around its libraries, and, finally, I would have quiet and thorough work the characteristic rather than rush and hurry.

## Personals and Exchanges.

### Personals.

*[In order that these columns may become intensely interesting, may we request the graduates to contribute from time to time anything that might be of personal interest to the friends of ACTA.]*

H. H. COATES, '85, Literary Editor for '84-85, has at present charge of the work of the "Central Tabernacle" in Japan.

J. W. FRIZZELL, '88, is located in Eau Claire, Wisconsin, as pastor of one of the principal Congregational churches of that city.

A. B. WILLMOTT, '87, Personal Editor of ACTA in '86-87, now occupies the chair in the Natural Science Department of McMaster University.

THE English and Modern Professor in Wesley College, Winnipeg, is W. F. OSBORNE, '93, Editor-in-Chief of our college journal for the year '92-93.

G. W. KERBY, '88, Personal Editor in '85-86, after spending a very popular three years' pastorate in the Welland Avenue Methodist Church, St. Catharines, is now having great success in one of the leading churches in Brantford.

E. E. MARSHALL, '94, Social Editor in '92-93, is now working very successfully as minister at Port Colborne, in Hamilton Conference.

M. C. PEART, '93, Local Editor '92-93, after spending two years as Lecturer in Mathematics in Columbian College, is now engaged in the active work at Rockford, in Hamilton Conference.

WE were pleased to note in the College halls, during the week, the pleasant face of M. R. CHAPMAN, '95, at present on the Beeton Circuit.

MISS F. E. DEACON, '98, is spending a few months travelling on the Continent, and is at present enjoying the historic attractions of London, England.

W. G. CLARK, '95, called at the College during the Christmas holidays "just to see how the rink and the boys were getting on."

SAMMY PETCH, '00, is teaching school near his home at Griersville.

THE many friends of Miss M. C. Rowell, '98, were glad to welcome her short visit at the College not long ago.

J. H. WILLIAMSON, a student at Victoria during '97-98, has written from Denver, Colorado, where he has gone for his health, that he is slowly improving. Denver has suffered from the cold snap as well as our northern climate. We trust Mr. Williamson will continue to gain in strength.

REV. W. H. LOREE has left college to do pastoral work on Uttersson Mission, of the Toronto Conference.

REV. F. NURSE, '96, paid us a friendly visit a few days ago. He is stationed at Lambton Mills during the present Conference year.

W. J. TRIBBLE, a specialist of '96-97, is spending his second year at Little Current, Manitoulin Island, where he is having much success in his work.

R. FULTON IRWIN, specialist of '96-97, once famous on the alley board, is preaching with great acceptance at Adelaide in the London Conference.

THE Associate Editor on the staff of ACTA VICTORIANA for '83-84, was R. Whittington, '79. After spending eight or nine years as a missionary in Japan, he became Principal of the Columbian Methodist College, New Westminster, B.C. He occupied this position for three years, when he again entered the active work of the ministry.

G. W. BRUCE, '85, Exchange Editor in '83-84 and gold medalist in Moderns, is now actively engaged in the ministry at Collingwood.

ACTA was fortunate in having as Local Editor in '83-84, W. F. Kerr, '84. Mr. Kerr has had a brilliant career in his chosen profession, has always been a warm friend to Victoria, and on a number of occasions has officiated in the capacity of chairman of the "Bob."

H. E. FORD, '95, is at present instructor in French and German in the Wesleyan University of Middleton, Conn.

OWING to lack of time our list of personals for this issue is not quite as full as usual. We hope to make up for the deficiency next month.

## Exchanges.

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THE University of Paris, with her 11,090 students, has the largest register of any university in the world. Others follow in the following order: Berlin, 9,629; Vienna, 7,026; Madrid, 6,143; Naples, 5,103; Moscow, 4,461; Harvard, 3,674; Oxford, 3,365; Edinburgh, 2,850; Cambridge, 1,929.—*Ex.*

IN the following the bashful Third Year men might learn a lesson, for undoubtedly one is taught:

"I dearly love birds," he gently sighed. And then she hastened to the piano and softly began singing, "I wish I were a bird."

They are looking for a nest now.—*Ex.*

IN the January number of the *Presbyterian College Journal* is a very interesting article on "Sociology," by Rev. Principal MacVicar, D.D., LL.D. Undoubtedly the "Problem of Society" is one of the greatest of our age, and is inviting the attention and thought of our best statesmen, philosophers and philanthropists. Dr. MacVicar's contribution throws much light upon the discussion, and should be carefully read by all who are interested in the subject. After an able treatise, he reaches the conclusion that "Sociological advancement, the movement onward and upward, is, at bottom, not by aggregates, but in the line of personal freedom and reformation. The change for the better is first personal. It is wrought slowly and silently by the intellectual, moral and spiritual forces of true education, which seeks, above all, a change of heart and the adjustment of man's relations to God." . . . "Change and radically improve, one by one, the constituent elements of the community—of the nation—and then you effect genuine reformation, which will result in the establishment and the enactment of humane and wholesome laws."

AND but two ways are offered to our will,

Toil with rare triumph, ease with safe disgrace;

The problem still for us, and all the human race.

—*Lowell.*

THE *Methodist Magazine and Review* of January, in style, material and illustration, is a most creditable number. Among its most interesting contributions are the following: "The Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria," by Rev. Jas. Cooke Seymour; "An Anglo-American Brotherhood," by Rev. Hugh Johnston, D.D.; "The Church and Workingmen," by Rev. A. Sutherland, D.D.; "Mary McGeorge and the Zenana Work in India," by Hattie S. Woodsworth; "Among the

Filipinos," by the Editor. The Editor of this excellent Canadian journal is Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., one of the most devoted and patriotic Canadians in the land. May the *Magazine* have a highly successful year, and may its literature exercise a powerful influence upon the formative forces of our young and growing nation.

WE are pleased to quote in this issue a few favorable comments by our journalistic friends on the recent Christmas number of ACTA VICTORIANA :

"ACTA VICTORIANA appears to us as the pink of University magazines—with the choicest of literature, of letterpress and illustration that may be found in Canada. Prof. Roberts, William Wilfred Campbell, Duncan Campbell Scott, John Reade, Dr. Theodore H. Rand, Mrs. Blewett, with others, are among the contributors. It indicates the love and patronage of pure literature in Canada, when Victoria University gives so beautiful a thing."—*Progress, St. John, N.B.*

"To the Editor of ACTA VICTORIANA, we would extend congratulations for an especially good Christmas number. Its attractive appearance at once commands the attention of the reader and leads him to anticipate a rare literary treat within. Nor are his hopes to be doomed to disappointment. An examination of its pages fully confirms his first impressions. Therein are contained productions from the pens of many of our most prominent writers, consisting of literary criticisms, incidents of travel, poetry and fiction suited to a wide range of tastes and having a special significance to the student world."—*O.A.C. Review.*

"The editors of ACTA VICTORIANA have surpassed themselves in the Christmas number of that periodical. They have produced a magazine of 160 pages, which for the character of the material, general make-up, illustrations, etc., would do credit to the most experienced magazine editors. It is undoubtedly the best number ever issued in the history of ACTA. As an ex-editor of this sprightly journal we rejoice in its success."—*Canadian Epworth Era.*

"It is seldom that we receive among our exchanges a college paper of such literary worth as the Christmas number of ACTA VICTORIANA. The intention of the editors for the future is not only to produce an organ of college news but also a magazine which will materially add to the literary and scientific culture of its readers. The most of the contributed articles are by some of the most prominent writers of the day. Among others we notice the names of Goldwin Smith, Charles G. D. Roberts, J. W. Bengough. A Review of the Canadian literature of

1898, by Prof. L. E. Horning, is very interesting. The number will be placed in the library."—*The Dalhousie Gazette*.

"WE have become very much interested in our Canadian exchanges, and in none of them more than in ACTA VICTORIANA from Victoria University, Toronto. The ACTA is fortunate in having a staff consisting of men that do their best to make their paper interesting and to push it to the front. And that the ACTA has such a staff, the character of its work gives proof. The latest number before us is an especially elaborate one, filled with illustrations, many able essays and good verse. It is an alumni number, and we do not attempt to criticise it further than to commend it."—*Notre Dame Scholastic*.

WE quote further from the *Scholastic*: "Last fall we noticed in the ACTA an account of a ceremony called—if we remember—the 'Bob.' As the 'Bob' is something strange to us and probably is indigenous to Victoria University, we beg to request that some one familiar with local tradition will contribute to the ACTA a paper explaining the history, the meaning and manner of carrying on a 'Bob.'" We would be glad if some old graduate of "Vic," whose memories of the "Bob" still fondly linger, should assume this pleasant task.

How beautiful is youth ! how bright it gleams,  
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams !  
Book of beginnings, story without end,  
Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend,

—*Longfellow*.

#### CANADIAN POETRY AND POETS.

A FOURTH contribution on "Canadian Poetry and Poets," from the pen of Ernestine R. Whiteside, '98, appears in the January issue of the *McMaster University Monthly*, in which some of Canada's distinguished literary women are brought before our notice. We take the liberty to quote the following extracts :

"The two names standing foremost—and it is a question to which should be given precedence—are Isabella Valency Crawford and Emily Pauline Johnson. The latter might be considered to deserve the higher praise, coming as she does from another race, with immense difficulties in the way of language, custom and culture. But set against that the best educational advantages ; an inheritance from a long line of valiant, eloquent chiefs and Iroquois women, noted for their intelligence and public spirit ; an inexhaustible resource of unwritten legends, nature romances, and tales of war ; and most important of all, perhaps, an English mother of highest culture, who is

connected with some of the most prominent litterateurs of the day ; and in view of all this, Miss Johnson seems to possess the decided advantage."

"With the death of Isabella Valency Crawford, the pen of a rare and brilliant genius was forever laid down at the very dawn of its budding promise. She has the power of taking possession of one's sympathy, so that while we are conscious of her defects, we make haste to cover them and dwell on the passages of exceeding beauty that occur throughout her work. One such passage would be a beautiful gem to store away in memory's keeping :

" Who curseth Sorrow, knows her not at all,  
Dark matrix she, from which the human soul  
Has its last birth ; whence with its misty thews  
Close-knitted in her blackness, issues out  
Strong for immortal toil up such great heights  
As crown o'er crown rise through eternity,  
Without the loud, deep clamor of her wail,  
The iron of her hands, the brine  
Of her black tears, the soul but lightly built  
Of indeterminate spirit, like a mist  
Would lapse to chaos in soft, gilded dreams  
As mists fade in the gazing of the sun."

" We read behind these lines her life, the life of one whose soul, close-knitted in the dark matrix of sorrow, issued forth strong for immortal toil—and so immortality was given."

"Miss Johnson comes to us with all the energy and fire of her race in their days of glory. She has at her pleasure a store of tradition, of native Indian songs and prayers, a gift for picturesque description, and a delicate, close sympathy with nature. She never lacks unity. Everything she writes is terse and vibrant with heartfelt passion, strong and well controlled. She glows with richness and color. Her love songs are unique in their simplicity and candor. They are so unconventional they might be called artistic. She is capable of intense feeling, and so strong and direct is her nature, and so spontaneous and perfect is her art, there is never the slightest kind of confusion in the expression of deep passion."

Of the Hon. D'Arcy McGee, Miss Whiteside says : " Mr. McGee wrote patriotic songs of a strong, healthy sort that would be well put in our public school readers. In view of his sudden and tragic death, one snatch of verse he wrote is freighted with peculiar sorrow :



" I would not die with my work undone,  
 My quest unfound, my goal unwon,  
 Though life were a load of lead.  
 Ah ! rather I'd bear it day by day,  
 Till blood and bone were worn away,  
 And Hope in Faith's lap lay dead."

"Then there is John Reade—our sweetest poet. Mr. Reade is a Montreal editor and literary critic of high standing. He has a keen intellectual and fine literary taste, so that he is always just, while he is quick to appreciate excellence. It is a matter of profound regret that he has published so little poetry, for he has shown himself possessed of great talent."

## Locals.

### Notes.

THE weather man has noticed a small dark cloud on the horizon.

FURTHER developments will be noticed about May 1st.

A PERIOD of "high pressure" is also announced for the next three months.

THE Senior Dinner has been slated for March 3rd. Save your money. For further particulars see small bills.

THE ladies have very considerably changed the hour of their Lit. meeting to Wednesday, at 5 o'clock. Thom and Wood will now be relieved of their duties at the rink and will be able to attend Y.M.C.A.

CURTS—"I never opened my mouth in Patterson, N.J., for less than twelve dollars a Sunday." People are wiser over here.

ROBERT succumbed to an attack of grippe a couple of weeks ago, and consequently all work at the college was stopped for a few days. Robert says it's the first holiday he has had for years.

THE Literary Society decided to send a representative to both Queen's and McGill Conversaciones this year, and Mr. E. W. Grange, our worthy Editor-in-Chief, was the lucky man to receive the nomination. He took in both events on the same trip and reports a "calorified time." He speaks in the highest terms of the hospitality and sociability of the students of both Montreal and Kingston.

THE following telephone message was noticed in the hall: "C. A. Belfry, please telephone 370, *dress department* at T. Eaton's."

GREEN (at one of the receptions)—“Oh, don't bother about me. I can look after myself all right.” A few moments later he was seen coming out of the ladies' study, looking wildly around for a protector.

ROBERT—“She's a fine girl, sir—a fine girl. They say Mr. F-rg-ss-n is looking after her. He's a fine boy, too, sir—a fine boy.”

THE class of '99 decided that they would be doing enough if they elected a new President for this term. Accordingly the choice fell on T. W. Walker. All of the rest of the officers remain the same.

It is understood that Barlow's ability to write shorthand has at last brought him success and advancement. He has been offered the position of private secretary to Brother Coleman, who will pay his expenses if he will accompany him and take down his speeches. Barlow has not decided yet whether to accept or not.

It has been suggested that '99's reluctance to get out in full force for any of their games is due to the fact that they fear lest they should get a knock that would spoil their chances of getting a good graduation photo.

THE meeting of the Woman's Literary Society was held on January 25th, the vice-president in the chair. It was the occasion of the great dramatic event of the year, an adaptation of “As You Like It,” towards which we had been looking with hopes not unmixed with fears for several weeks. Although it was positively the first appearance of the actors in their various roles, they so entered into the spirit of the characters they represented that the admiring audience sat “rapt in wonder, love and praise.” Never was a more charming Rosalind or more fascinating Orlando! The stage scenery added greatly to the effectiveness of the representation, and we are sure bid fair to rival that of Shakespeare's own stage. It required but a slight stretch of the imagination to turn two chairs into massive oaks and the platform into a grassy mound in the forest. The science notes by Miss Gould and a piano solo by Miss Payne brought the meeting to a close.

MORE select, in respect to numbers, was the wheeling party composed of members of the three lower years, which, after a twelve-mile ride, received a warm welcome at the home of Miss Duncan, one of “Our Freshettes.” Through an oversight, doubtless, neither of the local editors was invited to be of the party, so all particulars must be left to the imagination.

SOME of the ladies of the fourth year have taken a sudden and all-absorbing interest in “the game.” Desirous of paying a delicate

attention to some of their gentlemen friends, they engaged the boxes at the Mutual Street Rink on the evening of the 'Varsity vs. Stratford match. It was doubtless due to their inspiring presence and enthusiastic cheering that the 'Varsity team carried off the laurels. We learn that the gentlemen friends greatly appreciated "the delicate attention" of the ladies.

ON Saturday evening, February 4th, Dr. and Mrs. Bell entertained at their home on Avenue Road the members of the third year and those of the other years who were fortunate enough to be of the fair persuasion. Indeed it was whispered at the time that there were some who would gladly have gone over to the other side of the house, for "one night only." An opportunity was afforded for the brilliant conversationalists of the company to display their unlimited powers. The music served merely as an inspiration to the merry talkers, but an appreciative silence greeted the leader of the glee club as he sang the "Bedouin's Love Song." The refreshment room was subjected to no slight, more than one "little boy at home" being sweetly remembered. When the hour for farewell came, the host and hostess needed no words to assure them of the delightful evening their guests had enjoyed.

It speaks well for the gentlemen of the college that they have their work so well in hand as to be able to spend the fleeting moments in gazing upon the ladies as they gracefully disport themselves on ice during the early hours of the afternoon.

THE friends of Victoria were given another opportunity on Thursday evening of showing their interest in our future woman's residence and campus. The talent was all from the Toronto College of Music, under the able direction of Mr. F. H. Torrington. The following were the artistes: Miss Ethel Husband, Mus. Bac., Miss Mable A. Tait, Miss Adelaide Tick, Miss Eleanor Kennedy, Miss Mabel Dalby, Mrs. Fanny Sullivan Mallon, Miss Annie Mottram, Miss Lillian Porter, Miss Lillian Landell, Miss Eileen Millett, Miss Alice Mansfield, Mus. Bac., Mr. Bell-Smith, and Mr. Otto Torrington. At the close of the programme refreshments were charmingly dispensed by young ladies from the churches and the college girls. The table at the end of the chapel-corridor was a thing of beauty with its dainty dishes (which, however, rapidly disappeared) and its decorations of pink and sunset carnations. The women-students and the gentlemen of the fourth year were the guests on this occasion of Chancellor and Mrs. Burwash, and all enjoyed so delightful an evening that only Robert's

*gloomy* hint persuaded them to bid adieu to their kind host and hostess.

THE day of meeting of Woman's Lit. has been changed to Friday at four o'clock. The next meeting will be on February 24th.

**GLEE CLUB**  
**QUARTETTE.** THE Glee Club Quartette went to *Zion* the other night and reported a "blissful time." We might say, just here, that *this* Zion is an appointment on the Thornhill circuit, and this fact explains the above apparent anomaly. A most enjoyable evening was spent by the boys and by a few of the audience. The music furnished and the refreshments served were all that could be desired—especially the refreshments. In fact Newton, Bell-Smith and Dickinson were almost incapacitated by the abundance of good things. Of the other member of the quartette nothing will be said here. On the homeward trip the boys improvised a new quartette in which the burden of the refrain was "Tarts and cherry-pie."

**SPECIALIST CLASS**  
**DINNER.** THE Specialist class held their annual dinner at Webb's on the evening of January 13th. After ample justice had been done to the tempting array of viands, the toast list was placed in the hands of the chairman, Dr. Badgley, who gave a most interesting speech. In proposing and responding to the various toasts, some good speeches were made and much good advice given. The gathering broke up at a reasonable hour, and very few were unable to get home without assistance, although it is reported that some had difficulty in using their latch keys.

#### NOTES.

Robert is reported to have made the speech of the evening.

Many of the Specialists thought that a degree ought to be granted to them after their course. Robert agreed with this view, and proposed a very appropriate one. Ask him what it was.

**OPEN MEETING OF**  
**THE LADIES' LIT.** THE Ladies' Literary Society held an open meeting on Friday evening, January 20th, and, as usual, the event was a grand success. The programme opened with an instrumental duet by Misses E. Duckett and M. B. Reynar, which showed to good advantage the splendid French accent of these ladies. The other musical numbers were a vocal solo by Miss Edyth Hill; a violin solo by Miss Myrtle Duckett, and a piano solo by Miss I. M. Kerr, '98. Interspersed with the musical selections, there were given several very clever character sketches. Miss Taylor represented the

Spanish : Miss Henwood, the Russian ; Miss Graham, the French ; Miss M. L. Chown, the German, and Miss McKee, the British. A reading from Rudyard Kipling was given by Miss Wilson, '98, and a scene from Henry V. was presented in impressive style by Misses E. Duckett and M. B. Reynar. The sweet grace and dignity with which this scene was rendered aroused the greatest enthusiasm among the audience." After the critic's report by Miss Gould, the meeting was closed by singing "On the Old Ontario Strand."

*SENIOR DINNER  
COMMITTEE.*

THE following committee have been put in charge of the Senior dinner, and have decided to make it most successful : '00, Miss Bollert, W. B. Smith (Chairman), W. J. M. Cragg, F. L. Farewell ; '01, Miss Staples, C. B. Sissons, J. H. Beer ; '02, Miss Allen, J. E. Hughson, E. S. Bishop (Treas.) ; B.D.'s, H. E. Graham, B.A. ; Specialists, H. J. Uren, J. B. Westman. Hon. Wm. Mulock has kindly given his consent to act as chairman on that evening,

*'01 RECEPTION.* THE sophomores held their first general reception for this college year on the evening of January 31st. Since they had made such a success of their reception to the Freshmen in November, they determined to make this even a bigger success. Fearing that all would not have sharp enough appetites for the refreshments provided, an hour's skating was indulged in. After giving the ladies and one or two of the boys a chance to get their curls, bangs, etc., readjusted, an opportunity was given for filling the promenade cards. C. L. McIrvine, the President of the year, took the chair, and a short, breezy programme was rendered, consisting of a speech from the Hon. President, Prof. Robertson ; a song by G. E. Porter ; an instrumental solo by Miss Payne ; a recitation by Miss Powell, and a few remarks from Mr. Deroche, 'Varsity's representative from '02. Promenading and refreshments then concluded a most enjoyable evening.

*'02 RECEPTION.* THE first reception of this term was held by the class of '02, on the evening of January 27th, and it well sustained the reputation of the Freshmen. After time had been given for all to get their promenade cards filled, a bright and interesting programme was presented. Special mention must be made of the ladies on the programme, who acquitted themselves nobly. After a few remarks from the Hon. President, Prof. A. E. Lang, the President did his little piece, and then called upon the various class representatives, including Mr. Hamilton of 'Varsity, '02. J. R. Van Wyck

then gave a vocal solo, after which Miss Shaver read from a brilliantly decorated pamphlet a well-written history of the class. T. Green, who has already made a name for himself by his funeral oration over Montcalm's grave, decided that he would not deliver a long oration "as to whether plugs should get married, and are the girls any better off afterward?" since "he did not wish to discourage the orators to come after him." Miss Smith now delivered an original poem, from which one appropriate phrase is quoted, "Our *shepherd* led the way." After Judge Coulter had judged, Miss Allen read a prophecy which seemed to win much favor. F. M. Bell-Smith now sang, and the Critic, C. E. Auger, brought the programme to a close. Promenading and refreshments caused a very pleasant evening to pass all too rapidly, and the reception of the Freshmen was over.

THE following appointments have been gazetted from  
*CLASS GAZETTE.* the different classes.

Class of '01: Hon. President, Professor Robertson; President, C. L. McIrvine; 1st Vice-President, Miss Smith; 2nd Vice-President, J. E. Parsons; Secretary-Treasurer, W. H. Wood; Poetess, Miss Staples; Orator, R. J. McIntyre; Prophet, W. A. Millyard; Judge, R. Caldwell; Musical Directress, Miss Powell; Critic, F. L. Barber; Historians, Miss Jackson and H. M. Cook; Councillors, Miss Woodsworth and C. B. Sissons; Athletic Director, G. E. Porter.

Class of '00: Honorary President, Dr. Badgley; President, W. B. Smith; 1st Vice-President, Miss E. M. Graham; 2nd Vice-President, G. W. W. Rivers; Secretary-Treasurer, W. J. Spence; Orator, A. N. St. John; Judge, W. K. Allen; Prophet, D. J. Thom; Critic, J. W. Fox; Poetess, Miss M. L. Bollert; Hockey Captain, G. A. Fergusson; Alley Captain, W. J. M. Cragg; Football Captain, H. E. Kellington; Councillors, Miss M. L. Chown and R. J. Sprott; Historians, Miss F. G. Hall and J. H. Johnston; Athletic Director, F. L. Farewell; Musical Directress, Miss F. E. Jones.

The Freshmen have placed themselves under the protection and guidance of the following officers for the Easter term: Honorary President, Prof. A. E. Lang; President, E. S. Bishop; 1st Vice-President, Miss A. Ward; 2nd Vice-President, W. H. Thompson; Secretary-Treasurer, J. E. Hughson; Critic, C. E. Auger; Judge, J. Coulter; Orator, T. Green; Poetess, Miss Smith; Prophetess, Miss A. Allen; Historians, Miss F. Shaver and C. Lawrence; Councillors, Miss B. Duncan and F. M. Bell-Smith; Musical Director, J. R. Van Wyck; Athletic Director, F. H. Dobson; Representative to Athletic Union, A. Thomas.

## Athletics.

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HO for zero weather! It makes good ice.

THOSE in charge of the kindergarten, in making official returns, have reported "progress."

EVERYBODY is learning to play hockey. Some of the fair sex, with the assistance of a few of our gallants, have even ventured to follow the puck, and are showing fair prospects of learning the game.

HOCKEY, this season, has received its well-deserved tribute of attention, and lectures have been manfully "sloped" to support its interests.

THE second match of the inter-year series was played between the Second and Third Year. On Thursday, January 19th, the teams lined up, while a host of zealous supporters lined the fence. The swift forward line of '01 team proved too effective for the stubborn defence of the Third Year, and the game ended with a score of 4 to 0 in favor of the Second Year.

THE Seniors and Juniors gave the next act. It finished in a pathetic tableau, in which, as the curtain rang down, the Seniors were recalling their pristine glory and contrasting it with the decadence of these latter days. The score was 8 to 3 in favor of the Juniors.

THIS was followed by a short farce, in which the B.D.'s and Specialists were victimized by the Sophomores to the tune of 14 to 0.

ON Friday, the 27th ult., the "brethren" again ventured on the ice to try conclusions with the Third Year. The game proved an interesting one, finishing with a score of 5 to 0 in favor of the Juniors.

THE most interesting game of the series was played between the First and Second Years. On the Sophomore team were five of the "Bob" Committee, and the Freshmen's spirits were high in the hopes of winning a sweet revenge. But when the Sophomores scored four goals in the first half, the aforesaid spirits took a sudden drop. In the second half the Committee tallied four more, and the winter of the Freshmen's discontent grew still colder. The result of this match practically gives the inter-year championship to the Second-Year team.

ON Wednesday, the 8th inst., the Junior team succumbed to the Freshmen by a score of 1 to 0. Dickenson wishes it to be understood that their defeat was due to the cold weather and the force of circumstances.

ON Thursday, the 9th inst., four of the Seniors—Messrs. Smith, Walker, Wilson and Grange—showed themselves to be true sports by lining up against the B.D. and Specialist aggregation. Owing to the lack of a goal-keeper and a defence at critical moments, the Seniors were again defeated by a score of 6 to 1.

WE have but space to mention the results of some of the first team matches. McMaster College team caught our boys off-color, on Saturday, the 28th ult., and defeated them by a score of 7 to 2. A return match is looked for at an early date. The S. P. S. team have a different story to tell, for the score in the match with them was 8 to 3 in favor of Victoria. Our neighbors from St. Michael's College were taken into camp to the tune of 16 to 2.

IT is rumored that the Honor Moderns team of the Fourth Year have challenged the winners of the O. H. A. senior series. The proceeds of the match will be devoted to buying prizes for the '99 hockey team.

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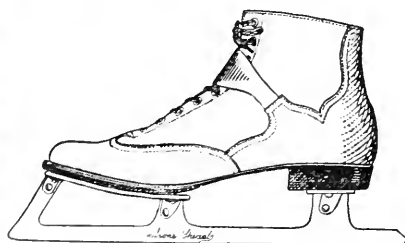
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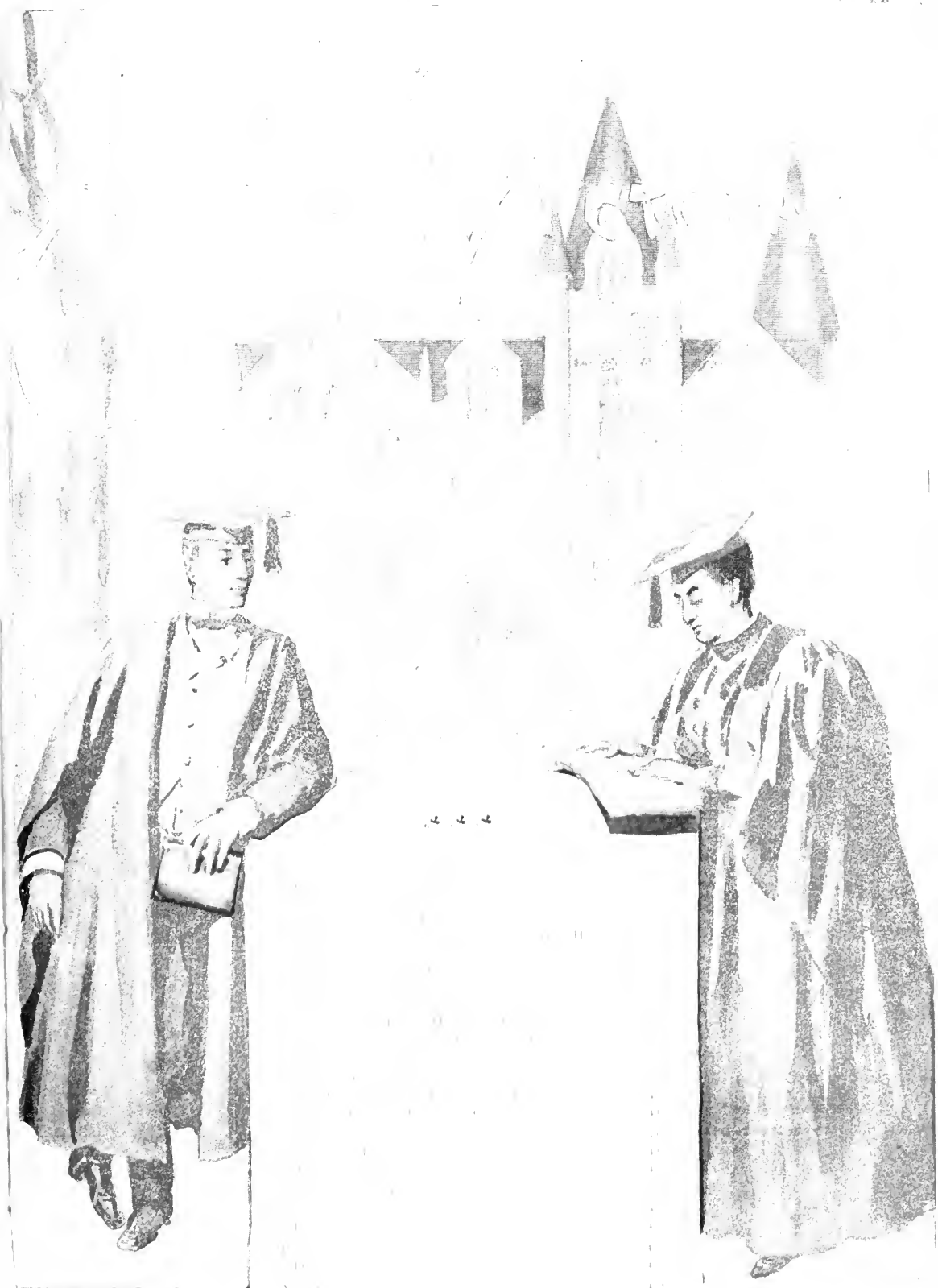
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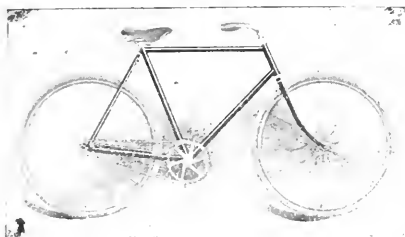
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### Beneath the Fog.

THE fog has lowered its veil on the sea,  
Where the surging vessel cleaves up the foam,  
And the fog-horns blow their warning slow,  
And the loved ones think of home.

When out of the depth of the darkening gloom,—  
Is that a ship unseen in their track?  
And the fog-bells boom the warning doom,  
As they strike the fishing-smack.

A cry goes up which is drowned in the wave,  
And the wind swoops down and carries it—where?  
And a deed is done and known by none,  
With no one round to care.

The fog has lifted its veil from the sea,  
Where the rocking vessel lies basked in the sun;  
But a-skimming low the sea-gulls know  
Of a tragedy lately done.

W. H. LLOYD ROBERTS.

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NEW YORK, March, '99.

## Principles, not Men.

---

THAT it is the age which forms the man, not the man that forms the age, is a sentiment which, although generally acknowledged, is often forgotten. It detracts from man's self-importance to realize that he is but the instrument, not the creator; and that his superiority over his fellowmen is only relative, not absolute. As, before a storm, those plants which are most sensitive to a change of atmosphere first indicate its coming, so the most delicately organized mind detects the truth a little before it is made manifest to the multitude. If Washington had never lived, the heroes of the revolution would not have been without a leader. Without Plato or Aristotle, the Greeks would have had essentially the same systems of philosophy. And it is evident that the fifteenth century could not have passed without the "open sesame" to the mysteries of nature being uttered by someone.

Although this presumption lessens our importance as individuals, yet it gives a dignity to our actions, words, history, philosophy, art and science. Every true and noble sentiment will at last find its own place in the heart of nations. Our history is no mere chronological chart; the importance of the victory or defeat of armies is not measured by the number of killed and wounded; but thereby we are enabled to determine essential and immutable principles. Philosophy, art and science, all have for their highest object and aim the development of the truth. By each and all of these the unchanged and unchangeable principles of God are made known to us, and they define the highest object of human life and knowledge—a fuller conception of the Deity.

All apparent inconsistencies in nature are reconciled, all the problems of life are solved, when we remember and realize that the Creator has designed not the preservation of individuals, but of man, in the ground-plan of the universe. The annals of history from the earliest stages fully attest this. Armies have perished in defence of their country, their homes and their liberty. Martyrs have willingly laid down their lives that the grand principles which they maintained might live. Socrates drank the cup of hemlock without fear; a Roman hero held his hand in the flame until it was consumed, forgetful of all things else in a higher and a nobler idea.

Not only does history attest this, but we read it every day in nature and the life around us. Blossoms come forth to be blighted; the oak that has been the monarch of the forest for ages is uprooted by the storm; and millions of the human race are prematurely swept away by war and the "thousand ills that flesh is heir to."

The eternal principles are fixed and unchangeable. Man's wants, wilfulness, or wisdom cannot affect them ; they are like the ocean, with its resistless tide. The Bible is as true and fresh to us to-day as it was to the Israelites two thousand years ago. The heroic poems of Homer awaken emotions in us of much the same nature as those they aroused in the ancient Greeks ; and Shakespeare's immortality rests on the same fact.

A true principle can never die. Although those who have maintained it pass away and are forgotten, it will always live ; sometimes, it may be, in the cell of the hermit, sometimes defended by a "band of pilgrims," yet God will ever watch over, protect and preserve it, as He did the Ark of the Covenant through all the journeyings of the children of Israel. "Heaven and earth may pass away, but my word shall not pass away."

The history of man has been a progressive one from the earliest ages until the present time. Each succeeding generation standing on the vantage ground won for it by the preceding, clears away new obstacles that lie in the path of light and knowledge. It is on this supposition that we are willing to begin our labors where others have left them, and to receive that as the truth which has once been proved to be true. The folly of doing otherwise sweeps us back to the half-hidden landmarks of time.

The foundation of this grand temple of learning and knowledge, which is still unfinished, was laid centuries ago. The Bible is the corner-stone ; and all poets, authors and great men who have lived since the earth was created, have aided in forming this structure ; and all who shall yet live will give to it new grace, dignity, and harmony of proportions, and their names will serve to adorn it, until its radiance shall fill the whole earth and its pinnacle shall reach the skies. It even now exists, but our darkened eyes see it not.

Ages ago the hearts of the shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem were stirred by the triumphant strains of angelic music—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." We pause to listen to the echoes of those strains from the grand organ of the invisible temple ; for the vibrations of these eternal principles make the harmonies of heaven. Men shall live and die, the laurel-wreath shall bloom and wither, nations spring up and pass away ; but still, like the murmur of a sea-shell, that ever whispers to us of the home whence it came, shall those vibrations become more marked and musical, suggesting to man thoughts of heaven, till the whole world shall respond to the angelic strains.



## Le Mois de Mars.

(à Québec.)

SONNET.

A DIEU les jours sereins et les nuits étoilées !  
 La neige à flocons lourds s'amoncelle à foison,  
 Au penchant des coteaux, dans le fond des vallées :  
 C'est le dernier effort de la rude saison.

C'est le mois ennuyeux, le mois des giboulées ;  
 Des frimas cristallins l'étrange floraison  
 Brode ses fleurs de givre aux branches constellées ;—  
 Là-bas un trait bronzé dessine l'horizon.

Le vieux chasseur des bois dépose ses raquettes ;  
 Plus d'originaux géants, plus de biches coquettes,  
 Plus de course lointaine au lointain Labrador !

Il s'en consolera, dans la combe voisine,  
 En regardant monter, sur un feu de résine,  
 La sève de l'érable en brûlants bouillons d'or.

LOUIS FRÉCHETTE.

MONTREAL, February, '99.



## The Passing of Spain from America.

BY WM. HOUSTON, M.A.

THE disappearance of the last vestige of Spanish sovereignty from this continent is an historical event of more interest than importance. It will not seriously affect the relations of the world's great powers to each other, except in so far as it aids in fostering an imperialistic and expansionist spirit among the people of the United States. It does suggest a reminiscence of Spain's former greatness, her early maritime energy and enterprise, and the vastness of the territory over which she once held sway on this side of the Atlantic. Before England was in any true sense a maritime power, Spain was the owner of a great Armada. While French sailors were still crossing the ocean for no purpose but to catch fish on the Banks and amid the fogs of Newfoundland, Spanish explorers were traversing the trackless wilderness of the Mississippi valley; coasting the Pacific slope of what is now the United States, and overthrowing the ancient but feeble civilizations of Mexico and Peru, in a tireless search for an El Dorado, which they never found. Fifty years before Drake made his voyage round the world, Magellan, a Portuguese navigator in the service of Spain, had sailed through the straits which still bear his name, crossed the Pacific Ocean, and lost his life at the hands of the natives of the Philippine archipelago, of which he was the discoverer. Between 1673 and 1718, France was busy appropriating the Mississippi valley from the back door of Chicago to the front door of New Orleans, through the enterprise of Joliet, Marquette, Hennepin and La Salle. More than a hundred and thirty years earlier Coronado had traversed the western part of this great region from Mexico to Nebraska; and De Loto had reached the site of Vicksburg at the head of an expedition which started from Tampa, and the survivors of which reached Mexico by building vessels fit to descend the river and navigate the Gulf.

Ferdinand, King of Aragon, and Isabella, Queen of Castile, were united in marriage in 1474, and five years later the two kingdoms were consolidated under their joint sovereignty. The result was a comparatively strong state controlled by a vigorous and progressive administration. The long struggle of the European inhabitants with their Mohammedan rulers had furnished the necessary discipline, and

when, by the expulsion of the Moors, in 1492, and the absorption of Navarre, in 1512, the modern State of Spain became complete, it was easily the most powerful monarchy in Europe. The death of Ferdinand, in 1515, brought to the throne his grandson, Charles I., and when he was four years later elected Emperor of Germany, as Charles V., he entered on that singular career which has made him one of the great historic figures of all time. Under his gloomy and bigoted but able son and successor, Philip II., the husband of Queen Mary of England, and afterward the unsuccessful suitor for the hand of Queen Elizabeth, Spain reached the zenith of her power. The destruction of the Armada, in 1588, by the skill and daring of Hawkins, Drake, and the other English adventurers, who were already throwing Spanish maritime enterprise into the shade, marks the beginning of that long descent toward the nadir which was reached when the United States captured the West Indian and Philippine Islands, the last fragments of the greatest colonial empire, except one, that the world has ever seen.

The fact that De Loto's expedition through Florida to the Mississippi and beyond was contemporary with Cartier's abortive explorations of the St. Lawrence, is sufficient to illustrate the comparative success which attended the effort of Spain to make effective the title granted by the Pope to the people who first discovered the new continent. It was by him divided between Spain and Portugal, the latter having only Brazil, and the former all the rest from the Straits of Magellan to Hudson Bay. If the French Catholics were regarded as intruders in the valley of the St. Lawrence, in 1534-41, the French Huguenots, who attempted to colonize Florida a quarter of a century later, were deemed fit subjects for the extirpation which was so cruelly carried out by Menendez. Spanish sovereignty was recognized by the close of the sixteenth century over the greater part of South America; over the whole of Central America; over all Mexico, then regarded as extending as far north as San Francisco; over Florida, viewed as including all the present Gulf States and an indefinite area farther north; and over the region west of the Mississippi, as far as the Upper Missouri.

With the opening of the seventeenth century came a double curtailment of the American dominion of Spain. The British King, basing his claim of sovereignty on the Cabot voyages, assumed the right to grant lands by charter to colonization companies. The first settlement was effected at Jamestown in Virginia, and the next took place at Plymouth, where the Puritan Pilgrims landed from the *Mayflower* in 1620. Before the close of that century the whole region, from the

southern limit of South Carolina to the northern limit of Maine, was completely under the sovereign and effective sway of Great Britain, including not merely the original British "plantations"—Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Pennsylvania—but also the colonies captured from the Swedish and Dutch—New York, New Jersey and Delaware. What is now Georgia was then a "no-man's-land," a kind of buffer region between Spanish Florida and British Carolina.

Contemporaneously with the evolution of British settlement along the Atlantic slope of the Alleghany mountain chain, went on the extension of French occupation of St. Lawrence valley. The first permanent settlement took place at Quebec in 1608, and before the end of the century adventurous explorers had reached the head of Lakes Superior and Michigan, passed from the latter across the water parting to the Mississippi, sailed down the "father of waters" to the Gulf of Mexico and back, established a settlement near the mouth of the river, and claimed for France the great valley which it drains from the Alleghanies to the Rockies. As against Spain the claim then made held good. New Orleans was founded in 1718, and the Province of Louisiana was organized by the French Government with an administration quite distinct from that of Canada.

By 1750, as may be seen from any authentic map of the period, Spanish territory to the north of Central America was limited to Mexico and Florida, the latter including an area corresponding closely to that of the present State of Florida, with the addition of the southern and western parts of Georgia, the former extending up the Pacific slope of the Rocky Mountains to the present State of Utah. These two regions were completely separated by Louisiana, which was comparatively narrow on the Gulf shore, but became rapidly wider toward the north. On such a map of the period French territory will be found extending continuously from the Gulf of Mexico to James Bay, and from the eastern extremity of Labrador to what is now known as the Crow's Nest Pass. France had largely displaced Spain, and the British colonies had assumed the form, and practically the extent, which they had when they entered as integral elements, thirty years later, into the new sovereignty known as the "United States of America."

The Seven Years' War (1756-63) was much more disastrous to France than it was to Spain in North America. In 1762, one year before the Treaty of Paris, Louisiana was handed over by France to

Spain, probably to prevent it from becoming British. At that time all Canada had been surrendered at the capitulation of Montreal, and "Canada" extended south to the Ohio, west to the Mississippi, and north to James Bay. Great Britain was contented with Canada, and raised no question, either with France or with Spain, about Louisiana. The latter remained a Spanish colony for forty years, with a Spanish governor at New Orleans to carry out the policy presented and the regulations enacted at Madrid. It is a curious and not sufficiently appreciated fact, that more than one prominent American politician resident on the United States side of the Mississippi, intrigued with Spanish officials to detach from their own country the territory along the Mississippi and consolidate it with Spanish Louisiana into an independent State. The "United States" had, for many years after its people became independent, a very slight hold on their allegiance, not to speak of their sentiments. In 1802 Napoleon Bonaparte's government resumed Louisiana for the same reason which prompted its transfer to Spain a generation before—the fear that it might become British. The following year, partly because he needed money and partly because Great Britain seemed likely to appropriate Louisiana, it was sold to the United States.

Once more Spain was confined in North America to Florida and Mexico. The present State of Texas was at that time included in Louisiana, but the United States Government was so eager to rescue Florida that in 1819 a virtual exchange was effected, Florida going to the United States and Texas to Spain. Between 1819 and 1822 the South American colonies and Mexico threw off the Spanish sovereignty, an event which occasioned the formulation and publication of what is known as the "Monroe Doctrine." A few American adventurers in the early forties located in Texas, and soon declared their independence of Mexico, which was forced to recognize the new Republic. It was shortly afterwards reabsorbed by the United States, and as the result of a boundary dispute with Mexico, the latter was invaded and forced to surrender its territory as far south as the head of the Gulf of California. In 1853 an additional area purchased from Mexico completed the territory of the United States, as it was before the purchase of Alaska, in 1867, and the annexation of Hawaii and Porto Rico in 1898. Whether Cuba and the Philippine archipelago will eventually be absorbed in the union remains for the future to disclose, but it is as unlikely that they will be given up as it is that Egypt and the Soudan will be abandoned by Great Britain. It is extremely improbable that, in any event, they will ever again become Spanish.

### The Minstrels.

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THEY who know not who we are  
Gape and murmur as we pass :  
Like the winds across the grass,  
We are strollers from afar.

Ye who know not how or why  
Thus we rove and thus we sing,  
List and hear a bitter thing—  
Laugh your hour and let us by.

We have wandered lands and seas,  
We have drunk and warred with men,  
Kissed and whispered, and again  
Coldly turned from all of these.

We have watched in rapt delight,  
From some silent peak afar,  
The young moon's silver scimitar  
Cleave the flying clouds of night.

We are they who may not strive  
For the things held good on earth,  
Knowing them of little worth,  
Cursed with light of seeing eyes.

We are they who dwell alone,  
Close-companioned though we be ;  
We are they who wander free,  
Ever finding Pleasure flown.

Since we take no care to hold  
More or less of idle Life,  
Nor vex our souls in weary strife,  
And take the dross and give the gold ;

So we wander down the way,  
Sing the things that others live,  
Take whatever life may give,  
Care not how we go astray.

Ye who watch us as we go,  
 Turn away and follow not ;  
 We are they who find no spot  
 Offering rest or end of woe.

Wherefore ye who chance to see  
 The singing strollers idly pass,  
 Like the shadows o'er the grass,  
 Laugh your hour and leave us free !

*Frank L. Pallock*

315 East 19th Street,  
 NEW YORK, March '99.

### Hope.

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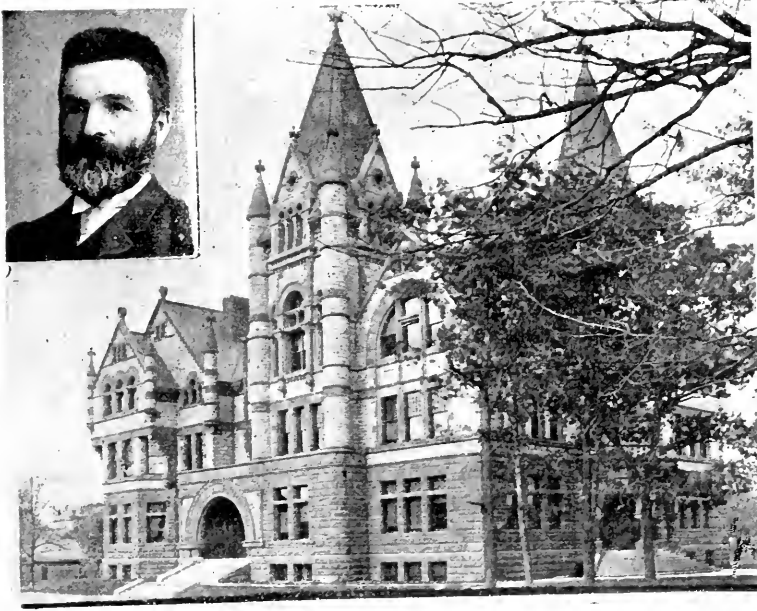
*(From the German of Schiller.)*

MEN ever have spoken and still men dream  
 Of a better day to be,  
 Afar in the future the distant gleam  
 Of a golden age they see,  
 For this old world is young, and young it will stay  
 For those who hope on for a better day.

Out into life Hope leads us ever,  
 Hope hovers around the boy,  
 The youth it lures on to high endeavor,  
 In Hope old age hath its joy,  
 For when at the grave this weary life's done,  
 Hope tells of a better to be begun.

'Tis not an illusion, a fancy that dwells  
 In the depths of a crazèd brain,  
 'Tis an inner voice that speaks and tells  
 Of a better we may attain ;  
 And no soul yet was ever deceived  
 That heard that voice, and hearing, believed.

FREDERICK MALOTT, '99.



### The "Bob."

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THE "Bob" gets its name from that of the genial and popular janitor of our College, "Bob" Beare. "Bob," of course, stands for Robert.

Robert is still an apparently young man, but you will meet with but few graduates who have not passed through his hands, and who remember him as always courteous and obliging.

Many, many years ago some of the students, in order to show their gratitude to Robert for his many little kindnesses and his attention, got up an entertainment for his benefit. Ever since, as far as I can learn, this same entertainment has been held annually. Like most things, it has gone through a process of evolution until it stands to day as the unique entertainment in all our college life. It would take too long to go back and describe the "Bob" of my college days, so I must content myself with a short description of it as it is carried on to day.

Generally speaking, it is a take-off on the Freshmen, lasting, as a rule, from 8 p.m. until 1 a.m. It is a shriek of laughter from beginning to end. The jokes are local and decidedly personal. Of late

years the running of the "Bob" has been placed entirely in the hands of the second year students, who, from the time the Freshmen land at Victoria's doors, watch them, follow them, pursue them—all with a view of giving a first-class entertainment in a couple of months' time.

Woe betide the luckless Freshman who is fresh, or forward, or impudent. He will see himself on the night of the "Bob" so held up to ridicule that he will forever be a milder and a more sensible man.

One of the very prominent and old features of the "Bob" is the Faculty meeting. This is carried on by the students, who take the parts of the professors, dressed and wigged for the occasion. The resemblances in appearance are often ridiculously good, and the boys trick the voice and mannerisms of some of their instructors to perfection.

All kinds of petitions and applications are heard and adjudicated upon with all the gravity of their seniors. Of the many funny and peculiar things that have come before this Imitation Faculty, perhaps the funniest was the petition of the lady students, that they should not be bobbed or made the subject of jest.

Another part of every year's entertainment is the meeting of the Freshmen, usually for the purpose of electing officers and other business. The pretended Freshmen are often so like to the originals, who are in the audience, that it is difficult to distinguish between the actor and the acted. The speeches that are then made, the motions moved and seconded, and the conducting of the business, are all excruciatingly funny; and all the time some poor soul is being made fun of and held up to ridicule.

As time has rolled on, I have wondered if the variety, and the joke and intricacy of the "Bob" will keep up; but up to the present time it still has an unflinching interest for both student and graduate.

Everybody is not allowed to see the entertainment. Only students and their friends are admitted, and the friends might well be dropped, for it is scarcely desirable that the ridicule that is sometimes heaped on a Freshman should go beyond the college doors.

The benefits of the "Bob" are seen in its continued and healthy existence. Those who have been bobbed and those who do the bobbing all testify to its usefulness in developing, unfolding, correcting. In some fifteen years' experience I have never seen a low or vulgar "Bob." Sometimes it may have been a little too hard, but generally is made up of good healthy ridicule and wit.

J. R. L. STARR, '87.



Quotation Apt?—Translation Very Free.

FROM HORACE.

C HANCELLOR N. BURWASH, in the Christmas number of ACTA, says he likes to spend his leisure hours "in touch with Nature."

Quō pinus ingens albaque populus  
Umbram hospitalem consociare amant  
Ramis, et obliquo laborat  
Lympha fugax trepidare rivo.

—Book II., Ode 3.

Where pines and white-limbed poplars interlace  
Their sheltering boughs in patterns various,  
Where curving streamlets flow and ripples race,  
There loves to rest our august Cancellarius.

—After Herrick.

Dr. Geo. Parkin likes to rest "with Nature, friends or books."

Negligens ne quā populus laboret  
Parce privatus nimium cavere; et  
Dona presentes rape lætus horæ, ac  
Linque severa.

—Book III., Ode 8.

Leave England to expand itself.  
Your favorite books take off the shelf,  
And, when you tired are,  
Your hammocks sling among the trees,  
Invite your friends to share your ease,  
And smoke a mild cigar.

—After Wordsworth.

The Hon. Geo. E. Foster mentions, among the out-of-door recreations he enjoys, his "bike, boat and fishing-rod."

—Metaque fereidis  
Evitata rotis \* \* evehit ad Deos.

—Book I., Ode 1.

No collision I fear,  
I know how to steer.—After Tupper.

And Sir John Bournot loves to be "among his apple-trees and in the forest."

\* \* \* Otium et oppidi  
Laudat rura sui.

—Book I., Ode 1.

They gave the starving steed green glasses  
To make dry chips seem juicy grasses,  
At Ottawa.

And is it apple bloom he sees,  
And eke primeval forest trees,  
At Ottawa.

The climate, sure, is just the same,  
The axe-man quite as much to blame,  
As ever.

You may get fame by nightly toil,  
But can't dig *otium* from the soil,  
No, never—at Ottawa.

A. H.

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### Plants in Folk-Lore.\*

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\* Read before the Natural Science Association, December, 1898.

OUR ancient ancestors found many mysteries in life, and in their attempts to account for some of their subtleties, they invested trees and shrubs with superhuman powers. They believed that vast cloud-trees overshadowed the universe, and that departed souls finally obtained security in the shade of the dense foliage. They ascribed the origin of the human race to trees of various sorts, or else to a cloud-goddess who combined in herself the qualities of a woman with the form of a tree.

Such mythological conceptions seem strange to us, but if we were to accept a certain theory concerning "the descent of man," we must admit that our far-away ape-like ancestors were largely arboreal in habit, and gradually descended from the tree-tops to become men. The strong desire of boys to climb tall trees may be only a manifestation of a lingering inborn tendency linking us to a prehistoric parentage.

In the twilight of humanity the earth was peopled with spirits of every kind, and trees became the abiding place of sylvans, nymphs, elves and fairies, who shunned the bright noonday sun but playfully frolicked in the moonlight. On the other hand, hosts of mischief-makers, imps, ghosts, and evil spirits fought among themselves for the souls of men. It was quite natural, then, that plants were considered good or evil, according to the character of the spirits dwelling in them, and that a weird worship of trees prevailed among early races.

Tradition says that trees were created three ages before the gods. The old Scandinavians believed that their gods assembled beneath a primeval ash tree whose branches spread over the whole world and reached above the heavens, while its roots penetrated to the infernal regions. But such a wonderful tree was not as large as we might think, because the world in ancient times was a comparatively small affair, and Hades then was not half as far away as now.

The early Hindoos believed in a mystic world-tree whose branches were their gods. From it Brahma obtained the sap of vitality, and by climbing it the dead could reach the regions of blissful immortality. Buddha's sacred tree imparted wisdom, yielded life-giving rain and offered a home for the souls of the blessed. It grew in a pure soil beside a river which separated earth and heaven, and the grass around it possessed the radiance of a peacock's neck.

The early Greeks believed that all men sprang from an ash tree. Virgil wrote of "nymphs and fauns and savage men who took their birth from trunks of trees and stubborn oaks."

From remotest ages nearly all peoples have believed in a terrestrial paradise in some far-away corner of the earth where luxurious plenty, stately trees and fragrant flowers abound. Such was Mount Caucasus to the Persians; the Desert of Aden to the Arabians; the gardens of the Hesperides, with their golden apples, to the Greeks and Romans. In the centre of the Mussulman's paradise stood a tree so large that the fleetest horseman could not ride around it in a hundred years. Its branches bore a variety of delicious fruits of a size and taste unknown to mortals, and would bend down at the wish of the inhabitants of this blissful abode.

Several early nations could boast of most peculiar freak-like trees. Long ago in Scotland grew a tree upon the bank of a stream, the fruit of which when falling into the water turned into a choice sort of duck. Other trees produced geese in a similar way, which is, perhaps, the better story since it has peculiar adaptation to the minds of those who would be inclined to believe it. The goose-tree was more fruitful than the most improved incubator.

Another tree had a wire pith which rendered the bearer invulnerable to the sword. In contrast was the plant which so softened the bones of the eater that he could not stand alone, and might be twisted and tied up like a willow twig.

Many nations of antiquity entertained a special reverence for certain plants, which in many cases degenerated into superstitious worship. The sacred oak of the Druids was the emblem of the

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Supreme Being. The cypress with its pyramidal form pointing to the sky was planted in front of temples as symbolic of celestial fires. The choice of the banyan as a sacred tree in the East was a natural one, since a single plant may have a hundred stems and form a grove—a living temple for religious services. The cedars of Lebanon among the Jews and palms in tropical countries are objects of adoration. The lotus was sacred to the Egyptians: but they also paid honor to the onion and garlic. Each of the trees in the sacred grove surrounding Jupiter's temple at Dodona was endowed with the gift of prophecy, and was tenanted by a god or goddess. It was most impious to profane or damage these consecrated trees. Ovid in his *Metamorphoses* writes: "After Daphne had been changed into a laurel, the nymph tree still panted and heaved its heart: when Phaëthon's grief-stricken sisters were transformed into poplars they continued to shed tears, which were changed into amber. Myrrh, metamorphosed into a tree, still wept in her bitter grief the precious drops which retain her name. The tree into which the nymph Lotus had been changed, shook with sudden horror when its blossoms were plucked, and blood welled from the broken stalks."

Some African tribes regard forests with awe, and consider the rustling of the leaves as the conversation of the ghostly inhabitants secretly plotting against mankind. Many people in India still believe that a banyan tree will wring the neck of anyone who is so rash as to pass under it during the night. In Saxony the woodman on bended knees asks permission of his tree before felling it.

In some counties of England there are people who never gather blackberries after a certain date, for then the long-horned, cloven-hoofed Evil One tramples the canes and makes the fruit obnoxious. The same spirit steals the crops from the fields of the German peasant. The sap of a certain plant is so possessed by the Evil One that a traveller drinking any of it will be led farther and farther from his destination, till at last he is lost and sinks exhausted. The effect is somewhat similar to that of a spirit produced from plants by distillation. Toadstools, because of their quick growth, are associated with the Evil One. In some places puff-balls are known as the "old man's snuff-box"—a mild way of saying that they belong to the "Old Boy."

The upas tree of Java is said to blight the whole neighborhood; to cause birds flying over it to fall lifeless. The boy or dog who attempts to secure the victim must lose his life. The plant has an acrid juice which, falling upon the skin, will develop blisters, and, therefore, there is a small foundation for the extravagant stories.

Other plants are known as demon-dispellers or devil-chasers. Some of these are so effective that a child once bathed in an infusion of the herb or bark will be free from the Evil One's influence throughout its whole life. Occasionally it is only necessary to hold up the plant in front of the person and the bad spirit must flee.

A hole in a tree has more in it than a squirrel's home. In the seventeenth century shepherds would not let their flocks pass a hollow tree with a visible opening, because an evil spirit was sure to rush out of it and enter into the sheep. It was also considered the entrance to a fairy's home. A German legend says that a peasant woman once uprooted a fir tree and wounded an elf dwelling within it. Both woman and elf died at the same hour, and to this day in some parts of Europe fir trees are never uprooted.

Fairies are most active at midnight ; the harebell rings the call for their meetings, to which they gallop in mid-air upon a blade of grass or a cabbage leaf for a steed. The merry throng trip upon the dewy sward noiselessly, causing those mysterious circles familiar to many as "fairy rings." Science has explained these rings. Science may uproot the turf, but it is difficult to catch and kill a sprite. He sniffs at the chemist, defies the physicist, dances among the daisies before the botanist's materialistic eyes, and in the next minute takes a great toboggan slide down the rainbow. Elfland extends around the globe, and hobgoblins play unexpected pranks at Hallowe'en.

Certain plants have long been favorites of the witches ; of these the elder is important. Under its branches with most mysterious ceremonies they buried their children. If a witch is married the husband must be put to sleep before she takes her flight upon her broom : this end is reached by placing a rose gall close to the gentleman's nose. The deadly nightshade, which springs from the foam of the savage, many-headed watch-dog of the infernal regions, is one of the favorite ingredients of their vile concoctions for working impious spells. Witch ointment to be effective must contain at least *seven* herbs. It requires three kinds of wood to make bewitched water boil.

Many plants possess curative properties. An onion suspended in a room attracts and absorbs maladies which might cause trouble to the inmates. The mandrake, which was said to shine in the dark like a candle and thrive under the gallows, struck death to the reckless who pulled it up by the roots. The roots have a fanciful resemblance to the human form, and were used for the fashioning of idols which sold at fabulous prices in the time of Henry VIII. Ginseng root, because

of the same human-like form, is much prized as a cure-all by the Chinese. Single roots of very perfect form often sell for as much as \$3. Ontario exports large quantities to the celestials. In one year the townships along the Moira River sold \$20,000 worth.

Many plants can be used for locating lost or hidden riches. Luck-flowers, magic wands and divining-rods date back to early Grecian times.

The early herbalists in compounding their simples learned peculiar remedies. One superstition was that human diseases could be transferred to trees. A young ash tree was split and held open by wedges while sick children were passed through in order to be cured. It was very necessary that the child be passed through head foremost and handed back to the left, each time going in the direction of the sun. If the tree afterwards grew together, a cure would be more certain to follow. Persons with ague went to a lofty willow, made a gash in it, breathed into it three times, closed it quickly and ran away without looking back. The ague then left, if conditions didn't favor its remaining longer. In order to cure a child of the phthisic it was necessary to bore a hole in the trunk of a sapling oak or ash, remove a lock of the afflicted child's hair, place the hair in the hole and securely plug it in. When the child grew tall enough that its head reached above the plug, or when the plug became hidden by the overgrowing bark, the disease left the child. If a child were slow at learning to walk, the wise directed it to creep through a blackberry bush whose canes were bent down and rooted by their tips. In this wise age the tardy toddler should be made to creep through a few barbed wire fences.

The old herbalist made most money by compounding love-powders for desponding swains and heart-sick maidens. Here is an old recipe: "Steep nine mistletoe berries in an equal mixture of wine, beer, vinegar and honey. This taken on an empty stomach before going to bed will cause dreams of your future destiny (provided you retire before midnight) either on Christmas eve or on the first and third of a new moon." Similar to this is the absurd notion in some places to-day, that a whole mince-pie eaten at midnight will cause the reappearance of long-departed friends—not to mention the family physician and members of the household.

Not many generations ago the coy damsel could obtain much valuable information by plucking from a daisy its leafy fringe, part after part, saying "Love me" and "Love me not," alternately. Whichever came last was decisive. An onion, not too small, with its

outer coat removed, when placed under the pillow will induce dreams along the same line. At the old-time country husking-bees, the young man who was so fortunate as to find a red ear of corn had the much-coveted privilege of kissing the prettiest girl in the party.

There were cures, too, for afflictions of a more tangible nature than those of the heart. For the painless removal of warts: "Touch the wart with a green pea; wrap the pea in paper and bury it; as the pea decays, the wart disappears." Another method was to cut notches in an elder stick, a notch for each wart, then rub the warts with the stick and bury it.

Superstitions die slowly. In some parts of England there is a notion that the wife rules whenever sage grows thriftily. Full-grown men will carry a potato or a horse-chestnut in the pocket as a cure for rheumatism. The present generation bristles in notions believed in because our parents held them true. There are lucky days of the week. Graveyards are ghostly places at night. Having the moon shine over the left shoulder is as ill-omened as thirteen seated at a table.

Much folk-lore centres in the clover, and even to this day a four-parted leaf is much prized because of the good fortune it brings to the finder. When slipped into a lover's shoe it insures his safe return and prevents him from being drawn into military service. Vegetable monstrosities have generally been cherished for the good fortune inherent in them. Oak galls possessed remarkable properties besides their concentrated bitterness. The unburnt part of a Yule-log was placed in the cellar as a safeguard against loss by fire or lightning during the coming year. Moonwort leaves could open locks of doors if placed in the keyholes: when trodden upon they removed the shoes from horses. Rosemary, worn upon the person, strengthens the memory. A good place for it would be in our hats.

Each plant possessed the power of healing a particular disease. Bright-eyed flowers were good for failing sight. Red blossoms would arrest bleeding at the nose. Nettle tea was a cure for "nettle rash." Turmeric, a yellow dye, cured jaundice. Plants with long tubular flowers cured throat troubles. The mistletoe ought, then, to cure dizziness.

There are many pretty myths connected with the origin of some plants themselves or of their names. The thyme-leaved speedwell, as its name implies, is a plant of good fortune. Its scientific name, you remember, is *veronica serpillifolia*. Veronica is a contraction of the Latin *vera iconica*, or true image. It originated in this way:

When Christ was carrying His cross to the place of crucifixion a maiden handed Him a linen napkin with which to wipe His brow. He handed the linen back to the maiden, and to her amazement it bore a true image of His face; hence *veronica*. Because the little speedwell was so abundant upon Golgotha the name was soon applied to it. That piece of linen is preserved in St. Peter's at Rome to this day.

Our beautiful trailing arbutus is connected with an Indian myth. On the south shore of Lake Superior, near the Pictured Rocks, ages ago an old Manito felt himself perishing from the cold. He prayed to Mannaboosho for preservation. The fierce howling wind blew aside the door of his lodge, and there entered a most beautiful maiden whose bonnet was a wreath of wild flowers, and her clothing of sweet grasses and ferns, and her moccasins were of white lilies, and when she breathed, the air of the lodge became warm. The old man said: "My daughter, I am glad to see you. My lodge is cheerless, but it will shield you from the tempest of the night. But tell me who you are that you dare come to my lodge in such strange clothing. Come sit here and tell me of thy victories, and I will tell thee of my exploits, for I am Manito." He then filled two pipes with tobacco that they might smoke as they talked, and when the smoke had warmed the old man's tongue he said: "I am Manito. I blow my breath and the waters of the river stand still." The maiden said: "I breathe and flowers spring up on all the plains."

The old man said: "I shake my locks, and snow covers the ground." "I shake my curls," said the maiden, "and warm rains fall from the clouds."

Manito said: "When I walk about, the leaves fall from the trees at my command; the animals hide in their holes in the ground, and the birds get up out of the water and fly away."

The maiden said: "When I walk about the plants lift up their heads, the trees cover their nakedness with leaves, the birds come back, and all who see me sing; there is music everywhere."

And thus they talked, and the air became warm in the lodge. The old man's head dropped upon his breast and he slept.

Then the sun came back, and a blue-bird came to the top of the lodge and called, "Say-ee, say-ee! I am thirsty!" And the river called back, "I am free, come and drink."

And as the old man slept the maiden passed her hands above his head, and he began to grow small. Streams of water ran out of his mouth, and soon he was a small mass upon the ground, and his



clothing turned to green leaves ; and then the maiden, kneeling upon the ground, took from her bosom the most precious white flowers and hid them all about and under the leaves. Then she breathed upon them and said : "I give thee all my virtues and my sweetest breath, and all who would pick thee shall do so upon bended knee."

Then the maiden moved away over the plains, and all the birds sang to her, and wherever she stepped, and nowhere else, grows the arbutus.

Centuries ago, in the sunny land of Italy, in a castle lived a wicked, cruel, inhuman prince, who, when he had no other amusement, would beat and abuse his servants and set his dogs upon them. One day while thus amusing himself, his horse stumbled and fell. He was severely hurt. Being far from home, he was carried to a large castle on the shore of the Mediterranean, where lived the Princess Cyclamen, good and beautiful, and beloved by all her subjects. The wicked prince soon recovered under her kind care, and fell in love with her, but she refused him. The prince angrily resolved to be revenged.

Now, the princess had a fairy god-mother, a cross, crabbed old lady, who had forbidden the princess to call on her for help, or even to think of her, unless she was threatened with instant death ; so the princess had never seen her since her christening, when she had given her, through her mother, a necklace of pearls with these lines engraved upon the golden clasp :

" Do not dare to call for me  
Until Death's angel you do see.  
'Eagle, high up in the air,  
Down to me my god-dame bear,'—  
Three times say these words, and lo !  
To your side I'll quickly go."

The wicked prince gave orders to his servants to capture the princess when she was unattended. She was captured while gathering beautiful shells on the sea-shore, and while she was being borne to the castle of the wicked prince she remembered her god-mother's gift, and cried three times :

" Eagle, high up in the air,  
Down to me my god-dame bear."

The fairy god-mother lived in a cave in the Alps, and at this very moment was taking an airing on the back of a large eagle. She did not like to be disturbed while enjoying herself, so instead of going

immediately to help the princess, she took a handful of dried herbs out of her pocket and cast them down toward the earth. Strange to say, they fell upon the cloak which covered the princess, and she instantly became very quiet.

When the men unrolled the cloak before the prince, wonder of wonders! no princess was there. Only a number of round, dry bulbs fell out at the feet of the prince.

The men were beheaded by the enraged prince, and the bulbs thrown outside the castle moat. They sprouted and grew into beautiful white blossoms, each with a red eye like a spot of blood in its centre, with the petals of each flower turned back as if in flight. They named the plants after the poor princess who was never seen again. And so we have the pretty cyclamens.

Two centuries ago every plant was under the direct influence of some planet. The plants of Jupiter had smooth, graceful leaves and fragrant blossoms; those belonging to Saturn were directly opposite in nature. But to-day all our plants belong to the planet Earth.

An indescribable sympathy exists between the waxing and waning of the moon and the growth of plants. The herbalists believed that when the moon was on the increase she produced medicinal qualities in plants; but during her wane, poisons. The old almanacs laid down the periods for the planting, sowing, reaping and gathering of crops. Timber cut while the moon is on the wane will decay, and it might be added that it will decay if cut at any time unless preserved by chemical or other means. Our forefathers were evidently moon-struck. It was also said that "the brains of man waxeth moister and fuller upon the full of the moon." If this be true, it might be well for all our examinations to be timed so as to coincide with the waxing or full of the moon.

There were many curious plant proverbs which served as guides in many ways.

"If the oak is out before the ash,  
'Twill be a summer of wet and splash;  
But if the ash is before the oak,  
'Twill be a summer of fire and smoke."

And here is one for the physician's benefit:

"Eat an apple going to bed,  
Make the doctor beg his bread."

Often the mistletoe was hung up in a room to keep away evil spirits. Stables were shielded from demons by a spray of juniper,

just in the same way as a horse-shoe is able to keep the witches out of a churn.

Superstitions have a mysterious fascination, and long after they are dead, they remain to plague the aged or to please the young. While we are proud that we are not in the darkness of former centuries, we must confess that there is much that we ought to cast aside. We may not believe in the cloud tree or the spirits of the woods, yet folk-lore finds in us a ready soil for growth.

It is far from becoming for us to berate the shortcomings of our ancestors. Just as astrology led to astronomy; just as alchemy in its search for the Elixir of Life laid the foundation of modern chemistry; in like manner the old herbalists with their secret compounds and obscure arts led to a better knowledge of plants, drugs and the science of medicine. Speculation is the child of superstition and the parent of modern science.

H. FRANK COOK, '99.

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### The Old and the New.

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THE Old Year laid upon the portals of the past  
 A trembling hand,  
 And said, "O let me die, and be at rest,  
 Within your misty land!"  
 Then all the years that lived and died before,  
 Stretched forth and drew the wanderer safe  
 Within the door.

The New Year laid upon the portals of to-day,  
 A firm young hand.  
 And said, "O let me come, and live, and work,  
 Within your shining land!"  
 Then all the years that are to be, replied,  
 "This is your world," and drew the youth inside.

KATHLEEN R. WHEELER.

## Missionary and Religious.

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### What is It Worth?

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Specially written for ACTA VICTORIANA, by REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON.

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I MEAN a university education. What is it worth? It would pay every college man to ask a few thoughtful questions on this subject.

1. What am I getting this education for?
2. How am I getting it?
3. What am I going to do with it after I get it?
4. How much am I willing to suffer in order to get it?
5. Am I willing to take time enough to get the best possible education in every direction?

I recall a group of students in Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts, who were fitting for professional careers. I was fortunate enough to be a member of that group. We were all poor. Not one of the fifty of us had money enough to pay half a year's expenses in the academy; so we worked our way through. We swept out the academy building, made fires, milked cows, blacked boots, did chores for farmers, served as waiters in hotels during the summer vacations; in short, did anything honorable with our hands, to earn our school expenses.

So far as I know, not one of that group of young men ever regretted for an instant that he was obliged to work in order to get his education. We all counted it worth while to make sacrifices and endure hardships in order to enjoy the strength gained by a college education.

If the test should come to the university men in Toronto, how many of them would count an education worth so much that they would do everything in their power to get it even if they had no money given them by parents or guardians from home?

And after the university life is a thing of the past, my friends, what is it worth to the world into which you are going? It will depend on your right answer to the question, "What am I getting this education for?"

It will not be worth very much to the world if your education removes you from its sins, or its ignorance, or its tragedy of trouble and want. If the college-bred man does not use his education to lift

up the fallen, and teach the ignorant, and save the lost, his education will simply make him more selfish than if he had never been to the university at all. The most useless and selfish man on earth is the university man who has an education which he has acquired for the purpose of building *himself* up in a profession, or a trade, or a business. A man has no right to get an education unless he intends by the help of God to use it for the benefit of the world that has not had the advantages which a college man enjoys.

Make it worth while, fellow-students, to the world, that you are educated human beings. What is it worth? Nothing, if you are going to be selfish with it. Everything, if you are going to help the world with it. May the Lord help you to see what it is worth, and use you to bring in His kingdom.

Topeka. Kansas, February 11th, 1899.

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### The Inter-Collegiate Evangelistic Band.

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THIS movement was conceived of the Holy Ghost in the hearts of the members of the Inter-Collegiate department of the Y.M.C.A.

The object of the organization was to select five suitable men from the various colleges, representing, as far as possible, different denominations, and to unite them into a band that would spend the Christmas vacation in evangelistic work without remuneration.

The manner of choosing them was by consulting the presidents of the different college Young Men's Christian Associations, thereby learning who among the members of the Y.M.C.A. would be the most suitable of the available men for such work. After much prayer the following were chosen and appointed to the work, by several of the city pastors convened with the Y.M.C.A. Presidents: Messrs. Barrie, Trinity Medical College; Haslam, Wycliffe College; Robb, 'Varsity; Armstrong, 'Varsity; Spencer, Victoria.

As soon as the men were appointed we met for prayer and consultation. During this meeting, as well as other meetings, much prayer was offered up for God's blessing upon the work about to be engaged in. Like Paul we felt "who is sufficient for these things," and like him we came to know that our sufficiency was of God.

It was deemed advisable to accept the invitation coming from the place seeming the neediest, and therefore, on receiving the invitation to Hamburg, an answer was sent saying that the band would be there and begin the Mission on January 1st, 1899.

It may be said in frankness that an utter abandonment to the leading of the Spirit of Love, Light and Truth characterized the position taken by the men, for there was no other position possible to men of different commissions if we were to be of service to Him who said, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

Arriving at Hamburg, December 31st, 1898, we were taken to our several homes. That evening at eight o'clock a consultation was held in the rear part of a saddler's shop, with some of the workers of the place. Our surroundings were strange. Through the thin partition separating from the adjoining building came the sound of clicking billiard balls with the coarse jests of those who were thus wasting time and energy. At this meeting it was decided to hold the evening meetings in the German Methodist Church. All the meetings were of a union character, the following churches uniting: The German and English Methodists, the German Baptists, the Episcopalian and the Lutheran. The two last named were not very hearty in their support of the efforts put forth.

There were four meetings held every day, besides the visiting, etc. They were as follows: Consultation and prayer from 10 a.m. to 11.50 a.m.; a twenty minute noon prayer-meeting; a prayer and Bible study at 3 p.m., and the general evangelistic service at 7.45 p.m. These meetings were characterized by a prayerful, earnest presentation of God's truth. There was no attempt at "preaching," but simply the presenting of the awfulness of sin, salvation by faith, and the blessedness of the spirit-filled life.

*Summary.*—There were six consultation and six noon prayer-meetings, eight Bible studies, two mass-meetings for men only and eight evening meetings.

*Results as witnessed.*—Thirty-two precious souls changed masters by giving up sin and accepting Christ.

Fully a score of half-hearted Christians, dissatisfied with their lukewarmness, etc., resigned themselves to Jesus their King.

Visiting the place two months after, I found the good work going on, the new-born Christians rejoicing in Christ and with the older ones "pressing toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

The work was and is His, and to Him be all the praise.

R. A. SPENCER, *Sec'y.*

## Victoria College Missionary Conference.

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THE Missionary Conference of Victoria College was opened on Friday evening, February 3rd, by Rev. Dr. Dewart, who acted as chairman of the meeting. After speaking of the purpose of the conference, he introduced Rev. R. P. McKay, the General Secretary of Missions of the Presbyterian Church. Mr. McKay gave a very interesting and practical address on the needs of work in India, Africa and China. A vocal solo, rendered by Miss M. A. French was very much appreciated. Rev. Dr. Kilborn, M.A., of West China Mission, was the next speaker. He referred to the fact that in eighteen days you could go from this Christian Canada, with all its privileges and advantages, to the millions of souls who live in a darkness that is worse than death, in the heart of China. After dealing with Chinese life, during which he described the Chinese as idolaters, superstitious, ignorant and polygamous, he gave a very interesting account of his work in Sz-Chuan province, under the heads of church work, day school, Bible school and hospital work.

The first paper on Saturday morning was given by Miss Gould, in which she showed, in very clear and pleasing language, that the college women had a part to act in reference to the Young People's Forward Movement. Mr. Emberson then followed with an address on the Forward Movement, in which he showed the present needs of the work, in college and among the young people's societies outside, to be education, enthusiasm, organization and the prevailing prayer of faith. He suggested, and his words were loudly applauded, that some friend of Victoria might do a grand work for God and humanity by endowing a chair for instruction in comparative religions and mission work. He showed that twenty-two districts were now supporting missionaries, and twenty were ready to assume that responsibility. This discussion was further carried on by H. Graham, B.A., who gave an account of the Movement from the beginning to the present time. An open discussion, led by Dr. Stephenson, took place, which was very helpful.

Mr. Service, of Trinity Medical School, gave a paper on "The Enlargement and Expansion of our Work in Relation to the Foreign Field." He dealt with the equipments for carrying on successful work, showing that there should be churches, hospitals, schools, printing presses, a school for educating missionaries' children, etc. He also made some very practical suggestions regarding the missionary policy of the Church. Mr. Doyle followed with a paper on the same subject, dealing principally with the home aspect of the work, suggesting a better understanding among different churches of different or of the

same denomination, a ministry in the Methodist Church willing to go anywhere, and a church that really prays for missions.

Rev. Dr. Sutherland gave the first paper of the afternoon session on the Missionary Policy of the Church in regard to receiving and sending out missionaries. He declared that the increased demand for men necessitated a change in the policy.

Mr. J. S. Woodsworth, B.A., of Manitoba, gave a very interesting address on the extent and variance of the work in Manitoba and the North-West Conference. An exceedingly interesting and helpful paper was then given by Miss Graham, on some of the discouragements and encouragements of mission work in China. Rev. Thomas Crosby, the pioneer missionary to the Indians on the Pacific slope, then gave an interesting account of the Indian work in British Columbia. This conference, which was one of the most helpful, practical and deeply spiritual conferences ever held in Victoria, was brought to a close on Sunday afternoon by a sermon delivered by Rev. R. P. Bowles, B.D. He based his remarks on the words of the great missionary to the Gentiles, "I am a debtor," and showed very clearly, pointedly and eloquently that "to own is to owe."

J. H. OSTERHOUT,  
*Secretary of Committee.*

### Notes.

WE are indebted to Rev. Chas. M. Sheldon, who amid his many duties of author, pastor and patriot, kindly contributed an interesting article for this number of ACTA.

REV. R. P. BOWLES, B.A., read an excellent paper before the theological students last month, on the subject, "The Difficulties in the Ministry."

AT a mass-meeting of the students in the chapel on Wednesday afternoon, March 8th, Rev. R. W. Woodsworth delivered a very earnest and inspiring missionary address. He spoke on (1) The important claims of the missionary work; (2) The equipment necessary for service.

PERHAPS never in the history of Victoria has there been more interest manifested in missions than at the present time. Mass-meetings are being held, plans for work are being formulated, and a general heartfelt enthusiasm is being manifested by the students. We believe God is in the movement, and that Victoria College is on the eve of an advance step along missionary lines.



TERMS: \$1.00 A YEAR; SINGLE COPIES, 15 CENTS.

All matter intended for insertion in the columns of the paper, together with all exchanges, should be addressed to E. W. GRANGE, Editor-in-Chief of ACTA VICTORIANA, Victoria University, Toronto.

All business matter should be referred to W. G. SMITH, Business Manager, ACTA VICTORIANA, Victoria University, Toronto.

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## Editorial.

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### Notes.

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WE are fortunate in being able to present to our readers this month some contributions of special interest and value. The sonnet from the pen of Louis H. Fréchette is written in the poet's usual virile and finished style, and we feel like congratulating ourselves on having the honor of numbering among our contributors one who has so long stood at the head of our French-Canadian poets. We may also congratulate ourselves upon being honored with an article from the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, whose name is now a household word over the whole American continent. The poem, "Beneath the Fog," by W. H. Lloyd Roberts, the talented son of Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, possesses an especial interest because of the fact that the author is but fourteen years old. For one so young the verses show a remarkable poetic gift and bespeak a brilliant future.

ACTA readers always welcome anything from the pen of Mr. Frank L. Pollock, and will be glad to know that he has promised us, for our next issue, a paper on "Canadian Litterateurs in New York." The April ACTA will also contain an illustrated article on "The Hinterland of Ontario," written by Mr. Arthur Harvey, F.R.S.C., President of the Astronomical and Physical Society. We are expecting, too, a paper by Mr. John Reade, of the Montreal *Gazette*, on Charles Heavyside, the author of the well-known religious epic, "Saul."



WE would again like to emphasize the fact that the columns of this journal are open to the students and alumni of Victoria. So far, this year, we have not received a single voluntary contribution from either graduate or undergraduate. ACTA aims to reflect the intellectual, moral and athletic life of the College, and this can be accomplished

only when the efforts of the editors are supplemented by the active co-operation of the individual students. The May number will be reserved especially for graduate and undergraduate contributions. Please send along your manuscripts.



WE regret that we are still unable to make any definite statement as to the exact position of the negotiations at present going on in connection with the purchase of the new campus. Suffice it to say that matters are slowly, but surely, coming to a head, and the long delay need be, by no means, taken as a sign of failure or lack of energy on the part of those who have taken charge of the matter.



“ACTA” BOARD. WE are glad to note the change made in the constitution of ACTA VICTORIANA, whereby the Board of Management will be henceforth elected after nomination by a nominating committee, composed of three members of the Literary Society and two members of the retiring Board. This change should insure the election to the Board of the men of best literary and executive ability in the College, and under this new system we are confident that the process of the years will speedily place ACTA in the front rank of Canadian magazines. Our experience of this year leads us to believe that, if we could but secure sufficient financial backing, we could easily establish the reputation of our paper as one of the leading exponents of Canadian literature. We would suggest that it would be another step in the right direction if one of our professors or one of our graduates, who is in touch with literary work, were actively associated with succeeding Editorial Boards.



UNIVERSITY OR COLLEGE? A REMARK of one of the speakers at the Senior Dinner, suggesting that Victoria should more properly be referred to as Victoria College than as Victoria University deserves some comment. In 1883, when Albert College was affiliated with Victoria College, the name of the latter was changed by Act of Parliament to Victoria University, and since that date that has always been the legal designation of our *Alma Mater*. When Victoria entered into federation with Toronto University, we retained our identity as a university within a university, and hence the term Victoria University is still, strictly speaking, the correct one. It is very probable, though, that in the course of time Victoria will follow the analogy of the different colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, which

entered the federation as separate universities, but gradually gave up their university distinctions and are now all known as individual colleges within the great central university.

"TORON-  
TONENSIS."

Mr. W. G. Ross, the editor-in-chief of *'Varsity*, has undertaken to publish a second volume of "Torontonsis," which will take the form of a year-book of the graduating class of '99. The volume will contain short biographies of the members of the senior years of University College and Victoria, literary contributions from the students, numerous cuts of the University buildings, class executives, society officers, etc., etc. Victoria will be well represented in the illustrations. The book will prove a very interesting and valuable souvenir of the University of Toronto, and should meet with a ready sale in both colleges.

THE SENIOR  
DINNER.

THE Freshman Class of '95 could hardly dip into the future far enough to imagine the time when they should be the guests at the annual senior dinner. Four years seemed so long a time to pass in the college halls. This month we of the Senior Class of '99 can hardly realize that in a few weeks we shall have completed the four short years of our college life; that all too soon the associations, which have come to mean so much to us, will have become naught but happy memories. In our contemplation of the varied experiences of the past years all the dark colors fade out of the picture, and the whole is suffused with a warm and mellow light, gilding each room and each nook of the dear old place with the memory of some happy scene. With one of the lady speakers at the dinner we are impelled to quote from Faust, "*Verweile doch du bist so Schön*." And in that sentence there lies a whole chapter of honest sentiment.

### Kipling's Message to the Student.

THE world-wide interest expressed in the recent illness of Mr. Rudyard Kipling is significant of the power which a young man of literary genius may exert in the modern world. Mr. Kipling is only thirty-three years old. He has never held any prominent official position, and has had nothing but his own genius to commend him to public attention, and yet no member of the Anglo-Saxon race is

better known, and no man forms a more integral part of the every-day life of the English-speaking peoples.

To us, as young men just starting on our life-quest, his work cannot but prove invigorating and inspiring. His spirit is just the spirit which should dominate us. With him let us stand for the highest qualities of the English race, for its sturdy Saxon strength, its readiness to accept responsibilities, its tremendous energy, its calm and sure faith in itself. "Against calamity he has matched courage; against disaster he has set humor: in the midst of all the play of circumstances, and under the pressure of hard conditions, he has shown in a hundred forms the indomitable human spirit, meeting its fate, living its life and doing its work."

He teaches that there is but one remedy for the melancholy which the failure to realize "the haunting vision of the ideal" produces, and that is work—hard, grinding work at the daily task. In this "age of steam" it is the man with the indomitable energy and the unconquerable spirit who sees "the vision splendid." "To be a man in the large sense of the word, one must neither succumb to fate nor fall into lamentations because conditions are hard; one must spend his life with a kind of lavish improvidence; one must lead forlorn hopes, attempt audacious and all but impossible achievements." This is the ringing note in Mr. Kipling's verse and prose, and this the strong and healthy strain that has drawn the world to him, because the world loves strength and knows that health is the normal condition, however widely disease may prevail.

What a rebuke the spirit of such a man is to many a Victoria student, who, instead of the old rollicking spirit of self-forgetfulness, has developed a super-dignified and self-conscious spirit, often accompanied by the young cynic's benumbing sense of the insipidity and futility of existence! For education that has deified mere knowledge, and for education that has bred discontent, for *ennui* with the world as it is, or vain crying after a world as it ought to be—for all these Kipling comes as a splendid and stimulating force.

And then, to his call for active, noble, unselfish, heroic living, he adds the note of moral responsibility, the note of leadership based upon character and correct soul adjustment. The spirit of "The Recessional" and the spirit of "The White Man's Burden" underlie all his best work. Would that we, too, might become imbued with that spirit and incorporate into our own characters the virile strength, the broad, human sympathies, and the passionate faith in human endeavor which make Kipling the greatest of living poets.

## A Graduates' Club.

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A STEP has recently been taken to supply a long-felt want in connection with Victoria in the formation of a Graduates' and ex-Students' Club. There are about one hundred and fifty graduates and ex-students of Victoria in the city of Toronto, and yet no means of uniting them or bringing them into personal contact other than the Alumni Association. In talking college matters over with these gentlemen it was found there was a general feeling that something should be done to bring the fellows into more intimate relations. Consequently some two or three grads took it upon themselves to send out a circular letter asking ex-students to attend a meeting for the purpose of organizing a club. The enthusiastic way in which the suggestion has been taken up, and the many letters expressing sympathy with the movement show that the undertaking will be a great success, and no one can tell what it will develop into.

At a largely attended meeting in the College, on Saturday evening, March 11th, a committee composed of Chancellor Burwash, J. R. L. Starr, '87 ; Dr. A. M. Scott, '96 ; J. L. O'Flynn, '97, and R. J. Clarke, '98, was appointed to arrange the details for complete organization at a meeting to be held within two weeks.

The club will be chiefly social in its character, with occasional literary and scientific meetings. It is proposed that all graduates and ex-students who lunch down town, and all others who can find it convenient to do so, assemble at a certain place on one day of the week and take lunch together. This day will be arranged to suit the greatest possible number ; and then those who may be in the city on business on that day can join us. This will give greatest facility of intercourse, and bring us into touch with each other in a way that cannot be accomplished by any other means. In addition to this there will probably be a monthly meeting in the College. As there is no definite organization as yet, the above are practically nothing more than suggestions which have not been crystallized. However, the constitution of the club will be framed with a view to expansion. The Committee would be pleased to receive suggestions from any graduate or ex-student, as we wish to make this club a meeting-place for all graduates who happen to be in the city from time to time, and we hope that all our friends will take an interest in the undertaking. Further particulars as to officers, time and place of meeting, etc., will be given in the next issue of ACTA.

J. L. O'F., '97.

## Personals and Exchanges.

### Personals.

*[In order that these columns may become intensely interesting, may we request the graduates to contribute from time to time anything that might be of personal interest to the friends of ACTA.]*

H. E. CURRY, a specialist of '96-97, and a general favorite in his college days, especially with the "lads," is at present pastor of the Brooke Circuit, London Conference.

THE many friends of Miss F. A. Danard, '98, were pleased to note her presence at the College recently.

THE Norwich Avenue Methodist Church, of Woodstock, is highly privileged in having as its pastor Rev. W. B. Caswell, '98, one of the most eloquent young men ever sent out by "Old Vic." We are glad to learn that Mr. Caswell's efforts are so highly appreciated in Woodstock.

MISS HINDS, formerly of the class of '00, paid a short visit to the college friends not long ago.

S. B. SINCLAIR, M.A., a graduate of '89, now occupies an important position as Vice-Principal of the Provincial Normal College, Ottawa.

GILBERT AGAR, '92, is performing for the current year the duties of pastor of Brampton West Methodist Church.

MISS MINNIE LIBBY, '91, has been teaching English and Moderns during the past few years in the Parkhill High School.

THE college friends of Miss T. G. Davison, '99, who was obliged last year to give up her course owing to illness, will be glad to learn that she is progressing rapidly to a complete recovery. She is at present enjoying the bracing climate of Edmonton, N.W.T.

T. E. E. SHORE, '93, is preaching on the Streetsville Circuit, Toronto Conference.

MISS NETTIE BURKHOLDER, '91, has for several years been teacher of Mathematics in the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.

WHO does not remember E. F. Armstrong of the class of '98? Ever a true sport, fond of alley, hockey and football, he is now meeting with great success on the Tuckersmith Circuit of London Conference.

MISS MINNIE E. HIGHER, '91, occupies the chair in Moderns in the State Normal School, New Paltz, New York.

C. W. FOLLETT, a specialist of '96-97, is now enjoying his second year's pastorate at Richard's Landing, St. Joseph's Island, in the Toronto Conference.

MISS EDITH KERR, a graduate of '91, after teaching for some years in the Morrisburg and Cobourg Collegiate Institutes, is enjoying a well-earned rest at her home in Cobourg.

THE Union Literary Society will long remember the eloquent perorations of G. N. Hazen, '95. He is now preaching with great acceptance at Wyoming, Ont.

MISS C. DE LANY, '91, is at present at her home in Cobourg.

C. G. CORNEILLE, '97, the greatest of modern alley-players, is "holding forth" in the Windsor West Methodist Church, London Conference.

ISAAC COUCH, '96, is stationed for the current conference year at Mono Mills in Toronto Conference.

H. L. PARTRIDGE, '98, is devoting his energies to the Wyevale Circuit, Toronto Conference.

A VERY happy event took place on the afternoon of Tuesday, March 14th, at the residence of Mr. Livingstone, 36 Roxborough Avenue, Toronto, when his daughter Nellie was united in the bonds of matrimony to Mr. Sandford, of Chicago. Mrs. Sandford is a very popular graduate of '97, and the kindest wishes of her many college friends go with her to her new home in the city of the West.

DR. A. T. RICE, who entered Victoria College as a freshman in 1880, has a very large and successful practice in his medical profession in Woodstock.

THE following graduates, amongst others, were seen in attendance at the fifty-fifth annual senior dinner, held in the College Hall on the evening of Friday, March 3rd: Rev. Dr. Parker, Rev. A. B. Chambers, Rev. Dr. Blackstock, Rev. Dr. Workman, Rev. James Allen, C. C. James, J. R. L. Starr, A. M. Scott, B. M. Britton, Q.C., M.P., J. J. Maclaren, LL.D., Q.C., Dr. Sweatnam, Dr. McKenzie, Wm. Kerr, LL.D., Q.C., Vice-Chancellor of the University.

### Exchanges.

S AID a man in "Arts"  
 To a fair co-part,  
 "I'm like a ship at sea —  
 Exams are near,  
 And much I fear  
 I will unlucky be."  
 "Then," murmured she,  
 "A shore I'll be;  
 Come, rest, thy journey o'er."  
 Then darkness fell,  
 And all was well—

For the ship that hugged the shore.—*Ex.*

*Vox Wesleyana* appeared last month in a brand-new dress, very neat and artistic. Its pages are bright and interesting, and all its departments are well edited. We congratulate its able management upon this further evidence of the enterprise of our Western *confrère*.

ONE of the neatest of our exchanges is the *Manitoba College Journal*. Its February issue is an exceptionally pleasing number, full of excellent and well-written contributions. To our classical students, and others who may be concerned in social economy, the article on "The Treatment of Labor in the Georgics of Virgil" should be of special interest.

#### TWO FRIENDS.

Two friends I have, long loved and trusted long.

One, turning ever toward life's fairer side

And fearing lest it slip his grasp, would hide

From his soul's inward eye all sight of wrong ;

Brings me the world's uncomprehending praise

As friendship's highest tribute ; sees in shame

Of mine, or wilful blunder, nought to claim

Deep-felt repentance : but in countless ways

Finds pardon for me ever and again

Because—I am no worse than other men.

The second, looking up toward heaven's light,

Yet works in stifling fog and close-drawn fray,

'Mid want, doubt, selfish greed, where men must pray

As, groping, they seek out lost gleams of right.



Scanning my life with love's clear eyes, he sees  
 My flimsy talents, old mistakes, low ends.  
 And when I wear earth's laurels, but commends  
 With stern "Thou canst do better things than these."  
 O keen soul reader, judge me of these two ;  
 Which, think you, is the false friend, which the true ?

—*Century Magazine.*

WE acknowledge with kindest feelings the expressions of appreciation which have appeared in the columns of *Vox Wesleyana*, the *Dalhousie Gazette* and other recent exchanges on the excellence of the Christmas number of ACTA VICTORIANA. It shall ever be our aim to prove worthy of the many pleasant things which have been said about us.

FROM the February number of the *McMaster University Monthly* we insert the following paragraph on the function of the College: "The chief function of the College is to start men thinking on its great subjects, to teach them how to study, how to use the tools they will be handling in after service, to discipline their minds, to give them the bias of their profession, to awaken and set free the genius for preaching which is in every man called to be a prophet, and so to make them self-contained, masterful men. All this means character."

IN *The Intercollegian* of February, the official organ of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, is an able and interesting article on "The Formative Influences in College Life apart from the Curriculum," by Timothy Dwight, D.D., LL.D., President of Yale University. We believe it should ever be the privilege and duty of every college student to take advantage of every means available to make his university career a factor in the moulding of the character whose influence shall operate upon society throughout the ages. Life is not an "empty dream ;" it need not be vain and disappointing. Life is a grand and sublime thing, filled with golden opportunities to lift humanity up into higher and nobler spheres of usefulness and service. We are in the world to make it better, purer and happier, to lift it up to Heaven and to God. The problems of life are mighty and far-reaching, and must be solved by earnest, consecrated world-men who are morally, spiritually and intellectually strong. And where can men and women obtain these elements of strength if not in College? Where have they their visions so cleared, and their views of life so enlarged? Where do they come in contact with higher thoughts or wider culture? To the honor of Victoria College, it may be truly

said that its student-body has in a large measure grasped the fundamental principle of the preparation for a world-life. Perhaps never in the history of the College have deeper and nobler impulses stirred the minds of the students than during the present year—not impulses that are born of wild enthusiasm, but those rather that flow from a calm, deep-rooted and reasonable determination to grasp life's problems, and to accept as men life's multifarious duties. To the students of the College we recommend the careful perusal of Dr. Dwight's contribution. Speaking of the silent influences that the college student exercises every day, he says: "He should always bear in mind the thought of his influence upon his friends and associates, and should let this thought have its power over his actions and his personal living. The influence of a college man upon his intimate friends, and even upon those among his classmates who are more remotely connected with him, is more peculiar and has a deeper significance than any other influence outside of the home and family life. The college friend has a share—and a share the measure and importance of which can scarcely be overestimated—in the making of the full-grown personality of the friends with whom he is daily associated. What he is becomes a part of them. What he says and does—even what he thinks—passes, in unseen ways, into their minds and characters. He is not only the architect of his own fortune; he is the architect of the fortune of each one of them—the fortune of the inner life, whether for good or evil. Let the man think of this great fact of influence, and also of the influence of whatever sort it is, as going out from the inmost self upon those whom he loves with the strongest of friendly affection: and then let the love-power within him take ever-enduring hold upon the thought. The result will be—it cannot but be—the building up in strength and beauty of the moral and spiritual man in his own individual soul. It is the wonderful blessings of our college friendships that they have this power of making ourselves while they are making others, and so that the generous thought which renders us watchful as to our own hidden influence upon those around us becomes an elevating and purifying and ennobling thought for ourselves."

THE *Montreal Gazette* makes the following kind reference to the February number of ACTA: "Archibald Lampman has not been forgotten in ACTA VICTORIANA, the Christmas number of which was distinguished by one of his finest poems. It proved to be his valedictory. Those who have read it will appreciate the fine portrait that accompanies the tribute to his memory. "The Binder Craft" is an article from the pen of Mrs. M. E. Dignam, President of the

Woman's Art Association of Canada. It deals, from a Canadian point of view, with a subject that interests almost every book lover. There may be readers, who, like Wordsworth, would strip a book in order to be able to thrust it into their pockets, but we have never met them. The frontispiece is a copy of a painting by Robert Harris, R.C.A.—"The Sands o' Dee." The editorials, locals and other contents are up to the mark, and ACTA's mark is a high one. The Editor-in-Chief is Mr. E. W. Grange."

## Locals.

### Notes.

CAVE Calendas Maias!

"My! I wish I had . . ."—*The Sport*.

GREAT consternation was felt around the College last week when it was learned that Robert's "Spanish setter" was lost. Rewards of all kinds were offered and notices written in doggerel rhyme posted all over. Great was the joy of all when "the dog came back."

IT is reported that Artie has recently decided to take the general course in Arts.

DR. TRACY (quoting from Kant): "The world is only materialized thought." "Can anyone tell me where this sentence is found?"

WOOD—"That's from one of my old sermons."

THE Century Class have decided that W. J. M. Cragg is the most popular among them, and have decreed that he shall carry the Senior Stick.

OUR representative to Queen's Conversat says that one of the girls he had for a promenade could talk of no one else but Thom, all the time.

THE thanks of all the students of Victoria are due Dr. and Mrs. Sweetnam for the very pleasant evenings they have so kindly given the students the opportunity of enjoying. On every occasion a most entertaining time was spent, and all join heartily in thanking Dr. and Mrs. Sweetnam for their kindly hospitality.

THE Annual Conversazione of the Ontario Ladies' College was held on the evening of Feb. 17th. A large number of the boys went down and report having had a most glorious time. The pretty girls were prettier than ever, and everything was arranged so that all might have a pleasant time. And they did. Indeed some of the boys stayed over in Whitby till next day, but we have promised not to tell their names.

## JOTTINGS.

Fraleigh—"Say, boys, I'm all enamored. I'd like to attend this College."

W. J. M. Cragg is reported to have called everyone "Miss Jones," and to have taken at least five young ladies to refreshments.

A CERTAIN enterprising young man noticing an interesting-looking lady sitting alone, straightway went up to her and said: "Pardon me, but as you have no one on your card, and I have no one, shall we go for a promenade?" The lady looked at him, and after asking him five or six questions consented to go with him. She proved to be the wife of one of the Ontario Cabinet Ministers, and the Victoria man was ———— !

BERT FRALEIGH is reported to have received two letters from Whitby the next day after the Conversat.

We know lots of things about the Editor-in-Chief, but he won't let us put them in.

"CHEAP Coates at *Thompson's the Clothier*."—*Whitby Sunbeam*.

ROBERT noticed that a certain freshman used the telephone every day at noon. He therefore accosted him: "Do you know that the ladies and the Faculty know what you have been talking about every day?" The freshman was aghast. "Whatever shall I do?" Robert did his best to console him, but he has not been back at the telephone since.

The last open meeting of the Union Literary Society for the term was held on February 11th, 1899.

THE OPEN LIT. The programme was opened by a vocal solo, by Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith, '02, followed by the inter-year debate between the third and first years. The third year was represented by F. L. Farewell and H. E. Kellington, while the champions of the first year were J. E. Hughson and C. E. Auger. The debate was—"Resolved, that the nations should now disarm and depend on arbitration for the settlement of all disputes." In the opinion of Dr. McKenzie, who had kindly consented to act as judge, the freshmen won the debate. The pictures of the '98 graduating class and the Specialists were unveiled by Dr. Workman. To conclude the literary part of the programme, Mr. Tinning rendered a vocal solo, after which the business session was commenced. This was composed merely of routine business, excepting the speech from the throne, read by His Excellency the Marquis de Beare; and an attempt to overthrow the new government, which was, however, frustrated. The meeting closed before church.

## MEASURES.

To set aside a portion of the Barbara Heck Hall for gentlemen students.

To appoint Jehosaphat Longus Van Wyck, Harry Eugene Curts and Cerebrum Excitum Knight as Royal Commissioners to investigate the Police Court Forgery.

To build a railway connecting the round-house at 20 Balmuto and the Crow's Nest at 164 Cumberland with the College.

THE following change in constitution was passed in the Literary Society: "The members from the Union Literary Society on ACTA Board shall be elected at a regular meeting of the Society after nomination by a committee consisting of two members retained by the retiring board, and three members elected by the Society." This is undoubtedly a step in the right direction. Wire-pulling will be done away with to a large extent, and the appointment of the right man to the right place will be much more likely than formerly. Merit should be considered before personal popularity, in order that ACTA may attain to still greater heights of success.

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## THE SENIOR DINNER.

THE last of the great social functions of the college year was successfully culminated on the evening of March 3rd, when the fifty-fifth annual complimentary dinner to the graduating class was held. The tables had been laid in the college corridors, and were very tastefully decorated. Hon. Wm. Mulock, Postmaster-General, had been secured as chairman, and associated with him were many of the old graduates and friends of Victoria, who took the opportunity of expressing their regard for old Vic. and her institutions. After ample justice had been done the tempting array of viands so well supplied by Caterer Williams, the toast list was placed in the hands of the chairman, who in a patriotic address responded to the first toast, "Our Queen and Country." B. M. Britton, M.A., Q.C., M.P., next proposed the toast, "Old Vic. and Her Faculties," to which the Chancellor and Dr. Badgley feelingly replied. The toast to the "Graduating Class," proposed by J. G. Davidson, '00, was ably responded to by T. W. Walker and Miss M. B. Reynar. Next came a song by G. A. Fergusson, dealing with the little idiosyncrasies of the graduating class. The toast to the "Alumni and Learned Professions," proposed by S. J. Courtice, '99, was responded to by strong speeches from Rev. G. C. Workman, B.D., Ph.D., J. R. L. Starr,

B.A., LL.B., B. E. McKenzie, M.D., and A. M. Scott, B.A., Ph.D.; after which a vocal solo was rendered by A. J. Fraleigh, '00. The toast to the "Lady Undergraduates," by N. W. DeWitt, '99, met with a fitting response from Miss E. Duckett, '99. E. W. Edwards, '99, next proposed the toast to "College Societies," to which responded W. G. Smith, '99, on behalf of the Literary Society; Miss M. H. Kyle, '99, for the Women's Literary; and N. R. Wilson, '99, for the Athletic Union. The toast proposed by R. Emberson, '99, to the "Other Classes," was responded to in turn by D. J. Thom, '00, R. J. McCormick, '01, E. W. S. Coates, '02, S. F. Dixon (Spec.), R. H. Bell, B.A. (B.D.'s); after which came a quartette by Messrs. Robb, Porter, VanWyck and Fergusson of the Glee Club. The toast to the "College Press," proposed by S. L. Toll, '99, was aptly responded to by E. W. Grange, '99. The concluding toast, the "Senior Stick" and "Athletic Stick" was proposed by T. W. Walker, '99, and E. W. Grange, '99, respectively, and responded to by W. J. M. Cragg, '00, and G. A. Fergusson, '00.

The usual number of songs and jokes were flying around from table to table, some of which were very appropriate and timely.

The committee in charge are to be congratulated on their energy and enterprise, and the success that attended their every effort.

#### FRAGMENTS.

Several have not yet seen through the Hon. Wm. Mulock's joke about getting thirteen two-cent stamps for a cent and  $\frac{1}{4}$ .

We trust that Mr. Britton did not judge of the housewifely qualities of the young ladies of '99 by their eating ability.

"We have walked with them, talked with them and held their hands."—J. G. D. (referring to the lady undergraduates).

"We cannot just say what part the gentlemen have played in our lives. It depends on the gentleman."—Miss D.

"Ridyard Kupling."—S. J. C.

"Mr. Speaker."—D. J. T.

"Pay your subscriptions and read ACTA."—E. W. G.

"Thanks."—W. J. M. C.

"The sickening pang of hope deferred."—B.D.'s and Specs.

"Just one girl."—'02.

"Not one girl."—'01.

"Sophies, do not look so blue

Tho' your girls went back on you."—'02.

*THE SENIORS' FAREWELL RECEPTION.*

IN response to the cards sent out by the class of '99, for their farewell reception, a merry company of students, graduates and the members of the Faculty met in the college halls on the evening of St. Valentine's Day. The guests were received with all due form and ceremony by the President and Vice-President, and then their identity was lost. With broken hearts, Antony was sent in quest of Cleopatra, Hermann of Dorothea, Adonis of Venus, Jacob of Rachel, or Jack of Jill. Some quests were most successful and broken hearts were mended; but other quests were vain. Many waited, watched and longed for one who came not. With hearts made one, Adam and Socrates could safely seek the acquaintance of more modern women, Eve and Xantippe making the most of their moments of freedom. The promenade cards were also in the form of hearts, bearing upon them the suggestively appropriate devices:

" Oft have I heard both youths and virgins say,  
Birds choose their mates and couple to this day;  
But by their flight I never can divine  
When I shall couple with my Valentine; "

and

" Recollection is the only paradise from which  
we cannot be turned out."

A few words of flattery and wisdom from the Honorary President, Dr. Edgar, were followed by very much appreciated selections from the College Quartette and the Mandolin and Guitar Club. The interest in the refreshment room was very manifest from the expectancy and eagerness of the crowd that besieged the door, which, for some incomprehensible reason remained inhospitably closed. The mystery of the delay was solved when the boys of the "Refreshment Committee" were heard hastily approaching from the lower regions, bearing on silver salvers hot oyster patties. "May good digestion wait on appetite!" was the general exclamation. When the cravings of the inner man were satisfied, there were a few more turns about the hall. Then the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" drew '99 into a charmed circle, where, with a smile on their lips and a tear in their eye, they sang, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," after which, to the tune of "Good-night, Ladies," the valentines were merrily hurried home.

*WOMAN'S LIT.*

ON Friday, April 7th, the Woman's Lit. will hold their final meeting. The programme will be entirely in the hands of the Seniors, who will make one last effort to display to the uttermost their powers of entertainment. Their mouths will drop words of sorrow and tenderness for the days that are no more, and

words of wisdom and warning, the product of long and practical experience, for those whose day is but begun. No one can afford to be away, and let those who have tears to shed, prepare to shed them before that eventful hour is come.

ROBERT (to Senioretta): "I remember your class exactly when you were in your first year, Miss, and my, but you have improved wonderful, Miss!"

MISS POWELL, '01, was recently at home to a few members of the Sophomore Year. A thoroughly enjoyable evening was spent, and notwithstanding the thought of nine o'clock lectures, all departed reluctantly for their boarding houses at a rather late hour.

ON February 17th, Professor and Mrs. Robertson entertained the college girls and the boys of the second year at their home on Czar Street. That the fearful May fever was still in its earliest stages was quite apparent from the fact that even the Freshettes could not resist such great attractions. Some of the excellent talent of the class was displayed in the songs of Mr. Porter and the recitations of Miss Mercy Powell and Mr. McIrvine. A delightful treat was afforded the guests in the singing of Miss Lola Ronan. So pleasantly was the time made to pass that it was midnight before some could be induced to bid good-night to their host and hostess, to whom they were indebted for one of the most enjoyable receptions of the year.

THE last meeting of the Woman's Lit. was one of special interest, being devoted to the study of Architecture. Papers were read on Ancient, Mediæval and Modern Architecture by Miss Woodsworth, '02, Miss Reynar, '99, and Miss Jackson, '01: the music consisted of a violin solo by Miss Myrtle Duckett, and a song by Miss Nelles.

GLEE CLUB. THE Glee Club went on its last spree of the season on Tuesday night, March 7th. Assisted by C. L. McIrvine, they gave a concert in McCaul Street Methodist Church, under the auspices of the Epworth League, and spent a most enjoyable evening. It was a very appreciative crowd of boys that partook of the tempting after-tea, all of whom would no doubt be willing to go again.

#### HEARSAYS.

"I ain't no lady's man."—*Neville*.

"Let this lady sit here, she knows Mr. Green."——

"Angels will carry me home."—*Fraleigh*.

"Some other fellow went home with my girl."—*Wagg*.

"Bring Porter a pitcher of coffee."—*Everybody*.

"I did not come here to talk."——



"I am glad that the ladies and I were associated so closely together."  
—*Neal*.

"Have you been taking stock, Porter?"—*Fraleigh*.

"Yes. Pretty good line, aren't they?"—*Porter*.

REV. R. W. WOODSWORTH, of Woodstock, addressed a  
*MISSIONARY* mass-meeting of the students, in the College Chapel, on  
*CAMPAIGNERS.* the evening of Wednesday, March 8th. At the last General Conference Mr. Woodsworth was elected to the office of Missionary Vice-President of the Epworth League Board, and by virtue of his office sustains an official relation to our Students' Missionary Movement. His visit to the College was greatly appreciated by the students, and his advice to the Missionary Campaigners was both timely and helpful. Our hope is that this executive officer may be a frequent visitor at our missionary meetings, and in vital touch with the college phase of the work in which he is so deeply interested.

ONE of the sophomore girls was recently heard quoting softly the tender line from Locksley Hall, "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." We beg to quote in a different strain.

"In the spring the sleepy lecture changes to the dread exam.,  
In the spring the student's fancy grimly turns to thoughts of cram.

"In the spring his former pleasures are forgotten as he plods,  
In the spring he goes no longer to his seat among the 'gods.'

"Comfort, comfort, scorned of students! this is truth the Scriptures  
tell,  
Moses must have been to college sometime, when he knew so well,

"That much study is a burden, that at best doth only tend  
To a wearying of the flesh, and books are made that have no end.

"Plug thy memory, bust to learn it, lest thy brain be put to proof,—  
In the dead, unhappy night, and when the cat is on the roof."

### An Important Matter.

There is a little matter that some of our subscribers have seemingly forgotten. To us it is an important matter: it is necessary in our business. We are very modest, and don't wish to speak about it.—*Ex.*

## Donations to the Library.

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BY the Students' Volunteer Band, Victoria College : Dennis—Christian Missions and Social Progress.

By Rev. J. Kenner, Trowbridge : Parochial History of the County of Cornwall, 4 vols.

By John A. McLaughlin, Esq.: Dunster's Translation of Horace.

By Rev. J. F. McLaughlin, M.A., B.D.: Minutes of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, England, 1892.

By the Copp, Clark Co.: Wachenhusen—Vom ersten bis zum letzten Schuss ; Jean de la Brète—Mon Oncle et mon Curé ; Pliny's Letters, 1-12 ; Cornelius Nepos—Greek Lives.

By J. Norrish, Esq.: Norrish—The Early History of Nasagiweya.

By L. E. Horning, M.A., Ph.D.: Nesfield's Historical English and Derivation.

By R. H. Johnston, B.A.: Reports upon the Survey of the Boundaries between the United States and the Possessions of Great Britain.

By the Senatus Academicus of the University of Edinburgh : Tiele's Elements of the Science of Religion, vol. 2.

By Rev. N. Burwash, S.T.D., LL.D.: Missionary Society Reports of the Wesleyan Methodist Church and Methodist Church, Canada, 1848-92 : Minutes of Conferences of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, Canada, 1844-74 ; Minutes of Conference of the Methodist N. C. Church, Canada, 1874.

By H. E. Kellington, Esq.: Toronto Almanac and Royal Calendar of Upper Canada, 1841 : Temperance Almanac, 1838 ; Western Almanac, 1838-39, '43.

By W. B. Smith, Esq.: *Century Magazine*, 1889.

By Rev. A. P. Addison, B.A.: *The Forum*, 1898.

Added by purchase : Lewis—First Book in Writing English ; Gannett's Life of Thomas Carlyle ; Saintsbury's History of Nineteenth Century Literature ; Brooke's Tennyson, His Art and Relation to Modern Life ; Collins' Canada, under the Administration of Lord Lorne ; Stewart's Canada, under the Administration of the Earl of Dufferin ; Green's Wesley Bibliography ; Collection of Psalms and Hymns ; Faguet's Drame Ancien, Drame Moderne ; Jusseraud's Shakespeare en France ; Lauson's Hommes et Livres and Nivelles de la Chaussée ; Fouillée's Psychologie du Peuple Français.

## Athletics.

ICE for sale !

Apply to the Rink Committee.

THE merry glee of skaters has at last been hushed, and has given place to the grave silence of the study. Our poor rink is left at the mercy of Sol's piercing beams. The Committee alone is buoyant, having cleared the handsome sum of \$110.

As the Seniors have defaulted, the Sophomores are now champions of the inter-year series in hockey, and are patiently awaiting their laurel wreaths.

A GREATER and more general interest than usual was manifested by the boys in the Athletic Union elections, which were held on February 24th. In the nominations careful discrimination was shown in selecting those men best qualified in every particular for their offices. The elections for all the offices were unusually close, that for President resulting in a tie between Mr. Fergusson and Mr. Kellington. This necessitated the casting of another ballot a week later, when Mr. Kellington headed the poll with a majority of seven. There also were elected the class representatives to the Executive, and the representatives to the Varsity Athletic Union. The students showed their hearty appreciation of Mr. Fergusson's untiring interest and activity in all college sports by awarding him the Langford stick, by an almost unanimous vote. We feel confident in prophesying a most successful year in sports at Victoria, under the able direction of the following Executive: Hon. President, J. R. L. Starr, LL.B.; President, H. E. Kellington; 1st Vice-President, A. P. Addison, B.A.; 2nd Vice-President, A. F. McKenzie; Secretary, R. J. McIntyre; Treasurer, J. G. Davidson; Representatives to Varsity Union, J. G. Davidson, '00, and E. A. McCulloch, '01; Class Representatives, F. L. Farewell, '00; G. E. Porter, '01; F. H. Dobson, '02; A. N. Lousley, Specialist. On the evening of the election the annual meeting of the Athletic Union was held, the President, Mr. Grange, in the chair. The Secretary, Mr. Fergusson, read a concise report, reviewing the principal events of the past year. Special reference was made to the great financial success attending the Rink Committee last year, the sum of \$130 being realized above all expenses; and to the expenditure of \$100 on two new grass tennis courts, an addition which was very much needed and very much appreciated. The financial statement of the Union was then laid before the meeting by Mr. Kellington. During '98 the receipts of

the Union were \$230, which were for the most part expended in tennis, football and hockey. The rink alone this year has cleared over \$110, which dispels all anxiety of rapid consumption in the case of the exchequer. Professor Langford was present, and in a few words manifested his interest and good wishes for the coming year. The following graduates of '98 were elected honorary members of the Union: B. A. Cohoe, R. J. Dobson, V. J. Gilpin, E. G. Armstrong, J. H. Faull, J. W. Sifton. Because of the lateness of the hour, the business was not fully completed, which will necessitate the convening of another meeting at an early date.

QUITE a pleasing event, and rather an innovation for Victoria, took place on the evening of February 25th, when the students gave a masquerade carnival on the rink. A band was in attendance and a very enjoyable time spent, although the masques displayed were but few. Considering the success which attended this function in its infancy at Victoria, it will doubtless be repeated next year.

In the Jennings series our team was scheduled to play S. P. S. on March 1st, in the Caledonian Rink. Our men lined up on time, but some were not in condition to do justice to themselves or the team. When half-time was called the score was 4—4. On resuming hostilities the score was run up in a see-saw fashion to 7 all. The School then scored 2, and although our men worked hard to retrieve their loss, time was called without further scoring. Our team was: Goal, Kellington; Point, Wilson; Cover-point, Fergusson; Forwards—Dobson, Dobson, Winters and McCullogh.

"WINTERS and McCullogh were the shining lights of the Victoria team."—*Varsity*.

FULL various are the arts of men; let each  
Strain every natural power, his own best height to reach.  
The strength of limb is shown by deeds of might,  
The force of mind in prudent counsel shines.

—*Pindar in the 1st Nemean.*

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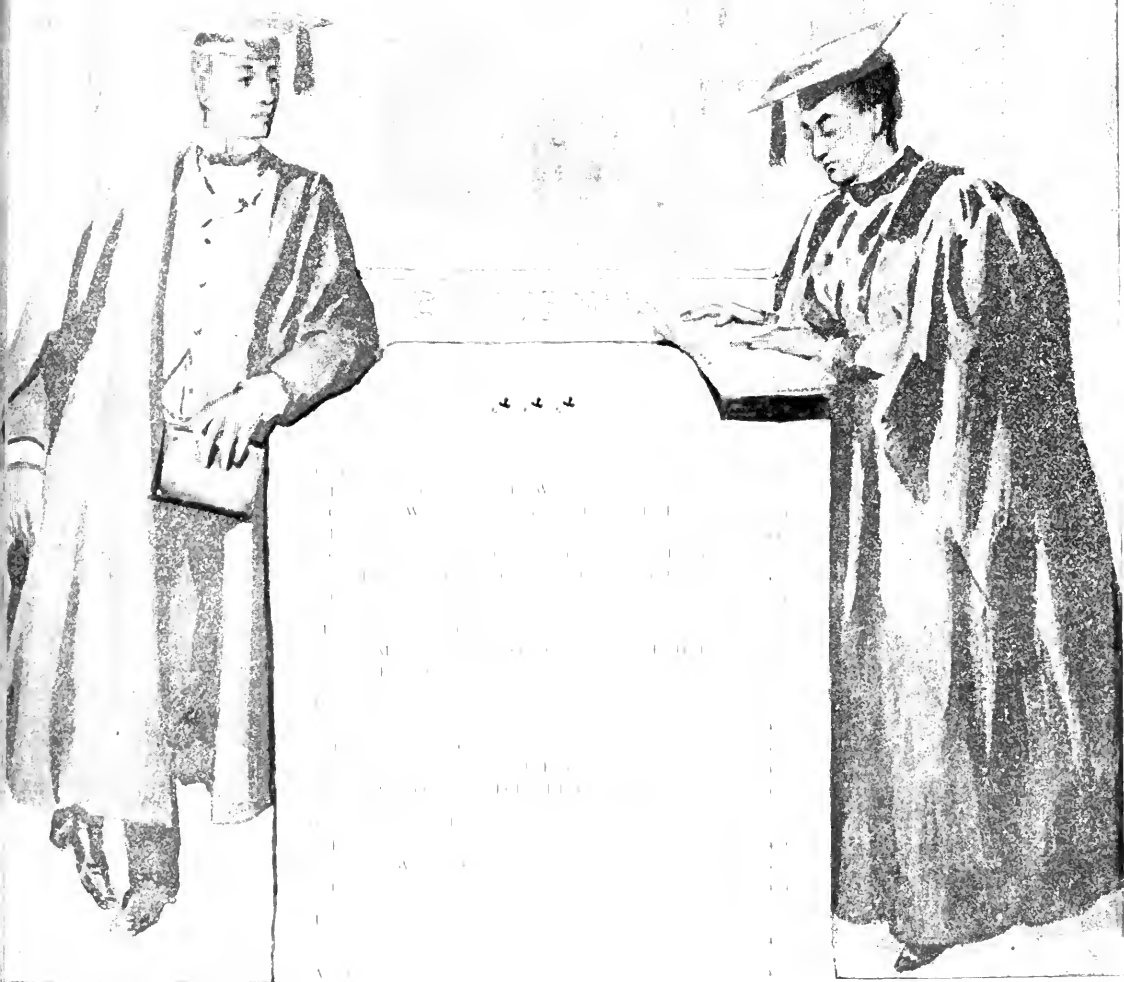
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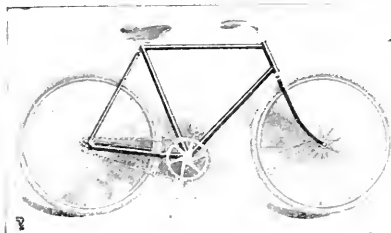
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TORONTO, APRIL, 1899.

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### In Sight.

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AT last ! After the ships had rocked and tossed  
From morn till eve,  
On such a cruel, angry sea they scarce could live,  
With hope nigh gone, of masts and sails bereft,  
They fronted death, while loomed the sullen night,  
Till through the cheerless gloom a cry burst forth.  
" Land, land in sight ! "

At last ! After his hands had toiled day in, day out,  
With naught his share  
But Failure's aching crown of weariness,  
And dull despair,  
He woke one morn, and there before him gleamed  
Beneath the light  
A vision chased through endless days of care,  
" Fame, fame in sight ! "

At last ! After each closely-woven tie  
That binds the heart,  
Had vanished in the dreamy, distant past,  
Or snapt apart,

A woman o'er the long, sad years looked forth  
 In sorry plight.  
 When lo ! before her, true and sweet, arose  
 "Love, love in sight !"

At last ! After earth's ships perhaps, long-wrecked, have sunk,  
 Even Fame and Love  
 And earthly things no more for weal or woe  
 Have power to move,  
 Will flash the brightest radiance eyes have seen—  
 Such dazzling light—  
 When upward-glancing souls in rapture find  
 "Heaven, Heaven in sight !"

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### Canadian Writers in New York.

THIS is the very psychological moment for the new Canadian writer who wishes to obtain literary recognition in the United States. It is an admitted fact that it is easier just now for a Canadian to become so recognised, other things being equal, than for a mere American of the same ability. This highly gratifying state of things has been brought about by several causes : partly, I think, through a very logical belief on the part of publishers that artistic work coming from a young country is likely to have in it more virility and crude strength than if it had emanated from the cafés and clubs of the metropolis. Partly, no doubt, there is a remnant of the old piquancy in the idea of an artist emerging from the pine woods or, which is much more astonishing, from the artistic Gath and Ascalon of Halifax and Fredericton, or from the Sodom and Gomorrah of Hamilton and Toronto. But in greatest part the vogue of Canadiana is due to the work of two or three Canadian pioneers in New York, who also happened to be men of remarkable genius.

It is not so very long since our countrymen discovered Manhattan. Bliss Carman was, I believe, one of the first to spy out the land, and that was not more than five or six years ago. Charles G. D. Roberts has made it his headquarters for a still shorter time. But there is already a flourishing Canadian artistic colony here, with the most amazing *esprit de corps* imaginable, the members of which lend each

other their last dimes and, still more wonderful, pay them back occasionally. The Canadian Club, which was founded two or three years ago, was never a distinctively literary association, and of late it seems to have dropped completely out of sight. At the most it never meant more than an annual dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria, with toasts to the Queen, the Governor-General and the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Last year, the "Bodley Head," John Lane's New York headquarters on Fifth Avenue, seemed to be a sort of meeting-place for the Canadian writers, "the down-town Canadian Club," Roberts called it. I don't know exactly why this should have been so, for I am not aware that Lane ever published a single Canadian book. There were also several west-side cafés frequented mostly by the younger and less-known men, which have witnessed stirring scenes, as when a group of youthful Northern lyrists madly toasted the "Native-Born" with, as the poem recommends, "a foot on the table." Maria's famous restaurant on Twelfth Street once knew all the Canadians well, with the somewhat spectacular form of Bohemia which it represented. It used to be a very delightful place, any one was privileged to get up and sing a song, tell a story, or recite an original poem, and it was here that Carman enraptured the house with his reciting of "The Unsainting of Kavin." But Maria's has grown too self-consciously brilliant of late, and besides, whenever Roberts or Carman appear there they are called upon to speak, which leads them to avoid it.

Just at present, the centre of New York Canadiana is situated on the top floor of No. 105 East Seventeenth Street, where Charles G. D. Roberts lives with his younger brother, William Carman Roberts. Here, at all hours of the day and night, one is likely to meet poets, painters, novelists, editors and publishers, either hailing from or dealing with the great Dominion. A prophet is without honor in his own country, and it is a fact that Roberts stands much higher in American estimation than the majority of Canadians are apt to imagine. Leaving Carman aside, it is certain that there is no poet in New York to stand above him, and the substantial character of his popularity is shown by the lively competition among publishers to obtain his new books. Both Roberts and Carman were on the first list of members of the National Association, an American institution designed to correspond to the French Academy, which was founded a few weeks ago, with Charles Dudley Warner as President.

It is not very long since Roberts' first volume of prose fiction was published, and since then his rise into popularity has been strikingly sudden. Of course, nobody who knows anything about literary pro-

duction will imagine this to be anything else than the ultimate result of years of obscure toil, but it is not given to every writer to hit the mark so surely, even after this preliminary preparation. Of late his stories have been appearing largely in the *Atlantic*, and he is continually receiving offers of the highest rates for periodical work, most of which he is compelled to refuse on account of the pressure of previous engagements. He has not yet commenced actual work on the third volume of the Acadian trilogy of novels, but is supposed to be thinking hard about it, and meanwhile he is, I believe, preparing a collection of his latest short stories for volume publication. Unfortunately, Roberts sails for England in a few weeks, and for a time, which it is to be hoped will be short, the Canadian colony will be without its chief.

Bliss Carman has made New York his headquarters for several years, though winterings in the south and summerings in the north have subtracted a good deal from his actual stay in the city. At various times he has held editorial positions on *Current Literature*, the *Independent*, the *Cosmopolitan*, while he was the first editor of the *Chap-Book*, and was responsible for the peculiar piquancy and originality of that charming periodical in its youth. At present he is doing a weekly literary letter for the *Commercial Advertiser*. Carman has always kept his personality to himself, in a manner refreshing in these days of syndicated interviews, and he wears a peculiarly enigmatic and sphinx-like air which encircles him with a halo of romance. To say anything about his work would be almost superfluous here; it is certain that there are not more than three or four living poets to match him in pure artistic craftsmanship, and in poetic imagination it is doubtful if there is one.

Richard Hovey, the young but already distinguished dramatist and poet, is popularly supposed to be a Canadian on account of his association with Roberts and Carman, but he isn't.

William Carman Roberts, who shares the rooms of his brother on Seventeenth Street, has published no book of his own as yet, but appears largely and to great advantage in the forthcoming volume "Northland Lyrics," of which I shall say more farther on. He has written no prose, outside of editorial work, but his poems have appeared in the *Century*, *Munsey's*, the *Independent*, the *Chap-Book*, and in many lesser periodicals. During 1897 he was on the editorial staff of the *Illustrated American*, and at present he is editor of a department in the *Literary Digest*. Like all the rest of the Roberts family he is an enthusiastic canoeist, fisher and woodsman, and he played

centre on the University of New Brunswick Rugby team. Thus far his literary work has been less important for quantity than for quality, but as he is only twenty-four, it is evident that he has plenty of time.

Another brother of Charles G. D. Roberts, Theodore, is not at present in this city, but is to be reckoned in the New York group. He is no more than twenty one years old, and is one of the most precocious figures in Canadian literature. He is a six-foot and magnificently-built youngster, looking five years above his age, and when I saw him last he had an amazing length of blonde hair and an embryo moustache. Last year he was on the staff of the *Independent*, where he has been publishing poems ever since he was twelve, and when the war broke out that periodical sent him to the front as its correspondent. Before Santiago he succumbed to the fate of all the Canadian correspondents, and got a heavy dose of fever. For some time he was considered as good as dead, but finally recovered sufficiently to be sent back to the United States and to make his way to New Brunswick, where he is still recuperating. It is impossible not to think of his youth in estimating his work, but both in quantity and in quality it would do credit to a man ten years his senior. As yet he has published no book, and his first appearance between cloth covers will be in "Northland Lyrics," of which he has contributed the larger portion; but it is probable that in the course of a few months he will have several books of prose fiction in type. His poems have chiefly appeared in the *Century*, the *Criterion*, the *Chap-Book*, the *Independent* and *Munsey's*, while his stories have been published in the *Independent*, in the *Criterion*, and in the *Black Cat*. There is a dashing movement and a splendid virility about his poems that is seldom seen in the work of Canadians, who too frequently belong to the Botanical school. This is not, however, the place to enter into a detailed criticism or appreciation of his writings, but I will venture to prophesy that in five years he will be one of the best known writers of America.

I have mentioned the book "Northland Lyrics" several times, and I suppose that most of the readers of ACTA have seen it announced in Small & Maynard's list of new publications. It should have appeared a year ago, but has been delayed from time to time. But it will positively come out in a month or so, and I think that it will be one of the most interesting books of Canadian verse that has appeared for a long time, as it is certainly the widest in scope. It is the work of Theodore Roberts, William Carman Roberts and Elizabeth Gostwyke Roberts, with a foreword by Charles G. D. Roberts and a concluding poem by Bliss Carman. If I had space I would like to quote

a poem or two, particularly by W. C. Roberts and Theodore, which seem to me absolutely unique and unexcelled in conception. But at all events, no one who is interested in American poetry (American in the wide sense) can afford to miss this volume.

The very latest recruit to Canadian literature in this city is W. H. Lloyd Roberts, the fourteen-year-old son of the "Canadian Laureate." One of his poems was printed in ACTA last month, and while it would be of course absurd to expect him to have written anything of particular value as yet, still he seems to promise to carry on the tradition of the family, and he is certainly an interesting study in heredity.

Mr. Peter MacArthur, who was for years editor of the *New York Truth*, is an Ontario man. At present he is engaged in doing book reviews for *Literature*, and short stories for a newspaper syndicate. Besides this, he has, I believe, a novel in the press. Mr. Whidden Graham, though not a writer by profession, is a Canadian, and so intimately associated with the New Brunswick writers, that this sketch would be very incomplete without mention of him. His chief characteristics are an exceeding brilliance of conversation and a tendency to preach red revolution as a remedy for America's social troubles.

There are other Canadian writers of less note here, and probably some of whom I do not know. John Stuart Thompson, the author of "Estabelle and Other Verse," has been here for some time, I do not know how long. Arthur J. Stringer, of London, Ontario, is "freelancing," and has been for several months in the city. For some years he has been publishing a great quantity of very mediocre verse, much influenced by prevailing models, but his three poems in the February *Harpers* show a decided improvement in strength and originality. J. T. Shotwell, of Toronto, is holding a scholarship at Columbia University, and presumably still writing verses in his leisure hours.

From a financial point of view there is certainly no place like New York for the struggling "free-lance," be he Canadian or otherwise but as a place to work in it has its defects. The production of literature may be an art, but the selling of it is certainly a matter of business, and it is of indisputable advantage to be right on the spot, to feel the pulse of the market, so to speak, and to know just what periodicals happen to be in present need of the sort of stuff you have to sell. You are able to meet the men personally with whom you deal, and this is likely to be beneficial to seller and buyer alike, and in the association with your fellow-craftsmen you pick up scraps of information that are worth money about the idiosyncrasies of editors and

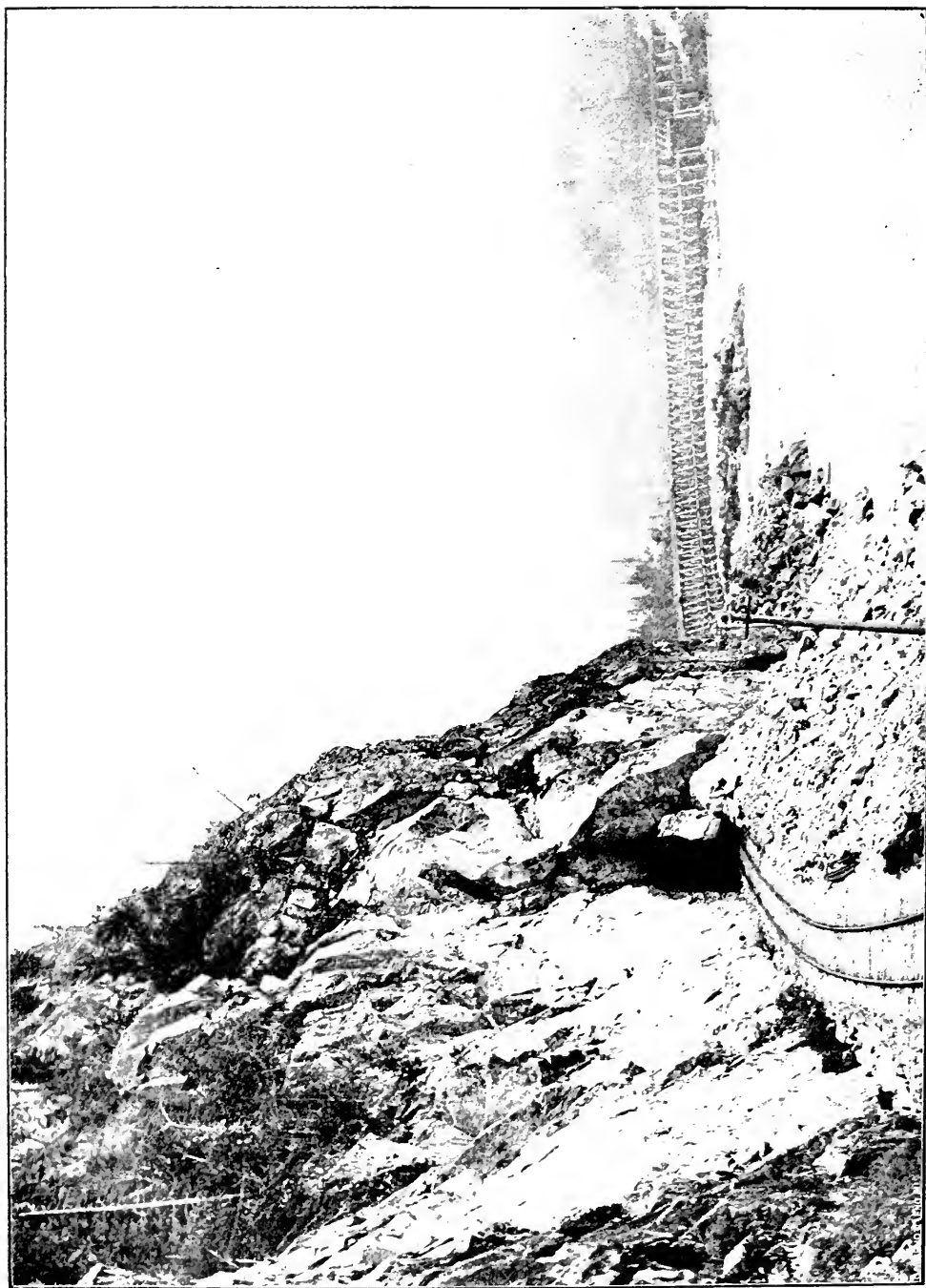
publishers. Then, I am tempted to believe that editors are apt to deal better with a man who gives a New York address at the head of his manuscript. This is without prejudice to the fact of the preference for Canadian work; a Canadian writer is usually known as such even if living in New York or Boston, for he does not, as a general thing, go there until he has obtained enough success while living in Canada to justify him in taking up literature as a profession.

This is, it will be observed, placing the business of literature on a purely mercantile basis, like the selling of cabbages. That is precisely what it is, but there is another side to the work. The "stuff" must first be written, and if it is to have the faintest artistic value it must be written absolutely without reference to its selling qualities. In the constant endeavor to sell manuscripts enough to pay one's rent and laundry bills the temptation is enormous to write deliberately for a particular market and to endeavor to suit the taste of a particular editor or public, which is usually bad and crude enough. Even if he escapes this danger, the continual association with men wholly occupied with matters of the brush or pen is apt to affect a young writer's individuality and make him the follower of a school, or, at smallest, to make him forget that Life is Life and Literature merely its ghost. Bookishness is fatal to originality, and the dilettante writers who talk about ideals and angels are not the ones who do vigorous work. And in every large city there are plenty of men who prefer talking of mystic ideals and misty incomprehensibilities to trying to see clear and think straight. Literary life in New York, as in London and Paris, is, generally speaking, apt to be neurotic and unwholesome, and it says much for the Canadian writers that they have mostly managed to steer clear of these maladies.

As I said before, New York is especially inviting and friendly to the Canadian just now. But if he is wise he will confine himself to a few months at a time here, when he wants to sell what he has written, and when he wants to write he will go where the *Criterion* and the *Critic* were never heard of, and where a typewriter is more unknown than an automobile cab.

Frank L. Palloch

315 East 19th Street,  
NEW YORK, March '99.



ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.  
NORTH SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.



## Lake Superior Flotsam.

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IT was for a fishing trip that I first crossed Lake Superior, on the first voyage of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's first steamer, the *Algoma*, and I was the first passenger to pay my fare. I fell in love with the dark deep lake at once, and it has ever since had a fascination for me. I have seen it in calm and in storm, in clear weather and in cloudy, have coasted it around in large steamers and in small, in tugs, yachts, row-boats and canoes, and have come to know fairly well several of its tributary rivers and some of its most interesting shores.

Oh, the pity of it, that through the ignorance or carelessness of British negotiators, we do not own them all! When we gave up the lower peninsula of Michigan, why was not the upper peninsula retained? If that was impossible, why was not the line drawn at the St. Louis River, the true head of the lake, where Duluth now is, instead of up the Pigeon River? If it had to be the Pigeon River, why was Isle Royale thrown away, which lies across the mouth of the finest harbor left to us—a perpetual menace and an irritating reminder of what many yet consider the treachery of Ashburton? Shelburne began the series of infamous surrenders of lands which Canadians discovered, won and held, and by successive treaties our landmarks have been disregarded on the Pacific as on the Atlantic slope, and only such place-names as Duluth, Marquette and Prince of Wales Island keep their memory alive. In the Keeweenaw peninsula (Michigan), which the Jesuits in their Relations likened to an arrow fitted to the string of a bow, of which the north shore of Lake Superior is the arc, are the greatest copper mines in the whole world, of which the "Calumet" and "Hecla" alone has paid \$70,000,000 in dividends, and has distributed \$4,000,000, since these lines were penned. In the region between the Pigeon and the St. Louis rivers (Minnesota) the finest and most easily mined iron ore on earth has been discovered, and, recent as that discovery is, it has revolutionized the iron industry of the northern United States, and is one of the factors which threatens Britain's supremacy in the iron trade and manufacture, with all that this implies. On the Lake of the Woods an intrusive angle makes it difficult to build a railway south of the C.P.R. without entering the United States. We cannot get to the Yukon territory or the northern part of British Columbia from the sea without traversing what a foreign nation now claims. Canada

has seen half a million of her children forced from her sadly restricted boundaries to the territories which should have been her very own. We have great areas left, but they have a harder climate, and the loss cannot be ignored; we must be resigned to look upon past curtailments as salutary lessons, and to comfort ourselves for the estrangement of our kith and kin by the tender thought that affection lingers amongst them yet. But what if further concessions should be made, and especially if it become public law that we, on one side of Puget Sound, are to be cut off from maritime rights and prevented from sending vessels to fish or hunt in the open sea, while Americans on the other side can fit out vessels as they choose and gaily flaunt their colors in our sight? Then, the writer thinks, and thousands with him, farewell to the hope of building up a nation out of such degenerate sons of Britons whose heritage it is to rule the waves, not to submit to degrading prohibitions and take pay as the price of humiliation. He would say with Kent, in Shakespeare's "King Lear," "Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here."

The steamer to which the reader was introduced, before this long digression, made her passage to Port Arthur swiftly and safely, meeting on her way numerous small humps of ice and some considerable floes.

When it was found necessary to open a way from the older provinces of Canada to what is now Manitoba and to the Pacific coast, Mr. S. J. Dawson was entrusted with the making of a road from Lake Superior towards the Red River of the North. He selected as the starting point a landing place of the Nipegon Indians. Surveyor Macnab, of Sault Ste. Marie, was his *aide*, and the instructions were to keep to the ridges and strike for the setting sun. Only a few miles were finished when General Wolseley was sent up to quell the half-breed rebellion under Riel. When the troops were disembarking and a knot of officers were on the wharf, "What the d(ickens) shall we call this b(lessed) place?" said Major Boulton, of the Royal Artillery, who carried on the linguistic traditions of our army in Flanders. "Call it Prince Arthur's Landing," said the General, though Prince Arthur was in Montreal or Ottawa, five hundred miles away. It kept the name, and grew from the one hut called Flaherty's hotel to be a town, when the name Port Arthur was assumed. Not all the expedition landed there. Part went up the Kaministiquia, close by, with their Mackinaw boats and launches, past the Hudson's Bay Company's historic Fort William, to near Kakabeka Falls, and there swarmed up the lofty bank, portaging somehow their heavy craft—an

inspiring sight, say those who witnessed it. And so they made their amphibious way to Winnipeg and glory, for which a belated medal is at length to be issued. The rest is history, and this paper must leave them at their arduous work.

Some time before that expedition the country around Thunder Bay had been surveyed and divided into lots and locations. The *sacra james argenti*, not *auri*, caused the local "boom." The



PORT CALDWELL.  
NORTH SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

"Trowbridge" mine, the "Thunder Bay" location, the "Shuniah" and "3 A" gave good promise, yet unfulfilled, and soon after the successful exploration of Silver Islet added to the excitement. This was indeed a marvel. It was a little rock, *à fleur d'eau*, a thousand feet from shore, where a quartz vein crossed a huge dike of trap or diorite. Parts of the vein were almost solid silver. The cost of mining, including that of building breakwaters to keep out the storm-tossed waves of the mighty lake, of freighting up machinery, supplies

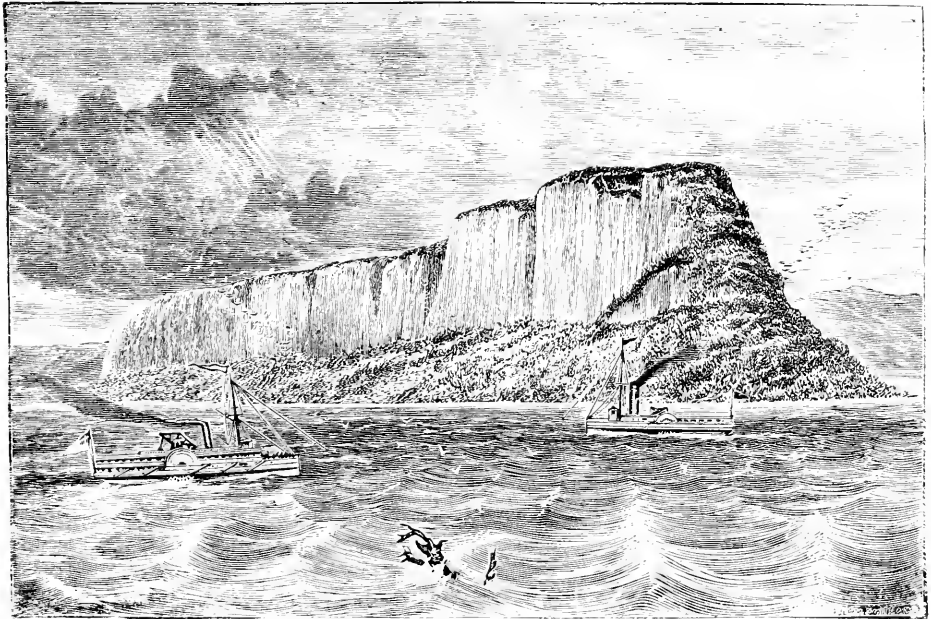
and fuel, and of carrying the silver down to Wyandotte, was very great, but it paid—perhaps four millions and a half at a cost of three—until, one fall, two schooners carrying coal to supply the pumps and mill were wrecked, and the shaft filled up. Some day it will probably be reopened, in spite of the suspicion that the wrecking furnished a welcome excuse for its abandonment. Then a shaft, 12,000 feet in depth, will be sunk on the mainland, and a gallery run in to cut the vein at the islet below the old level, so that storms may beat upon the shores in all their fury without disturbing the men at work below. “There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture’s eye hath not seen: the lion’s whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it.” (Job xxviii. 7, 8.)

Silver Islet is just outside Thunder Bay, and one might imagine that Thunder Cape, at its entrance, was left there as a sentinel to guard such wealth. There are three great cliffs not far apart. Thunder Cape is said to be 1,200 feet above lake level, and the water not far from its base is nearly 1,000 feet in depth. Just within the bay is Pie Island, and a short way up the Kaministiquia is Mount McKay, which disputes the palm for height and imposing majesty with Thunder Cape. They are huge gauges of ancient ice action, when great glaciers converged from east and north and west into what is now Thunder Bay, and flowed out, a violent stream of ice. It wore away the sides of the huge cliffs, and scarred and grooved even their hardest component strata. They are gauges, too, of the level of the water in primeval days; there are upon their flanks old lake floors, from which rise cliffs precipitous, with a talus of broken rock at their base, the whole showing like benches or shoulders. An attentive student may find gravel beaches, too, at various heights, where the waves once lapped the ancient shore.

These three cliffs, and many other hills in the Lake Superior country, are capped with diorite, often called trap and greenstone, a volcanic rock, they say, which came up from Pluto’s realms through great earthquake rifts, and overspread the country far and wide. How far the diorite belt extends I do not of my own observation know. I have travelled over it from the Lake of the Woods to Sudbury, and over a breadth of fifty miles in several places. I have seen it fifty feet in thickness, and measured it as thin as five feet in others. What a tremendous outpouring of lava! What billions of tons of matter were displaced in these gigantic throes of mother earth! Surely the eruptions were not few but many, and they must have continued for long ages. The effect of the convulsions may be traced in other rocks;

the granites of the regions are so shaken that it is hard to find a piece without a flaw, and the metamorphic action of heat is everywhere in evidence.

The strata which near Thunder Bay underlie the trap, are black slates, which in wild weather and in peculiar lights give the cliffs a forbidding look. Thunder Cape, particularly, is sometimes terrible. Its black mass is often crowned by a storm-cloud from which lightning flashes glare. The crashing thunder echoes from cliff to cliff,



THUNDER BAY

but these loud peals of nature's organ rise but a little above the roar of the waves that fling themselves against the rocks and supply the sullen undertone. Then one may feel what puny, fugitive things we, our works, and even our conceptions are. The capes will outlast empire after empire, but their resisting power will at length be overcome. Heat and frost and rains and winds and waves are the tools with which the hand of the Mightiest does his patient work. And, perhaps, the Indian who believes that Thunder Cape is where the Great Spirit dwells—who never canoes around it but portages to the

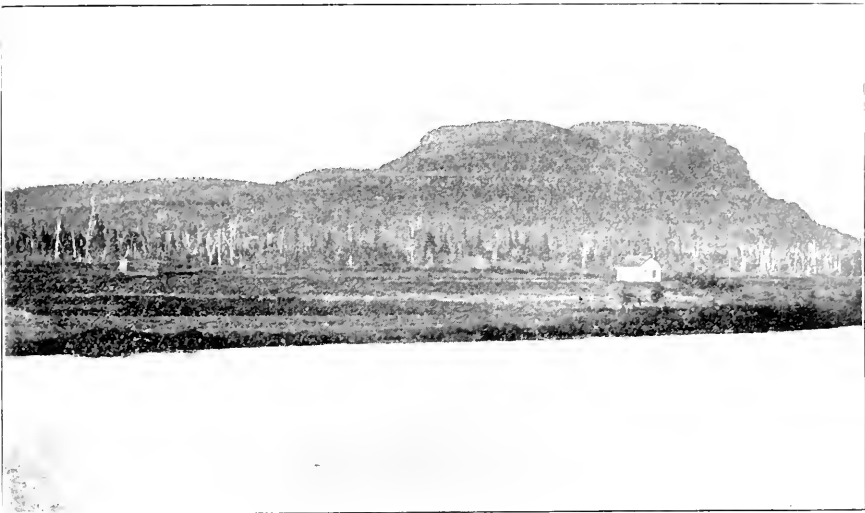
eastward—who has from time immemorial made a sanctuary of it for wild animals, which the whites should be made respect—and who reverently covers up the traces of any veins of mineral he discovers, lest the secrets of the Gitchi-Manitou should be revealed and death come to the betrayer—is as sensible in his faith as the races who are supplanting, after having debased, him.

But Thunder Cape is often serenely beautiful. Standing on the hill behind Port Arthur you may sometimes see the sun set red and fiery, at the head of the broad Kaministiquia valley. The whole air is full of amber and topaz and carmine and crimson, and of Milton's "thousand celestial splendors," and, lo, as you turn, you see McKay, the Pie, and Thunder Cape itself, a dozen or more miles away, glowing like molten lava. The sombre black of their cliffs has been transmitted into gold afire. But the end of the glory is not yet; as you look, the blaze becomes less dazzling and changes into ruby, then into amethystine colors, the cliffs reflect these hues, which slowly fade, as if the rocks were wistful to retain their imperial vestments of bright and lovely color. And if you linger you may perchance see their milder beauty, when the moon, showing her full face beyond them, throws them into the dark shadow of night, heightened by contrast with the long silver column reflected from the sleeping waters of the great bay they enclose. How clear and lasting is the photograph of such things on the brain of the beholder! How impotent are his words to describe their transcendent beauties! He sees in memory the shimmering ripples athwart the path of lunar light broken into zig-zags where some fishing boat or fussy little oil-yacht moves across it and brightens while breaking the reflection. He hears the quiet splash of the wavelets wafted on a zephyr from a dozen miles of singing pebbles on the shore. But how can he hope to set such things down successfully in black and white, when the artist's brush all but invariably fails, though he has all the colors of the rainbow on his palette?

Admiral Sir Hueston Gower, then commandant of the Deptford dockyard, spending a fortnight in Thunder Bay, told the writer that he could compare with it for beauty only the Bay of Naples, and when I urged the cerulean blue of the latter, he retorted with the hyaline tints of our Canadian water—and was so genuinely enthusiastic that counter arguments were dropped.

Lake Superior, being very deep, is very cold. A poor sailor, lost overboard on a rough night, even in the summer, has but a slim chance for life. A few short moments chill him through; he sinks, and

its frigid depths never give up their dead. Thus fogs are frequent. Once, coming out of Thunder Bay, over which a summer sun was gloriously shining, we were anticipating bright skies all the way, when we saw the mists creeping up under the black cliffs from the direction of Duluth, and they soon enveloped us. The land was blotted from our sight, and with the whistle sounding steadily we crept towards Passage Island. All at once we ran into a space, four or five miles across, where there was no fog, though all around the little magic lake were mountains of it, seeming to be great, grey,



MOUNT MCKAY AND RIVER. FORT WILLIAM.

peaked, solid, and permanent hills. The marvellous perspective made them look like snow-covered mountains several thousand feet in height, seamed with valleys, down which glaciers crept, and every now and then a noiseless avalanche. Rain and hail storms were simulated too, and the illusion was perfect, to the very shadows. It was a lovely symphony in grey, and would have been ghostly but for the sunshine. Its outlines and general effect resembled the snow-clad Alps around Lake Como. Not a passenger stayed in the cabins; the decks were crowded for the brief quarter of an hour it took to plunge into the fog again.

There is no better place from which to get a bird's-eye view of characteristic Lake Superior scenery than the top of Mount McKay.

Having accomplished the climb, shake hands with an imaginary friend on Thunder Cape, across the harbor mouth. It is miles away, but seems quite close. The Pie, once towering to the clouds, you now look down upon. You see the eastern limits of the bay, forty miles away, and can count its little islands. The houses in Port Arthur and Fort William look like little dice upon a chess-board. The Kaministiquia is a silver streak, fringed with ribbon-beds of willow, spruce and poplar, and the farms are so few as not to disturb the harmony of nature. The Canadian Pacific Railway seems but a long thin line, of here and there a bank and here and there a trench, while the huge elevators and the great steamers by which the grain of Manitoba is sent eastward look pigmy. But you know you are at the gateway of half a continent, and that some day, instead of one thin line of railway there will be several much broader, and a hundred times the trade and commerce which now exist.

Space fails, not material or inclination, to tell of many other strange and beautiful things to be observed in these western regions of our province. We must all bow to our limitations. A. H.

TORONTO, March, 1899.

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## Governor Simcoe's "Colonial Policy" and Its After Effects in Upper Canada.

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BY J. GEORGE HODGINS, M.A., LL.D.

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THE references hitherto made to Governor Simcoe, in papers and historical sketches of early times in Upper Canada, rarely touch upon the man himself, but rather on what he did, as our first Lieutenant-Governor. I propose in this paper to deal with Governor Simcoe personally, and with his policy, as it affected our then social and our after political future. It may, therefore, be interesting to note what were these political and social forces which were at work in the early part of this century in shaping our future.

Those who have studied the utterances of the first Governors of Upper Canada, and of the prominent public men associated with them, must have been struck with a few facts which otherwise might have escaped attention. The language which was generally used was, in itself, quaint and somewhat stilted; the views were exclusive; and the air of superiority, which the words implied, was quite apparent.

When these utterances assumed a paternal form, as they so often did



in the Governors' speeches and addresses, the fact may have been accepted by those who listened to them as being highly official and dignified, but their tone and spirit no less marked the dividing line between the governing party and the party of the governed.

Simcoe himself, our first Governor, was one of the most enlightened of his contemporaries, in regard to the more practical and material parts of his duty as Governor. Yet, he always seemed to be haunted with a vague fear of "sectaries" and "republicans" gaining a footing and influence in this Province. Knowing the common-sense character of his schemes for opening up and settling the country, one cannot but be surprised at the extravagance of his language on these other points. The remedies with which he proposed to counteract these influences were, no doubt, to his mind, satisfactory, yet they were, nevertheless, theoretical and illusory. They were not, as might have been expected from a man like Simcoe, those of a large-hearted statesman, dealing with social and moral questions—affecting the daily life and personal rights of individuals. Nor were they, under the circumstances, calculated to promote the peace and well-being of a community, of whose previous history and antecedents he was well aware. For, as United Empire Loyalists, they were, as he knew, no strangers to the practical solution of questions affecting the "rights and liberties of the subject."

As a matter of fact, most of the settlers of Upper Canada in Simcoe's time were either of the Puritan stock of New England, or descendants of the English Royalists of Virginia and the South. And Simcoe, who had taken part as a British Officer in the struggle which had driven so many of these Loyalists to this new Colony, of which he was now Governor, sympathized with the hardships of these expatriated Loyalists. He failed, however, to realize that, while they were as staunch royalists as he was, yet, in the matter of religious feeling and preferences, they adhered largely to Puritan traditions, and asserted their individual right to liberty of conscience and "freedom to worship God," as in their old homes.

Even before Simcoe came among them as Governor, and before the passage of the Constitutional Act of 1791, under which he took office, he had evidently formed his own theory as to what a Colonial Government should be. As a Member of Parliament, he had an opportunity of expressing his views on the subject in the House of Commons, whilst that Act was under discussion. In the light of after events, and in harmony with his subsequent proceedings and utterances, it is clear that to him, and to members in the House of like views with

himself, are we indebted for that unfortunate and pernicious provision in the Constitutional Act of 1791, "for the support of a Protestant clergy," which, for more than half a century, was the cause of bitter strife and heart-burning in "this Canada of ours."

According to Simcoe's theory of Colonial Government, provision should be made for counteracting the "new-world idea" that Church and State should not be united. His theory was that they should be so united, and, to accomplish that end, he bent all his energies. His opinion was that such a union was absolutely necessary as a counter-acting influence to the crude ideas which prevailed in a heterogeneous community, which had come together here from various quarters, as were the U. E. Loyalists and other settlers. He even felt that the absence of such a Church and State union in the American Colonies was largely responsible for the disaffection and disloyalty which culminated in the American Revolution.

Another reason, apparently, must have influenced his course of action in this matter. He, no doubt, argued with himself (as his utterances would indicate), that the expatriated colonists, having broken up all the old home ties, might possibly have left behind them the love and reverence for sacred things; had ceased to hold in time-honored respect learning and authority, which had characterized the communities from which they had come.

While, therefore, his theory involved the introduction unreservedly of the British system of constitutional government, with its guarantee of personal and political freedom, such a system, he held, necessitated a yet higher controlling power over license and excess. The restraints of religion he felt to be that power, especially in the decorous form in which it existed in England, under the authority of law—the very home of constitutional freedom and right, personal and political.

Such were Simcoe's theory and plan of Colonial Government after his return to England from America, formed, or founded, as they were, upon his own experience and observation in the thirteen revolted colonies.

Simcoe gave early expression to the views which he held on this subject; for, a year before the passing of the Constitutional Act of 1791, with its provision for the maintenance of a "Protestant clergy," he wrote a letter, while in England, to the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Moore), dated the 30th of December, 1790, in which he said:

"In regard to a colony in Upper Canada, . . . which colony

is peculiarly situated amongst a variety of republics, every establishment of Church and State that upholds a distinction of ranks, and lessens the undue weight of democratic influence, must be indispensably introduced. . . . The neglect of this principle of overturning republicanism in former periods, by giving support and assistance to those causes which are perpetually offering themselves, to effect so necessary an object, is much to be lamented."

In the June following (1791), Governor Simcoe, while still in England, addressed a letter to Colonial Secretary Dundas, in which he said :

"The State propriety of some prescribed form of public worship, politically considered, arises from the necessity there is of preventing enthusiastic and fanatic preachers from acquiring that superstitious hold of the minds of the multitude which persons of such a description may pervert, . . . to the establishment of their own undue consequence in the State, . . . and not unfrequently to turn such an ascendancy to its injury and destruction. . . . Those who shall be bred in solitude and seclusion, which the first settlers must necessarily . . . be . . . such a description of men will be the fittest instruments for the mischief-making enthusiasm of the sectaries to work upon." . . .

Again, in another letter to Secretary Dundas, dated from Navy Hall, Niagara, in November, 1792, he said :

"I have always been extremely anxious, both from political, as well as more worthy, motives, that the Church of England should be essentially established in Upper Canada. . . . I beg, sir, to observe to you that the sources from whence a Protestant clergy shall arise, seem totally to be prevented by the want of the Episcopal function in this Province."

Thus we see what was the exact meaning which Simcoe attached to the words "Protestant Clergy" in the Bill which he helped to pass in 1791, providing for their support. These words were afterwards interpreted to include the clergy of all the Protestant churches in Upper Canada. Simcoe seemed to have a dim idea that such a thing might happen, but from a cause other than that which he mentioned in his letter to the Duke of Portland, dated at "York, Upper Canada, 20th of June, 1796," in which he said :

"It is obvious that the next claim of the Dissenters would be a partition of the sevenths (of the land) set apart for the National Clergy." . . .

Such opinions, so strongly expressed as they were, by a man in the

position of Governor of Upper Canada, naturally had their effect in influencing public opinion, not necessarily that portion of it represented by the Church of England, which was not always, in favor of the Governor's views. Nevertheless, he persistently held to them; and he, and those whom he did influence, gave frequent expression to them. The result was that many of the governing class, which held office so long under the old *régime*, put forth, in various forms, the exclusive views held in Simcoe's time. Hence arose, as was natural, a feeling of strong opposition to these views, as time advanced. Parties, not wholly made up of Nonconformists, but of all the Churches, were organized on this distinct basis, and conflicts arose on the issues of Church and State, as involved in them, and which were only ended when "all semblance of the union of Church and State" was abolished by the Clergy Reserve Settlement Act of 1854.

It is a singular fact that, while Simcoe's views and opinions, in regard to the union of Church and State in Upper Canada, found many supporters after he had left the Province, his earnest advocacy, in 1796, while he was yet in Upper Canada, of schools and a University, found but little support for nearly twenty years, either from his successors in the office of Governor, or in the Legislature. This fact was emphasized by the only man in his day who was consistent and strenuous in his advocacy of both. At the ceremony of laying the Corner-stone of King's College, Toronto, in 1842, Dr. Strachan referred in terms of commendation to Governor Simcoe, and said that "after his departure [the subject of education] was dropped and forgotten."

It certainly was, so far as the Government of the day was concerned. Dr. Strachan, however, more than made up, in zeal and devotion for the cause, what was entirely lacking on the part of the Government. His doing so was, however, on the lines of the Church and State theory of Governor Simcoe. This proceeding was considered by the public generally as an effort, in another form, to "essentially establish" (as Governor Simcoe said) "the Church of England in Upper Canada," so that, when "seminaries and schools" were established, they "should be under the superintendence of the Bishop." The result was, that an equally unpleasant contest arose on this question also, which was continued for twenty years, and was only ended when the Royal Charter of King's College, of 1827, was, in 1849, entirely abrogated, and when that College was made a provincial Institution, under Government control.

Although the principal promoters of King's College were prominent members of the Church of England, it should by no means be

assumed that they represented the convictions of a majority of the members of that Church. Far from it. In the House of Assembly were Episcopalians who gave active support to the measure for amending the charter of that College in 1837. And, in later years, under the strong leadership of the Honorable Robert Baldwin, the Honorable W. H. Draper, and the Honorable Peter de Boyle de Blacquiere and other leading members of the Church of England, the exclusive character of King's College and its administration—from being exclusive—was entirely changed to the freest tolerance in its management, and so as to ensure the recognition of the equal right of all Religious Bodies to enjoy its privileges and advantages.

In a pamphlet written by Mr. John Macara, a prominent Presbyterian, in 1844, chiefly on the mismanagement of King's College, he points out the fact that all, who acknowledged the spiritual rule of the Bishop of Toronto, were not by any means his followers in university matters. He said :

“ Many of the people ” (who urge the claims of justice and tolerance) “ are proud to acknowledge their submission to the doctrine, discipline and government of the Episcopal Church, and, by some of its warmest adherents, is the cause of justice and toleration nobly maintained.”

Again, speaking of the “ gross and glaring mismanagement ” of the Institution, he says that this “ has excited a deep and general feeling of indignation throughout the Province, in which members of the Episcopal Church have largely participated.”

The nature of the contests of those days may be best understood by the following brief survey :

1. The whole of the official community had, from the days of Governor Simcoe, grown up as a united and powerful class, bound together by more than official ties, and, as a “ family compact,” acting together as one man. This class, with some exceptions, was made up of members of the Church of England. They regarded her with that respect and love, which her historical prestige and assured status naturally inspired in them.

2. Those among them, who had the courage, and who ventured to use it, in opposing the claims put forth by the clerical and other leaders of the governing class, were made to feel the chilling effects of social exclusiveness, and were objects of personal attack. They were charged as men of prejudice, irreverence and disloyalty. These charges were repeated in various forms, and by that section of the official and religious press which was edited with singular ability—a press which prided itself on its intelligence, its exalted respect for sacred

things, and its firm devotion to the principle of "Church and State"—the maintenance of which was held, as in Simcoe's time, to be the only safeguard for society, if not the impregnable bulwark of the British constitution itself.

3. The two branches of the Legislature were divided on this subject. The House of Assembly, as a whole, as I have shown, represented the popular side; while the Legislative Council, led by Dr. Strachan, maintained the clerical and dominant side of the question.

4. Except by personal visits to England, and petitions with hundreds of names attached, there was little hope of the redress of grievances—not from Imperial unwillingness to act generously to the colonists, but from the obstruction, caused by a sinister influence in Upper Canada, which prevented the fair and just wishes of the Home Government from being carried out. I know that it was often urged that "Downing Street" was to blame: but my careful examination into the subject, during the last few years, has proved to me that this statement is not sustained by the facts of the case.

It is not necessary to pursue this subject further. One object I had in view was to show that, while Governor Simcoe did great service to Upper Canada, during the short time that he was here, yet he, nevertheless, left us the unhappy legacy of exclusive views and opinions which, being developed, as they were, bore bitter fruit in after years.

Another object I had in view was to recall facts and incidents of our early history, which are little known to the younger men of the present day, but which, by contrast, show how greatly we are indebted to the able and courageous men of all shades of religious opinion in the past, who, against great odds, maintained, with fortitude and great ability, the just and "equal rights" of all classes of Her Majesty's subjects in Upper Canada, at a time when what they so strenuously fought for seemed often to be a "lost cause," or one whose ultimate triumph seemed to them to be in the far-away future.

Toronto, March. 1899.

### Evening Song.

(From the German of Goethe.)

OVER all the hill-tops  
 All is still as death,  
 In all the tree tops  
 Is hardly seen a breath.  
 E'en the little wood-bird's song  
 Is under Evening's spell;  
 Bide a wee, 'twill not be long  
 Till thou shalt rest as well.

FREDRICK MALOTT, '99.

## Missionary and Religious.

### Some Manifestations of Our College Life.

“WHAT wilt thou have me to do?” said the mighty Saul, when the hand of God was laid upon him. “Back to Christ,” and “What would Jesus do?” are, in theology and in practical religious life, the watchwords of the age. “What would God have me to do with my life?” seems to be the form of the question as the central thought of our college religious life. Not in the spirit of selfishness, in an age which (in almost every profession and calling) has, or seems to have, a superabundance of men, is the question asked: but, as brought into contact with the religious forces of our college life, men are led to see the selfishness and error of their past lives, and in the spirit of Paul are forced to ask the important question, “What is God’s purpose?” and not “What would I desire?”

One of our college text-books says: “Education, in any Christian idea of it, is for service. The college does not fulfil its mission simply in fitting a number of men to earn their livelihood by their brains. *It should give light for the life of the people.*” Or, quoting from last ACTA: “What is a university education worth? Nothing, if you are going to be selfish with it. Everything, if you are going to help the world with it.”

With such a spirit in our midst, and such ideals before us, I was somewhat surprised to read the complaint of a nondescript speaker, in a recent daily, that “one of the deepest sources of the evils of the present social system is the education given at the universities, theological colleges, and other leading institutions of learning.” I can only say: “Dear brother, if such has been your experience, I am sorry for you, or for your *Alma Mater*, if such, in your case, be true. I cannot answer for other colleges, as I have attended only the one; but such remarks do not apply here. A man imbued with the spirit of God, as felt in Victoria, cannot but be an important factor in helping to solve the social and religious problems of the age. So, in all kindness, I would offer this friendly suggestion: In the interests of the cause you represent, do not bring odium upon it by such sweeping statements. Speak for yourself and your own college.”

I have been asked to give a sketch of our missionary life and work in the College. So large a place does it fill that it seems no longer

a mere side-issue, but at times to be the real life of the College. Looked at more closely it is but one manifestation of our religious life—but one phase of that great central question devoutly asked, What would God have me to do with my life? To correctly represent, then, the missionary work, one must give some idea of the facts related to it, of the system of which it is a part, of the spirit which has given it birth.

On returning to college, after a few years' absence, one is always struck with the changes that have taken place, and notes more quickly than those who have been factors in the movements, the progress in different phases of college life and thought. Among the facts that so impressed me on my return to Victoria none is more striking than the intense and wholesome religious spirit pervading all our college means of grace, and leavening the whole college life.

Immediately one begins to look for causes. I can only enumerate them here. The large attendance and hearty worship at our chapel service comes as a daily benediction. The weekly Y.M.C.A. prayer-meeting is always a haven of rest and spiritual uplift. The Campaigners' meetings, Missionary Study class, and other missionary meetings have not only stirred to their depths the souls of those attending them as to the great crying need, but have also resulted in much calm and deliberate consideration as to the best methods of meeting that need. Prof. McLaughlin's Bible Study class on Sunday afternoon has had a quickening influence and practical result in many a life. The Chancellor's class-meetings on Sunday mornings have been indeed means of grace where many a student seeking help and encouragement has received the "needed advice, reproof, comfort, or exhortation." And last, but by no means least, I mention his monthly college sermon, backed up by his life of piety and devotion to God. These are but some of the many channels through which the Spirit of God is reaching and moulding, not only our college life, but our whole future lives.

I began with facts, and then sought causes. Now what has been and will be the great practical results? What does this spirit of consecration pervading our whole college life and touching the lives of so many of our future ministry, and the lives of others who will fill positions of trust and responsibility in society, mean for the Church and the world? We see immediate results in our weekly college life—conversions almost every week, and after every college sermon; our week of prayer a pentecost; several, who before made no profession whatever of religion, sought and found a reconciled God through



Christ. But what is perhaps more striking, both then and continually since, has been the number of those who, with a religious life and experience, have been converted to a higher and better. So many, even probationers, who have come to college with their selfish ambitions, and thoughts of the "soft spots" in the ministry and in life—too often, alas, seen in their elders—have been led to take higher ground. I wish space permitted giving the testimonies of several who confessed to avoiding meetings because they realized there was a standard held out there up to which they feared they could not measure. Many who came to college with large notions of self now go away to stand for God as *men*, and, by His grace, to be leaders of the people in manliness and Christian living, in humility and kindly service, in religious thought and divine charity. Their lives no longer self-centred but Christ-centred, they ask, not what would I like, but what, O God, dost Thou desire? "What wilt thou have me to do?" These I call genuine conversions, for who can be a true Christian on a lower plane?

Who can estimate what this zeal and devotion and consecration, carried out into life and lived in home and Church and nation, here and in foreign fields, may mean for Methodism and for the kingdom of Christ?

We see as results of this spirit a grappling with the problems of life and of the Church. We see those preparing for professions anxious to thereby glorify God and help forward the cause of His kingdom by consecrated living and giving; those who expect to locate in the home field seeking how they may best do their part in fulfilling Christ's great commission, first, by being "*men of God*," and further, by making all life a means to that one end. Others have upon their hearts the burden of home missions and the needs of the newer Conferences, and soon we shall hear from many, I believe, offering themselves for the harder and more unpleasant work of our Church, to study its needs and to aid in solving its problems, actuated by the thought proverbially expressed, "Go not to those who need you, but to those who need you most." But, without doubt, the most fully evolved and the most accurate expression of our religious life is seen in the advanced step that has been taken by a number of our students, who have offered themselves for the foreign mission fields, and who are seeking to do so in a manner that will not in any way infringe upon the regular funds of our Church. They will submit themselves to the Missionary Board for examination as to qualifications physical, mental, spiritual, etc., and then ask for the privilege to seek a guarantee of their

own support, to be paid through the ordinary channels, but over and above all ordinary givings. This they will seek to do, not by any new agency, for God in His wisdom has already prepared all the machinery needed.

To one who does not believe that behind all things is a power which maketh for righteousness, and that God is overruling all things for the fulfilling of His plans of redemption—to such a one it would indeed seem strange that, side by side with the Epworth League, among our young people should grow up in our colleges the Students' Volunteer Movement for Missions, and then that, as a connecting link between these two there should arise the Young People's Forward Movement for Missions, inspired by God and inaugurated by Campaigners from colleges, under the fostering care and wise guidance of our Missionary Board. And now again, as a last link in the chain, as a key-stone to the arch, when several districts are ready, or partially so, to take the responsibility of supporting a missionary in the foreign field, God's Spirit is prompting men to step forward and say: "If in the wisdom and good judgment of the Church I can be of any service, 'here am I, send me.' I feel my own inability, but my sufficiency is of God."

As students we believe these parallel movements are both of God's Spirit, just as much as we believe that God prepared Peter to receive Cornelius. Placing ourselves in harmony with what we believe to be God's Spirit: in order to bring together these young men and their fields of support; in order to organize and inspire other Districts to ask for men; in order to introduce any man whom a District might choose to support as a missionary to his constituency of support; and in order to relieve him from present duties while he forges the bonds of friendship and Christian fellowship; and in order to organize, on this plan, districts for those who may not have that gift and yet would be successful doctors or missionaries abroad; in order to perform all these and many other functions, the students—though many are and have been slowly earning their way through college—and the professors are willing and anxious to practise self-denial and self-sacrifice to support one of their number. This they prefer to supporting a missionary abroad, as, instead of *one directly*, they hope by this plan to send out *many indirectly*. Such a measure, in our view, seems for the present to be necessary to successfully inaugurate and firmly establish this individual method of missionary support.

We believe such a means of individual support would quickly double our staff of men in the field. Nay! is it too Utopian to hope that soon each district and many a congregation will have its own

missionary in the foreign field preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ? This system, moreover, will tend to do away with any deficiency from year to year. A constituency, whether district, or circuit, or congregation, will meet its own liabilities and pay its own man, when they would be quite indifferent to so doing where their personal responsibility is lost in a general fund. A general fund for ministers abroad can be no more successful than such a fund would be for ministers at home. Personal touch and responsibility are needed in both cases. Let a pastor on the home field keep himself as much as possible out of touch with and away from his people, and see how quickly his salary will drop. On the other hand, let a missionary, before going to the foreign field, get into personal touch with his field of support here, and then keep it up by correspondence, etc., while at his work, and a growing interest will be felt in his work, in his temporal welfare, and in Christ's kingdom among men.

Such, too, would have a good influence upon Leagues visited, in opening their minds and hearts to larger opportunities, in quickening their zeal for God, and in inspiring them to greater self-denial for His kingdom at home and abroad, and would result in a general deepening of spiritual life and consecration. Many are anxious *to do*, if they can only *see* what they are doing, and by this system of personal contact and systematic giving they will have that longing satisfied. It will also bring our young people into closer touch and sympathy with our college life and work.

On the other hand, this method, if successfully carried out, will have an equally great influence on the college religious life, as man after man offers himself for the work, as new fields of support ask for men. Other phases of influence I must pass over. But I would add here that, for the highest success of this scheme, the hearty co operation of pastors and people with the united policy and plan of our Missionary Board and students is needed.

One pleasing feature of the religious life and movement is the deliberate manner and conservative spirit displayed by all, even the most enthusiastic, always seeking light and advice that they may move forward, perhaps more slowly but yet more surely. We note, too, the calm faith in God that, though long delayed, yet surely will be fulfilled His purposes and commands, and the spirit of love and loyalty to the Church of their fathers.

Such, without embellishment, is the present phase of our religious life and missionary plans. Imperfect and immature these plans may be, yet we believe they are far-reaching and eternal in their issues,

because they were not conceived in a day nor evolved in a single year, and because of the spirit of devotion to God and consecration to His purpose which has inspired them.

I cannot close this somewhat general sketch without a word of comment on general college religious life. Colleges are often looked upon as *mere* intellectual centres where young men get filled with the spirit of self, which involves the departure of the Spirit of God. Here the very opposite is proved continually to be the fact. Others look upon college life as putting a man out of touch with practical life and the affairs of men. Let me repeat here what I have said elsewhere, that the deepest and truest religious life I have ever known has been in our own Victoria. College will not make a man unless the raw material be furnished, and, changing the figure slightly, Victoria never spoiled a vessel unless there were some grave defects in the clay placed in the potter's hands. Two classes of theological students have attended in the past, and the same two are found within her halls to-day. A student of the one class, realizing fully the need of a constant life of devotion and regular use of the means of grace to sustain the spiritual life, and realizing that he has a *present* religious life to *live*, and a *present* religious duty to perform, throws himself heartily into as many as he can of our college means of grace. He drinks most deeply of Victoria's spirit. He comes most in touch with her religious life and the personality of her religious teachers. And he later goes out into the world to follow the high ideals there set before him—a faithful student, diligent in the pursuit of truth, a more intelligent lover of Methodism, her founder, her history, her doctrines, and her mission, yet with more brotherly love and good-will to all other branches of the Christian Church, a more humble and earnest disciple and servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, and with a broader and deeper charity toward all men. Such are the men who most truly represent Victoria in her deepest life and highest ideals.

There are, however, a few theological students of a different stamp, who form another class. What their motives and ideals in life are it is harder for one to determine, as they are found little in fellowship with the student body. They are not found any too frequently at college prayers. They rarely attend prayer-meeting, or support the missionary or other religious schemes of the College, though they have time and money to spend in frequently attending concerts, operas and other selfish pursuits. They are never found at chapel services on Sabbath, from which, after one of the Chancellor's helpful fellow-ship meetings or inspiring sermons, many a student goes away praying

God to enable him to live a truer and more faithful life. But instead of profiting by the true, simple worship and restful repose of an *anchored* devotional life, he is found on a rampage about the city, one Sunday in this church, another in that, and next Sabbath somewhere else—no anchorage, no church home, no regular place of worship. This practice, which they would never think of recommending to their people, they for the three or four or five years, which should be the most important of their life, indulge in freely. Is it any wonder that they lose ground spiritually? But surely their *Alma Mater* is not to blame. Whatever reputation these men may acquire for breadth and culture, they are not true manifestations of Victoria's genuine spiritual life, for they never catch her spirit, they never come into touch with her religious forces, they never enter into her life nor receive her inspiration. Let no one look upon these men as being either made or unmade by our College.

No creed contains all truth. No Church has fully realized Christ's ideal for a Church. No college satisfactorily answers all intellectual questionings. But after all, Christianity, though it commends itself to our reason, is also more largely an affair of the heart. The Bible says little of an orthodox head, but everywhere it emphasizes the need of an "orthodox" heart. So with the student who best represents the religious spirit and life of Victoria. He may not know *all* truth. He may have an earnest, open, searching mind and quickened thought, but his heart is true to Methodism, and he goes forth to preach her doctrines of repentance, justification, witness of the Spirit, and Christian perfection; to tell needy, sinning men of a sympathizing Jesus, the Divine Son of God, the Saviour of the world.

Those students who are always seeking after some new thing to put in the place of the old Gospel, who are fond of sensational preaching and of startling, sweeping denunciations of the past, do not properly manifest or represent our religious life and spirit. A partial truth, a statement, even of the Word of God, rudely torn from its context, may be made a means of gross misrepresentation. So perhaps some just criticism—say of some minor statement or tenet of Wesley's, which does not touch his or our great fundamental doctrines—may be repeated so as to convey a wrong impression by one of those visionary, superficial doctrinaires, who are drunk with the wine of new theology, and like to give an impression of their being "up to date."

In contrast with these, I cannot do better here than quote from what, I much regret, will be my last regular lecture from Chancellor Burwash, who has been so much to my religious life: "Beware, young

men, of the present new *theologies*, as the final new *theology* has yet to be written. A conservative caution should mark all our dealings with new theology. Never read one side in any controversy without getting the other. To get both sides has been my practice all my life." Here we have the true religious life and spirit of Victoria exemplified in her revered and honored Chancellor. First make your peace with God, know what it is to have your sins blotted out for Christ's sake, and then go forward to face the problems of the Church and the world with your eyes open—go forth to live for the truth, and yet with deepest humility, for, as we can know only in part, all *our* theories and *our* knowledge shall vanish away and make room for the brighter, better days yet to be.

Have we then no safe anchor, no abiding hope? Yea, in God the great Eternal Father, in His Son Jesus Christ our Saviour, and in the Holy Ghost the Comforter, who, He has said, will abide with us forever and will lead us into all the truth. Such is the God who is in our midst, and whom, in and through our college life, we are trying to serve.

R. H. BELL, B.A.

### Some False Quantities.

IS there no real critic on these shores  
 Yet to be found? O tempora, O mores!  
 How shall they judge, who measure all by rule,  
 While Genius, for them, might dwell in Thule?  
 'Tis quality not quantity that decides  
 The merit of such work as mine—Quid rides?  
 When will they learn the truth that each great writer  
 Of prose or poetry—non fit—nascitur?  
 When cease to sneer with condescending smile  
 At Woman—varium et mutabile?  
 Yet why should I the critics heed? Whate'er  
 They say, 'tis mine—æquam mentem servare.  
 My place among the Immortals is secure,  
 'Tis mine,—divino ac humano jure.  
 I feel within my breast the sacred fire,  
 And I—I know it—non omnis moriar.  
 Already on Parnassus' sacred slope  
 I dwell with Melpomene and Calliope.  
 No marble tomb I crave, no trophies pious,  
 My monument is—ære perennius.

—*Longmans' Magazine.*

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All matter intended for insertion in the columns of the paper, together with all exchanges, should be addressed to E. W. GRANGE, Editor-in-Chief of ACTA VICTORIANA, Victoria University, Toronto.

All business matter should be referred to W. G. SMITH, Business Manager, ACTA VICTORIANA, Victoria University, Toronto.

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## Editorial.

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### Notes.

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“THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year”—for the student. These are the days when the horrible shadow of the dread exam darkens every hour and clouds every minute with a restless anxiety. The midnight hours are filled with the noise of rustling leaves (paper ones we mean), and the rosy hours of early morn bring to the weary brain no surcease from toil. “Peccavi!” cries the sport, as he makes a wild attempt to snatch knowledge from the fleeting moments. “More time!” cries the plug, as he doggedly shapes chaos into cosmos, and endeavors to digest into sense his voracious meal of motley learning.

But vain regrets for misspent hours or for misdirected energies and petitions for a short reprieve are alike ineffectual, and serve but to point a lesson for future years. Yet a little while, a little slumber and many vigils, and the end cometh—which end, may the examiners grant, will be propitious to every paid-up undergraduate subscriber of ACTA!



ACTA readers will welcome this month two very interesting contributions from our alumni. Dr. J. G. Hodgins' valuable article on Governor Simcoe, and Mr. M. F. Libby's “Gruss aus Göttingen” are pleasant reminders both of the success which has attended so many of Victoria's graduates in the past, and also of the kindly regard and affection which they always maintain for their *Alma Mater*. Mr. Frank L. Pollock's article on “Canadian Writers in New York” adds another kindness to the many he has already shown past and present editors of ACTA. We are glad to congratulate Mr. Pollock on the rapidly growing fame he is winning for himself in the realm of literature. We regret that we are unable to publish this month Mr. John Reade's promised article on “Charles Heavysege.” It will

appear in our final number for this year, which will be issued during the first week in June.

Lack of time and lack of space in this issue prevent us from filling up with the usual editorial vaporings the five or six pages allotted to this department. We have in contemplation for our next number an editorial on "The Best Way to Make ACTA Subscribers Pay Up." Any suggestions will be thankfully received.

### The Graduates' Club.

IN accordance with the notice mailed to Victoria graduates resident in the city, and also mentioned in the March number of ACTA, about twenty-five enthusiastic graduates assembled in the College library, Saturday evening, March 11th. After a few minutes of pleasant social intercourse, a visit was paid to the Union Literary Society, where a number of graduates entertained all by relating many happy recollections of student life at "Old Vic." Returning to the library at 9 p.m., J. R. L. Starr was elected chairman, and R. J. Clark, secretary *pro tem*. And here, amid abundance of enthusiasm, steps were taken toward the formation of a graduates' club, and Chancellor Burwash, J. R. L. Starr, A. M. Scott, J. L. O'Flynn and R. J. Clark were appointed a committee to draw up a constitution, and report at the next meeting, March 24th. Great and jovial was the animation evidenced by the fifty graduates that attended this meeting, embracing, as it did, graduates of nearly half a century, from 1850 to 1898. It was decided to form the Victoria University Club, consisting of graduates and ex-students of Victoria in any of her faculties, also her professors and senators, and having for its object "the continuation of our old-time college friendships, the promotion of social fellowship and mutual improvement, and the maintenance of a spirit of loyalty to our college, Queen, and country;" the election of officers to take place April 24th, 1899. Business now being over, the Chancellor and Dr. Reynar delighted the gathering by giving their "experience" of college life at Cobourg—Dr. Reynar giving a particularly humorous description of "evening scenes" during his student days. Ample justice was done to the refreshments in a manner that indicated that the "old boys" had lost none of the energy in that line so characteristic of student life.

A pleasant feature in connection with the club is the establishing of a weekly luncheon in a room set apart for our use at Webb's, every



Monday, 1 to 2 p.m., and where over thirty graduates have gathered at each of the two luncheons already held, who will be delighted to welcome any graduate or friend of "Vic" that can make it convenient to drop in on them at that time.

The regular monthly meeting will be held Friday, April 28th, at 8 p.m., in the College library, when election of officers, a choice programme and refreshments will contribute to the evening's complete enjoyment.

R. J. C., '98.

### Gruss aus Göttingen.

GÖTTINGEN, March 31st, 1899.

*My dear Mr. Editor:*

I HAVE a vague remembrance that editors of ACTA used to have difficulties getting material for the last numbers of the year—I mean of course other than reports of meetings and lectures; so, having long had it in mind to send you a few notes from Germany, I venture to offer these presents for your generous consideration: it so happens that we have holidays just when you are busiest.

This is not a letter, but some fragments out of which I would try to make a letter if I had time to attempt to write as carefully as I am glad to see—I speak with the patronizing air permitted in my own undergraduate days to the supposedly wise and experienced old graduate who came back to congratulate us on our Literary debates and our Bob-Parties—as carefully, then, as I am glad to see many recent articles in ACTA have been written.

I shall not attempt to go over the differences between universities of the English pattern and those found in Germany, and copied to some degree in Switzerland, Russia, and Sweden: not to say Baltimore, Worcester, Chicago, and elsewhere. An equally thrilling subject to the pedagogic heart is a comparison of the secondary schools of Ontario and Germany, the Grammar Schools, Latin Schools, scientific and technical schools, and so on. But this is a heavy subject, and what reader of ACTA cares to read a heavy article with his head full of crystal systems and logic forms and vowel-changes—so full that, as Dr. Haanel used to say, he is only longing to pile his knowledge, after the examination, in a huge pile on the campus near the alley-board?

A favorite topic of conversation here among students of different nationality is national differences. It is not quite unheard of for an American or a Scotchman or some other student of shrewd origin to

analyze the German character rather piercingly and unfavorably as compared with the product at home. But this sure and confident knowledge which shows itself in sentences beginning with the generic term, "The Germans as a people," or "Now a German," seldom outlasts two semesters; after that the careful scientific method of laboratory or séminar has so impressed the unwisdom of generalizing from insufficient data that the sentences begin rather, "I know a German who," or possibly, "Three Germans whom I personally know," *und so weiter*. Having passed my third semester, not I trust quite unchastened, I am going to avoid this theme, too, and Mr. Editor, if you want a letter on that, you must make a bargain with the next Victorian who comes over, to write it about three weeks after he comes, say, about the time he is experiencing the pleasure of matriculating and its attendant familiarity with official methods here.

No; none of these great topics dare I attempt in a letter, but I will tell you two or three little things that have interested me.

One day last winter I was talking over my work with Prof. Dessori of Berlin University, and as a certain point came up on which a friend of his in Charlottenburg had been specially working, he asked me to run out to that charming suburb to consult with him. It was a charming though November afternoon (not at all equal to a Toronto September afternoon; nothing could be, though I noticed yesterday in Turgenjeff's "King Lear of the Plains" that he makes the same claim for his beloved Russian climate), the sun was slanting through the Tiergarten at the end of the historic *Linden*, the asphalt was clean with a Prussian perfection of cleanness, and the air was warm, bright and mysterious. In Berlin, as in New York, one sees all kinds of street-cars, from the oldest fashioned bobtail to the grandest cushioned and plate-glass trolley or motor. The cars to Charlottenburg are of the finest type. The one I took seemed to me nearly empty, and I settled down to watch the trees go past, when suddenly I observed that the car was very full, at least of interest; for crouched in the front opposite corner was the most distinguished man of this mighty empire. I do not mean the Chancellor, nor yet the powerful Emperor himself, but the venerable and illustrious Mommsen. I had never seen him before, though I have since, but no one who has seen Knaus's wonderful portrait of this man of letters would require a second glance to recognize the original of it, though the picture itself is a score of years old. Keats once wrote, "I have not the slightest feeling of humility towards the public, nor to anything in existence but the Eternal Being, the principle of beauty and the memory of great men." There was

a touch of this veneration for greatness of mind and character naturally in my feeling as I stared at Mommsen. But at any rate he is a remarkable figure, and I am sure I should have watched him with scrutiny even had I not recognized him. Tall, thin, and slightly stooped or crouched in the corner, occasionally glancing fiercely, almost wildly, round like a bird of prey. . . . When we reached Hardenbergstrasse he beckoned to the conductor as Cæsar might have beckoned to an *aide*. The car had been still for some seconds before he ventured to move, then step by step, leaning on his cane, he slowly and painfully reached the door, and with the conductor's aid the road, and the curb. He wore the usual student's long-caped coat and a very broad-brimmed felt, unindented hat, his iron-grey locks falling over his shoulders as in the picture. I shall never forget Mommsen's eyes; there is a power of concentration in eyes of a certain type that is as *real* as a blow, or any display of physical force: a certain power of drawing the whole spirit to a focus and expressing the result through the pupil and iris. He had this, and a sharp, thin chin, and a look of work, and persistence, coupled with a sense of sublimity, and the vastness of affairs, and no doubt too a feeling of success and of being understood and appreciated, which altogether made him a singular and movingly distinguished figure. It was not mere fancy that made me see, the next time I studied Knaus's portrait, a certain reflection of the Roman Empire in this masterly historian.

There is a something about the busts of the Romans in the museum that strikes one dumb with amazement: the will-power incarnate of Augustus, the equal though different will-power of Marcus Aurelius, Nero, Hadrian, above all though the absolute unwavering resolution of the mouth and eye of Julius Cæsar. It was the reflection of this that made men compare Napoleon to a Roman, and it was the same spirit that gleamed from the hawk-like eyes of Mommsen. This is what the Germans love in Bismarck, and what forms his incomparable prose style into such sentences as, "Put Germany in the saddle, she will know already how to ride!" "We Germans fear God but nothing else in this world!" Mommsen still reads many hours a day, sometimes in the great Berlin Library. It is related that when the old Emperor once visited the reading-room, everyone but the old scholar saw him and rose: the attendant started forward to indicate his duty to him, but the Emperor said, "No; Mommsen is too great a man to be disturbed in his studies by an Emperor." The American idea would endorse that sentiment, which, however, does something toward making the Emperor the equal of the writer.

I must not forget, Mr. Editor, that ACTA is not so large as the New York *Herald*.

After telling you about Mommsen it would be flat to mention lesser personages. One day I saw Prince Herbert Bismarck helping the Princess from her carriage in to their hotel on Wilhelm Str., just near the old Prince's residence. He is a very capable-looking man, but, as compared with his father, more amiable and not so terrible.

Reading in the library one afternoon I saw Hauptmann come in with a large atlas in his hand. He sat near me and I observed him with interest. He is tall and fair, and has a very youthful and happy expression. He doesn't look at all like a writer of tragedies—a bright, wholesome, energetic man with quite as much ability as capacity, so to speak, that is capable of making use of all he knows.

That is the most interesting library I have seen, though not really so great or as rich in curiosities as the British Museum library, nor half so good for working in as the admirable new Boston Library. But there is a certain air of greatness about it from the entrance, with Frederick the Great's motto, "Nutrimentum Spiritus," to the dark and pregnant rooms of books and catalogues. One day I happened to notice that the copy of Comte I was reading was a gift by the author—his autograph half cut off when the binder had cut the *brochure*. It was dated 19 *Descartes*, according to the bold calendar of the mighty Positivist. Another day I was reading Shaftesbury's "Characteristics," one of the earliest editions, and it came from the library of Frederick Jacobi. There was a silk book-mark in it of bright green ribbon, which being eaten in two fell on the floor. Precious relic! I feared some less superstitious reader might lose it altogether, so I felt I should take charge of it. A friend of mine, a young American professor who will some day launch a new system of philosophy on the Western Hemisphere, if he doesn't kill himself reading, said I "swiped" that relic, but I severely remarked that his language was not Canadian and his ethics out of date.

Have you, Mr. Editor, ever felt the charm of visiting cemeteries? I have never seen a cemetery that was not interesting, though epitaphs of the comic order have never had much charm for me. In the French cemetery in Berlin lie the mortal remains of Hegel and Fichte, side by side. They are piled high with ivy, and marked by simple though substantial stones. Hegel's monument proudly bears his great name; on Fichte's is a verse from the book of Daniel, translated literally from Luther's Bible. It reads: "The teachers, however, shall shine like the brightness of the sky, and those who turn many to

justice shall shine like the stars, forever and eternally." Fichte was known in Berlin like Sir John A. Macdonald in Ottawa, not only as a great public character but as a good and esteemed citizen.

In a cemetery in Göttingen I found the somewhat lonely grave of the greatest of all pedagogues, the profound and magnificent Herbart. I have not learned much of his personal history, but I was told that he had no friends to erect a monument, and that the simple iron cross with its pleasing inscription was erected by the teachers here. He died in the height of his fortunes a month or two after his call to Berlin.

Now, Mr. Editor, I have written too much. I meant to keep as my *piece of resistance* the story of how Dr. Arthur Scott and I climbed the Brocken, and saw all that poor Heine saw, long, long ago, except the inexpressible something that no one but Heine ever could see; but we saw the witches, for we went on Walpurgi's night, and we heard Mephistopheles in the voice of the great drum-major of a German corps—student who led the midnight march through the corridors of the Brockenhaus; and we saw the Witches' Pool with its green scum and toads, and above all we saw the Brocken itself by pale moonlight, swimming like an island in a great shimmering sea of mist, and covered with boulders and shadows and haggard evergreens whose ragged branches all grow on one side because of the steady wind up there, and which look for the world like weird old sisters riding the legendary broomstick.

If Dr. Scott tells you that he "didn't mind the climb a bit," and that he was fresher when he reached the top than when we left Andreasburg, why, you must put that down to the strange illusions that the Brocken scenery has engendered even in such men as Goethe, Heine and Arnold. I meant to send you some photographs of interesting scenes connected with these scraps of experience, but I must leave that for a time of more leisure.

With a good share of the loyalty to Victoria which all her sons always feel, I remain, dear sir, yours sincerely,

M. F. LIBBY, '90.

**Rev. Wm. Ormiston, D.D., LL.D.**

EVERY son of Victoria has a right to look back with pride upon the list of her first graduates and early students. The roll of the forties gives us the names of Governors, Senators, and Members of Parliament in state ; of University Professors of the highest rank ; of men of the highest eminence in all the learned professions ; and of great leaders in industrial and commercial life. Second to none in this roll of great names was Dr. Ormiston who passed from us March 19th last, having nearly completed his seventy-eighth year.

Born in Scotland, Dr. Ormiston was to the end of life a type of the strongest and noblest qualities of his race, a giant in mind, in body, and in heart. Dedicated to the work of the ministry by a saintly mother, trained from infancy in the fear of God which sanctifies the true Scottish home, schooled from youth in the toil of our Canadian country life which he made his new home with his teens, and yet filled with the keenest thirst for knowledge, it could be said of him as of his Master that "he increased in wisdom and in stature, and in favor with God and man."

After such preparation as he had made in his native land and in the Canadian schools of that early day and by private study, and after that best of all apprenticeships for college—a brief career as a public school teacher—he entered College in October, 1843, under the presidency of Dr. Ryerson. He himself in after years describes the welcome given him by that great Canadian : "He took me by the hand, and few men would express as much by a mere hand-shake as he. It was a welcome, an encouragement, an inspiration, an earnest of future fellowship and friendship. It dissipated all boyish awkwardness, and awakened filial confidence. That first interview I can never forget. It has exerted a profound, enduring, moulding influence on my whole life." It was not long before the thorough Scottish training and remarkable abilities of Mr. Ormiston made their mark in his new sphere of work, and for the next six years of his life he was identified with Victoria as a student and a teacher, graduating in 1848, and for the next year filling the chair of Logic and Metaphysics. While thus engaged his Sabbaths were given to pulpit work, for he felt the call of God upon him and was not disobedient to his heavenly vision. From College he was called to assist Dr. Ryerson in laying the foundations of his educational system, at first in the Normal School and then in Provincial inspection of schools. Finally, in 1856, the providence of

God opened his way to lay aside all collateral work and devote his undivided energies to the ministry in the United Presbyterian Church in Hamilton. Already his name and fame were known in all parts of the Province as a speaker endowed with rare gifts of eloquence, and for fourteen years in Hamilton he maintained his reputation as a prince of pulpit orators. At the same time he was the devoted and affectionate pastor, caring with the most tender solicitude for his flock and especially delighting in leading the young to Christ. During part of this time it was our privilege to occupy an adjoining church, and we well remember the success which crowned his labors not only in crowded congregations, but in the annual ingathering of scores or even hundreds to the membership of his church. His secret of power was in those days his deep personal spirituality. In 1870 he was called to the Collegiate Reformed Church of New York City, where for eighteen years he continued to yield a mighty influence as one of the very first of the great preachers of that vast metropolis. It is a proof of the thoroughness of his classical and Biblical scholarship that in the midst of this arduous pulpit and pastoral work he found time to edit one of the volumes of Schaff's American edition of Lange's great Bible work.

His later years have been spent in the quiet rest of the Sunny South, and now that he has passed away, his old associates have many a kindly memory to recall of his broad, kindly, sympathetic goodness of heart, as well as of his greatness as a scholar, an educator and a preacher.

Dr. Ormiston was for some years before his death the oldest living graduate of Victoria. He is now succeeded by Dr. Cameron, of Winnipeg, who received his baccalaureate degree fifty years ago.

N. BURWASH.

## Personals and Exchanges.

### Personals.

*[In order that these columns may become intensely interesting, may we request the graduates to contribute from time to time anything that might be of personal interest to the friends of ACTA.]*

MISS E. M. D. MOORE, '98, called on her college friends a few days ago.

MISS POTTER, formerly of the class of '98, has returned to College to take her final year with '99.

F. H. CLARKE, '94, is teaching Modern Languages and History in the Orangeville High School.

T. W. PRICE, at one time of the class of '99, has returned to College for a few days to write on his exams.

LOUIS WIGHT, who took his Sophomore year at Victoria, is graduating this year at Queen's University, Kingston.

W. P. DANDY, '96, at present teaching in the High School at Forest, recently gave a brief call to old college friends.

AMONG other graduates at the recent teachers' convention were noticed F. C. Colbeck, '85, of Toronto Junction, and L. C. Smith, '77, of Oshawa High School.

T. W. RUDDELL, '97, who has been preaching at Cooksville during the current year, is writing on the April Theological Exams. at the College.

J. S. STEPHENSON, '97, who in the days of yore "shot" so admirably on the alley-board, is at present preaching with great acceptance at Sturgeon Falls, Ont.

THE Alley-board and other friends heartily welcome the return for a few days of S. T. Tucker, '98, whom rumor reports as having spent a very successful year on Kirkfield Circuit.

NOT long ago the many friends of Miss E. B. Howson, '97, tendered her a cordial welcome on the occasion of a short visit to the College. She is at present teaching at Meaford, Ont.

D. H. TRIMBLE, pastor of the London Hill Street Mission, where he has spent a successful year, has come to the city for his Theological and Arts exams.

J. M. CLARRY, an undergraduate of two years' standing, who has been preaching at Millbrook, Ont., is writing on his Theological work. Mr. Clarry purposes entering the Sophomore year at Victoria next fall.

THE old classmates of C. W. DeMille, '00, are pleased to see his genial face about the College, and are glad to learn that he has had a pleasant year on Frankford Circuit. We venture to say, however, that college memories still are dear to him.

THE Easter holidays brought many familiar faces about our college halls. Among others were noticed Miss E. G. Swanzey, '98, and Miss M. H. A. Fife, '98, both of whom are in attendance at Hamilton Normal College.

AS we have seen Miss M. M. Graham, a graduate of '98, at present attending Normal College, on a few recent occasions in the library poring over books, we have asked ourselves the question, "Do exams. go on forever?" Let no one answer, "Yea!"



THE library lately received a copy of the magazine, *The Shinseiki* (The New Century), published in Japan. Among other contributions is one by Mr. Takagi, the memory of whom yet lingers in the minds of his old college associates.

THERE is some agitation among the graduates of '89 for a class reunion in the near future. We trust the plans may be duly developed and carried into effect, thus establishing a happy example for other classes to follow.

A C. HUNT, a member of the class of '01 in its Freshman year, has removed to Galt, where he has a proprietary interest in the *Reformer*, one of the best dailies in central Ontario. We were glad to receive a copy recently, and are pleased to congratulate Mr. Hunt upon its general style and appearance, the editorial ability displayed, and the high moral standard which pervades its columns. Of its politics we must be silent. His old friends at Vic. wish him much success in his journalistic career.

IT is with much regret we chronicle the death of Rev. Robert Wallace, one of the best known of the older Presbyterian ministers, at his residence, 402 Huron Street, Toronto, on Sunday, March 27. He was born in the north of Ireland in 1820, and came to Canada in 1829. Entering the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, he spent successful pastorates at Keene, Ingersoll, and Drummondville. In 1867 he was inducted into the West Presbyterian Church, of this city, where he spent twenty-three years of consecrated service, retiring nine years ago to enjoy a well-deserved rest. He leaves to mourn his loss a wife and a son, the Rev. Prof. Wallace, of Victoria University, to whom the students of the College extend their warmest feelings of sympathy in this time of bereavement.

### Senator William Kerr.

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THE appointment of our Vice-Chancellor, William Kerr, M.A., LL.D., to the Senate of the Dominion, has been hailed with great satisfaction by thousands of old Victorians throughout "this Canada of ours."

Ever since his graduation in 1855, Mr. Kerr has resided in Cobourg, and for the seven and thirty years from that date up to 1892, when Victoria removed to Toronto, Mr. Kerr endeared himself to our students by his unvarying kindness and sympathy and his unwearied hospitality. Mr. Kerr was an earnest opponent of university federa-

tion, but like other anti-federationists he still remains amongst the staunch friends of his *Alma Mater*.

ACTA extends cordial congratulations to the new Senator, and hopes that he may live for many years to wear the honors that have come upon him, and to serve our country in his new and exalted sphere of action. It is pleasing to note that Mr. Kerr's appointment has not only gratified his many friends, but has called forth the general approval of his old-time political opponents.

The following sketch is largely condensed from Morgan's "Canadian Men and Women of the Time":

Mr. Kerr was born in Ameliasburg, 1836. He received his early education at Newtonville, under the Rev. Dr. Ormiston, the distinguished Presbyterian divine and an old Victoria graduate. [It is by a singular and pathetic coincidence that we record in this number the death of the teacher and the elevation of the pupil to the highest honors of his country.] Mr. Kerr graduated at Victoria University, Cobourg, taking his B.A. 1855, M.A. 1858, and LL.D. 1887. His legal studies were carried on in the office of Smith & Armour, Cobourg. For many years he has had the largest legal business in the Northumberland and Durham District. Mr. Kerr became a member of the Town Council of Cobourg in 1862. In 1867 he was elected Mayor, and continued to hold that office up to 1873, being each year re-elected by acclamation. A Liberal in politics, he has always been one of the leaders of his party in the Midland District. He was President of the West Northumberland Reform Association for a lengthened period, and represented the riding in the House of Commons from 1874 to 1878. In 1876 Mr. Kerr was created a Q.C. by the Ontario Government, and in 1896 he was elected a Bencher of the Law Society of Ontario. He is a member of the Board of Regents and a Senator of Victoria University, and has held the office of Vice-Chancellor of that institution since 1885, when the office was first created.

### Exchanges.

A SHREW little fellow, who had just begun to study Latin, astonished his teacher by the following definition: *Vir*, a man; *gin*, a trap; *virgin*, a man-trap.—*Ex*.

AFTER an absence of two months, the *Sunbeam* is again welcomed to our sanctum. The March number is well filled with interesting and excellently written articles.

WE are pleased to receive a copy of *The Phoenix*, a publication in the interests of Swathmore College, Pennsylvania.

THE *Argosy* is to be congratulated upon its twenty-fifth anniversary number, which reached us a few days ago. Its dress, style, editorial notes, and literary contributions are of a high standard of excellence. ACTA extends hearty congratulations to the *Argosy* on its twenty-fifth birthday, and trusts that its success in the future may be equal to that which it has achieved in the years that are gone.

WE are always glad in our weary moments to pick up a copy of the *Notre Dame Scholastic* and review its interesting columns. Its literary contributions are fresh and vigorous, and its 'Varsity verse is of a high standard, reflecting much lustre upon the poetic genius of Notre Dame students. To the undergraduates of Victoria who are especially desirous of making ACTA VICTORIANA a student's journal, reflecting the thoughts, ideals and activities of student life, we recommend the careful perusal of the *Scholastic*, which is essentially a magazine for the students and by the students.

## Locals.

### Notes.

THIS is no joke!

11,250 minutes to exams!

TWENTY-SIX hours, one day; seven working days, one week; one working month, one term.—*Revised Version*.

"I AIN'T going to let everyone hear me talking to the girls like the plugs do."—*Neville (re telephone)*.

VERILY there is yet one righteous man in the College. W. G. Smith refused to break the Sabbath when Robert offered to give him his letters on Sunday a couple of weeks ago. For the Bus. Man. of ACTA and an ex-leader of the Government this fact speaks volumes.

SOME of our students are studying too hard, as is evidenced by the fact that some have been seen asleep over their books in the library.

OWING to the scared look on most of the faces about College, the local editors have not dared to ask for any gags.

As some of the students are looking pale from lack of exercise the Athletic Union have kindly placed at their disposal the large tennis roller which may be used to advantage on the court.

"THE melancholy days have come."

OUR Personal Editor, who is a faithful student in the library, received notice that Kate —— would not smile at him any more if he did not look at her. We have promised not to tell who this charming visitor was.

FIRST STUDENT—"I suppose you will kill the fatted calf after exams?"

Second Student—"I think I'll commit suicide."

First Student—"Oh! well, that's just the same."

IN order to make ACTA even more successful this coming year than in the past, another change has been made in the constitution. "The Board of Management shall elect, at the end of each college year, an Advisory Committee, consisting of two members, one of whom shall be chosen from the Faculty, the other from the Alumni of Victoria University." "The members of the Advisory Committee shall not be constituted members of the Board of Management. The function of the Committee shall be to advise the Board as to the best means of keeping ACTA in touch with the Alumni, and on matters pertaining to the general policy of the journal."

THE subject for the oration contest next year is "The Pioneer Missionary." The candidates are expected to get out this summer and learn their subject by practical experience.

"I CAN'T understand why ACTA has never taken any notice of me."  
—*Osterhout*.

"As to the ladies, I have had several narrow escapes."—*Wilson*, '01.

PORTER—"I say, Barber, that girl is all right."

Barber—"I wish you didn't think so."

WOOD (at the Lit.)—"Mr. Speaker, I would move that this picture *be hanged*."

THE elections to ACTA Board have been held, and the following able editorial staff will have charge of ACTA during next year: F. L. Farewell, Editor-in-Chief: Miss M. L. Chown, '00, J. E. Hughson, '02, Literary: J. H. Beer, '01, Scientific; W. J. Spence, '00, Personals and Exchanges: Miss L. L. Staples, '01, D. J. Thom, '00, Locals: S. F. Dixon, Missionary and Religious; G. E. Porter, '01, Athletics; W. J. M. Cragg, '00, Business Manager; W. H. Wood, '01, Assistant Business Manager: D. J. Thom, President of Board; C. E. Auger, '02, Secretary of Board; Prof. L. E. Horning, Ph.D., A. M. Scott, Ph.D., Advisory Committee.

*MANDOLIN AND  
GUITAR CLUB.*

THE Mandolin and Guitar Club held its final meeting for the year, when most promising reports were given.

The club, under the direction of Prof. Le Barge, has kept up its reputation of being one of the best in the city. Many important engagements have been filled during the year, and in every one the greatest satisfaction was given. The club made a forward stride in holding a concert in Association Hall, and they are to be congratulated on the fact that in addition to making it a musical success, they were enabled to clear some small profit. It is to be hoped that the club will still continue to fill an important place in our college life, although a majority of the members, after this year, will be graduates or ex-students. Our own college men should try to fit themselves to secure a place in a club from which such training can be derived. After declaring a handsome dividend the following officers were elected: Hon. Pres., Chancellor Burwash; Pres., C. E. Treble; 1st Vice-Pres., F. N. Badgley; Business Manager and Secretary, G. A. Winters.

Although somewhat late, an account of the final concerts of the year given by the Mandolin and Guitar Club, is published this month. On March 3rd the club filled an engagement with the Normal College Glee Club in Hamilton. It is needless to say that the boys, after their usual fashion, enchanted the lovers of music in the Ambitious City. Each number was a success. The club accepted the kind invitation of a former member, Mr. Eager, to attend an after-meeting, which, of course, closed at an early hour. From Saturday morning until Monday, each train had its contingent of the club, some of whom had spent Sunday in devotional exercises at home (?). On March 10th the club, after a romantic trip, delighted the inhabitants of Islington in an I.O.O.F. concert to which everyone had turned out. The boys were well treated by the members of the society, but we have promised not to tell how they reached home that night.

THE following officers have been elected in the Y.M.C.A.: Hon. Pres., Prof. Reynar; Pres., A. P. Misener; 1st Vice-Pres., A. McNeil; Secretary, A. F. Wilkinson; Treasurer, Mr. Shepherd.

THE Missionary Society has also elected its officers for next year: Hon. Pres., Prof. McLaughlin; Pres., W. K. Allen; Secretary, C. E. Cragg; Treasurer, F. Coulter. Prof. Wallace and Miss Bollert were retained to act on the Advisory Board.

THE closing meeting of the Literary Society for the college year was held on Saturday evening, March 25th. A further change in the

constitution regarding ACTA was passed, but otherwise the business was mere routine. Those of the seniors and specialists who had come out were requested to tell their experience with regard to the "Lit." The principal feature of the evening, that is, excepting the refreshments, was the election of officers for the next term. The following is the list: Hon. Pres., Dr. G. C. Workman; Pres., J. G. Davidson; 1st Vice-Pres., A. N. St. John; 2nd Vice-Pres., J. H. Beer; Critic, F. L. Farewell; Assistant Critic, W. K. Allen; Leader of Gov't, D. J. Thom; Leader of Opp., S. F. Dixon; Cor. Sec., A. Henderson; Rec. Sec., A. F. Wilkinson; Asst. Rec. Sec., H. E. Curts; Treasurer, W. H. Wood; Curator, C. B. Bingham; Pianist, W. A. Millyard; Assistant Pianist, A. J. Fraleigh.

#### TEAR-DROPS FROM THE SENIORS' EXPERIENCES.

COURTICE—"I skipped lectures once to see one of Shakespeare's plays at the Grand. That was the only time."

EMBERSON—"I'm glad I came."

GRANGE—"I have been wonderfully favored in the associations of my course. I would advise every fellow to have something to do with the associations of the Honor Moderns course."

HOLMES—"I have been too quiet."

W. G. SMITH—"In my sophomore year I made a vow that I would speak on every subject at every meeting of the Lit. The course I have taken in this society is the best course I have had at college."

MALOTT—"A capacity for hard work is the best thing a man can carry away from college."

WILSON—"Go in for *everything*."

WALKER—"I think it is well to work while the term is young, for when it is old the work departs not from you day nor night."

#### LIT. ECHOES, MARCH 25TH.

"I had a thought when I came, Mr. Speaker, but I have none now."—Cragg.

TOMMY (speaking to a motion intended to save time in the balloting)—"I move that the time that would be taken up by voting in the regular way be spent in discussing this motion."

"If Beer is elected second-*vice*, then by the laws of ethics Porter should be elected first-*vice*."—R. J. C.

THE last meeting of the Woman's Literary was held on Friday, April 7th. The Treasurer's report was read and approved. The officers elected for the following year were: President, Miss Bollert; Representatives to ACTA Board, Miss Mabel Chown, '00, and Miss

Staples, '01. The remaining officers are elected in the fall. Profiting by the mistakes and improvements of the class of '99, we are sure the seniors of next year, under the direction of the new president, will make a still greater success of the society than their predecessors have done. Miss E. J. Taylor, Miss Henwood, and Miss Reynar gave their happy reminiscences extending from the day when they entered these halls, green and innocent freshettes, to that equally memorable day when they go forth with experience and knowledge of both men and books. Miss Baker spoke a few words on "What a College Course Should Mean to Us," and Miss Susie Chown on "The Domestic Science Department of the Society." With a short maxim from each of the seniors the meeting was brought to a close, after which the girls of the under years entertained those of '99 at afternoon tea.

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## Athletics.

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THE Third Year are jubilant over their success in alley, and it is rather significant that the five men who represented that year on the Board, have been elected to the most distinguished offices of the College: H. E. Kellington, President of the Athletic Union; A. P. Misener, President of the Y.M.C.A.; J. G. Davidson, President of the Union Literary Society; W. J. M. Cragg, Business Manager of ACTA; F. L. Farewell, Editor-in-Chief of ACTA.

YOU will notice among the recent decorations of the men's reading room the pictures of the hockey and football teams framed by the Union, and that of the Athletic Union Executive framed by Prof. Langford.

THE '01 team, championship hockey, have purchased handsome cuff-links, as souvenirs of the noble victory they won upon the ice this winter.

THE annual meeting of the tennis club was held on Monday evening, April 10th, with the President, Mr. T. W. Walker, in the chair. The Secretary, Mr. G. A. Fergusson, submitted in a concise report, the chief events of the year, and the outlay occasioned by the building of the new courts. The election of officers then took place with the following results: Hon. Pres., Prof. Lang; Pres., Mr. G. A. Fergusson; 1st Vice-Pres., Miss M. E. Powell; Sec. Treas., Mr. E. A. McCulloch; Representative to Athletic Union, Mr. C. B.

Sissons ; Committee, Miss M. L. Chown, Miss Lackner, and Mr. W. A. Millyard.

On Friday, March 25th, a meeting of the Athletic Union Executive was held, with the President, Mr. E. W. Grange, in the chair. The Secretary, Mr. Fergusson, submitted accounts of all the expenses that have been incurred during the winter season. Upon motion that a special amount of money be given to the hockey team that wins the championship in the inter-year series, a spirited discussion ensued. There was no objection to the team's receiving souvenirs this year, as they justly claim it through precedent, but dissatisfaction has arisen from the fact that no other team than the hockey receives souvenirs from the Union. This is by no means fair ; and, besides, it does not tend to promote a purely loyal spirit in athletics to have individual prizes given. A trifling sum should be no inducement to a true college sport to work for the interests of his *Alma Mater*. Loyalty to the interests of one's college, and the distinguished honor of belonging to a championship team, should sufficiently stimulate any man to do his best. It was, therefore, decided that some permanent trophy be secured, to be placed among our other cups, which, for several years, have been the subjects of many keen contests.

MR. KELLINGTON, President-elect of the Union, has intimated one important change in regard to the appointment of the football captain. Heretofore, the captain has not been appointed until the beginning of the college year, and usually two or three weeks have passed before he gets his men out to practise. If the captain and manager are appointed this term, it will probably bring greater success in the game next year. They will be able, immediately upon the opening of college, to get the men out, and have them in condition to enter the Inter-College matches when the series begin. We believe this is a wise step, and hope it shall be effected before the term closes.

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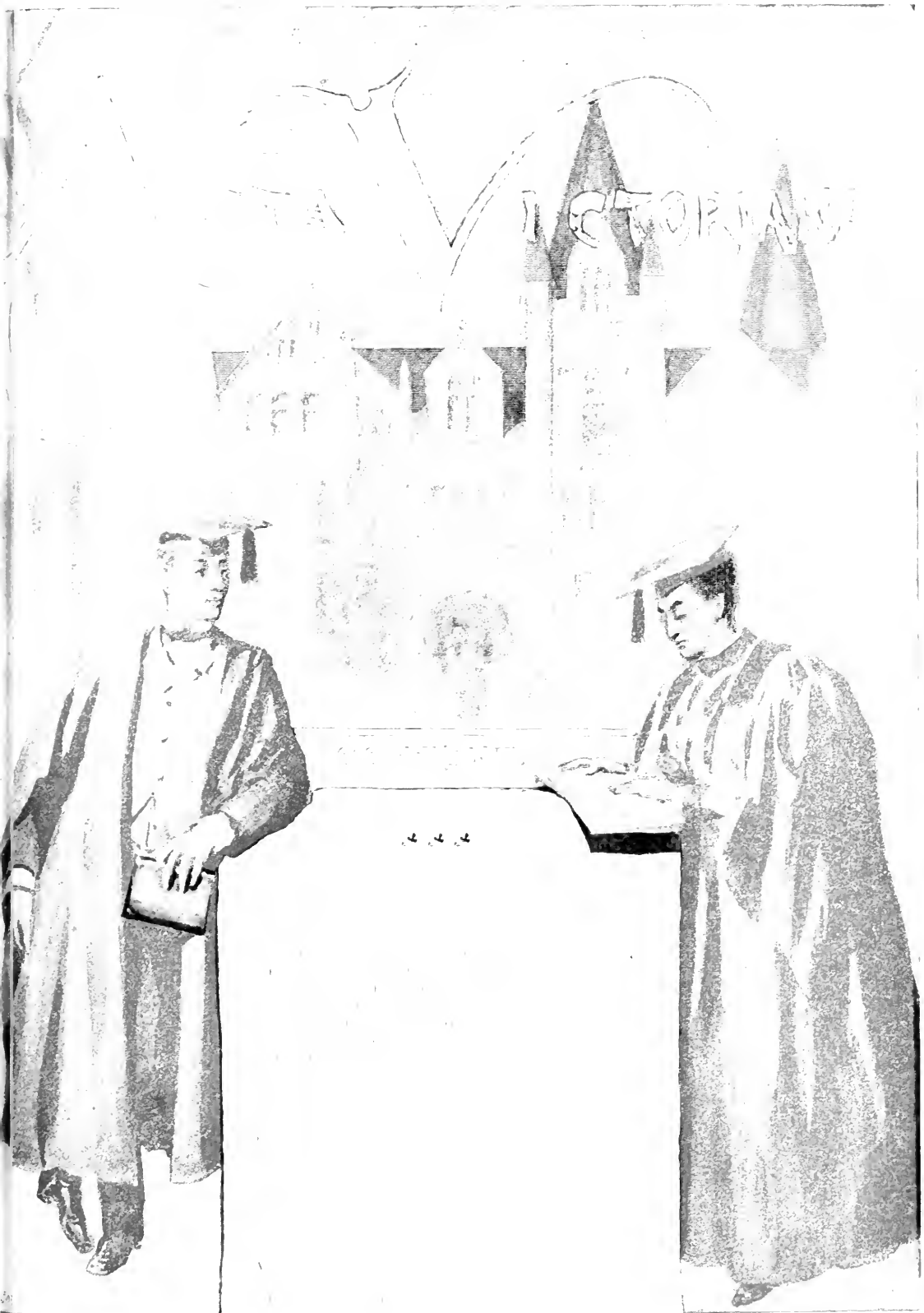
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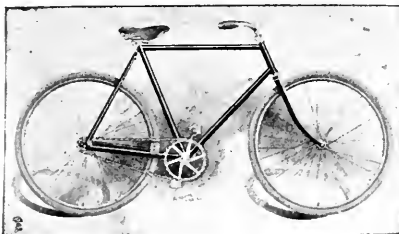
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TORONTO, MAY, 1899.

No. 8.

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## Literary and Scientific.

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### Three Days in the Caucasus.

NOWHERE in the world, except in America, is travelling by railway so comfortable as it is in Russia. So at least we were thinking as we fell asleep on the ample couches of the first-class carriage from Petrovsk to Vladikavkaz—first-class, because we could afford the luxury; all ten of us were provided with free passes on any train in Russia for three months. Not content with such generosity, the Czar saw to it that some of the "International Geologists" should ride in Imperial fashion in coaches adorned with the Imperial arms and usually reserved for members of his suite. It was of a piece with our treatment at the palace of Peterhof, where, in the gorgeous reception rooms, we ate a sumptuous dejeuner, served by no less gorgeous lackeys, and where we were driven about in the park of the Russian Versailles by Imperial coachmen. So, blessing the autocrat of all the Russias and of one hundred and thirty millions of people, we fell asleep on our westward flight from the shore of the Caspian Sea.

The barking of an honest house-dog awoke us early on the Sunday morning at Vladikavkaz, the "Key to the Caucasus." All else was quiet and the moon shone brilliantly over the slumbering city; it was as peaceful as a New England village and apparently as remote from

the great world's current of history. And this town of Vladikavkaz has had but little history ; not so old as Toronto, it was founded by the great Catherine, almost as soon as the southern steppes had been effectually added to the Russian dominions. From that day the place has steadily grown, and is now destined to play a predominant rôle in the development of the rich plains and valleys of Transcaucasia and in facilitating intercourse between that province and the vast plain of Europe. Its importance is, of course, due to the fact that it com-



Our Cossack Guard on the Military Road. He wears the typical costume of the Caucasus, the sheepskin cap, the belt of silver filigree cartridge-pouches and the long daggers, to which is added the carbine of the Russian service.

mands the military road over the Caucasus—long the only one passable by wheeled vehicles. It was mainly to see the sights of this route that our party often joined the two hundred other excursionists on the way to Tiflis, a hundred and forty miles to the south.

The Caucasus Mountains form an ideal range. From the north one sees the massive rampart starting out of the plain with a suddenness like that of the Alps, as, bounding the horizon of the observer from Milan cathedral, they dominate the plain of Upper Italy. In structure this range is much simpler than the Alps or the Rockies ;

it is, in a large way, a single great anticlinal fold of limestone and slates, wrapping about a massive core of crystalline rocks, chiefly granites, flanked by an immense band of schists probably of Palæozoic age. To north and south of this ponderous axis, the imbricating layers of Jurassic, Cretaceous, Eocene and Miocene sediments follow one another in systematic fashion, until they gently dip away and disappear beneath the flat sands of the former Ponto-caspian Sea on the north, or beneath the thick lavas and river-sediments on which the Kur winds to the Caspian.

Thus the Caucasus, like all the truly lofty mountain-ranges of the world, is a modern affair in a geological sense. Where now towers the fourteen-thousand-foot Koshkantau was, in Eocene time, the bottom of the sea ; and then the volcanic outbursts of Kasbek and of Elbruz were still in the distant future. The uplift of the ancient sea-bottom took place as the result of a single effort on the part of the elevating forces, and hence the Caucasus is to be distinguished from that type of mountain-building, the Alps, the history of which must be written in many long chapters of intermittent elevation and repose. The orogenic movement was necessarily accompanied and followed by the usual result of all such innovations in the relief of a country. Through the agency of the rains and frosts of millenniums, Nature worked rapidly to demolish the structure that she had erected, and so far have these forces carried on their process of destruction that they have laid bare the vast platform of crystalline rocks which seem to underlie, not only the Caucasus, but all the sedimentary formations stretching from Finland to Upper Egypt.

It was not without many local strains and fracturings that the Caucasus was built ; their influence was profound, and the cracks offered ready means of escape to the immense reservoirs of lava that we know have underlain, and doubtless now underlie, the range. The volcanic action began late in Tertiary time, has persisted in all probability to the age of man, and the highest peaks of all the Caucasus have resulted from the vast accumulations of trachytes and of andesites.

I confess I was not prepared to find this range so lofty and imposing as we actually saw it. The great cleft of the Darial Gorge which we were to traverse, is the lowest of all the passes in the central Caucasus ; yet it is eight thousand feet above the sea at the large stone cross that marks the natural boundary between Europe and Asia. All the passes from the Mamisson to the Nakbar culminate at ten thousand feet or more, while the Brenner from Munich to Verona measures but forty-five hundred feet and the St. Gothard but thirty-eight

hundred. Above these tortuous pathways tower several peaks which are considerably higher than Mount Blanc or any mountain in the United States of America. Elbruz is more than 18,500 feet above the sea and Kasbek over 16,500 feet high, and yet these mountains rise, not from elevated plateaus like the Rockies, but from plains drained directly into the Black Sea or into the Caspian eighty feet below the level of the ocean. Notwithstanding the comparatively small rainfall on the range, the Caucasus bears enormous glaciers and snow-fields, the area of which is twofold greater than of those in the Alps; and the exciting adventures of Freshfield, of Mummery and of the unfortunate Donkin and Fox, and of many other "crazy Englishmen" cluster about these difficult tracts of treacherous ice.

I had been privileged to cruise on the Caspian, and to see in panorama the extreme eastern edge of the range as it drops suddenly down into the sea, and later to view the rugged scarps of the western end from the Black Sea ship steaming over an abyss eleven hundred fathoms deep; but the only really close contact which I had with the Caucasus occurred during this never-to-be-forgotten three days' trip over the historic "Pass of the Cross."

After a day's hearty hospitality on the part of the inhabitants of Vladikavkaz, we left that typical South Russian town with its low houses, broad streets and rather primitive municipal arrangements. We had a perfect Napoleon for a guide, a Moscow professor, whose name is a household word among geologists—one on whom rested most of the responsibility of the undertaking, and who saw that the men should understand the structures of his favorite mountains and that the ladies were well furnished with wraps against the cold of the high pass. Most elaborate were the arrangements for our comfort. The best vehicles in the mountains were placed at our service, generally six-seated carriages provided with four or six horses that seldom exchanged a trot for a walk either up hill or down. Each division of the cavalcade had its well-mounted Cossack trooper as formal guard and as messenger, who announced our approaching arrival to the waiting officials at the post stations. Here and there along the route was painted on the rocks the symbol of our Congress—crossed hammers rampant—to indicate where the zealous workers in Caucasian geology had discovered for us some especially interesting link in their chain of argument, or where a particularly fine fossil was *not* to be collected but left for excursionists still to come.

This is not the place to describe all the wonders of the Darial Pass; I simply wish to describe two of its features which have appealed to



me in a singularly forceful way. And they answered two questions for us—how have the higher summits of the Caucasus been built up, and, on the other hand, how have the deeper valleys come into being?

Climbing on a gentle grade the slope of the broad alluvial fan which stretches from Vladikavkaz to the entrance to the gorge, we were suddenly plunged into the mountains. Just here at their northern edge they have a Tyrolese aspect; they lack, however, the pastures, the charming villages, and to some extent the forest-growth of the Austrian Alp. By the time we had reached Lars, only twelve miles from Vladikavkaz, the scene no longer suggested the smiling, though majestic beauty of the Tyrol. We found ourselves skirting the rapid Terek River, above which were beetling cliffs from three to four thousand feet high. Owing in part to the deep color of the rocks, this was one of the most sombre bits of mountain land that I had ever seen, yet with a beauty of its own which bade defiance to the dictum of more than one modern student of scenery who contends that the beauty of a landscape cannot be perfect unless there be traces of man's presence in the view.

Not many decades ago the scientific visitor to the Terek would very probably have explained the magnificent gorge in a way most satisfactory to the adherents of the catastrophic doctrine; he would say that a great crack had been opened in the process of mountain-building, and in the bottom of this crack the Terek made its bed. But we were to see with our own eyes a proof of the other explanation which deals out to the professional geologist so large a share of confidence in the orderliness of geological events. With unflagging energy, nature has digged the trench and left the stately monuments of erosion on either side.

Near Lars, in the middle of the river-gravels, we found an enormous block of stone so mighty in its proportions and bearing so strange a history that it has received a special name, "The Yermoloff." It is 90 feet long, 50 feet wide and 40 feet high, and thus contains about 180,000 cubic feet of rock, weighing some 15,000 tons. Yet this monolith is only a boulder larger than thousands of its kind which have been ferried down the valley. In 1832 "The Yermoloff" was sent bounding down the valley, a distance of over a mile, at the behest of a flood which owed its terrific power to its peculiar mode of origin. A few versts farther up the valley, our attention became fixed on a high terrace-like mass that stretched almost across the pass, leaving only a narrow trench for the stream and road at one end. It may be that the adjoining view, taken with my Bull's Eye camera, will give a better idea of what I mean than I could express in words.

On nearing this barrier bench we saw that it rose four hundred feet sheer from the river, which was busily engaged in removing the fresh masses of mingled earth and boulders that have fallen from the cliff. The story of this singular apparition in the gorge was told, not only in our geological guide-book, but also in the "lay of the land." To the right and left above us rose the steep scarps of a lateral valley, which forms one of the most gigantic furrows on the side of Mt. Kasbek and carries its most noted glacier, the Devdorak. Our transverse wall of debris was evidently formed by a landslide from out this valley; an



Looking Up the Terek River. In the distance is the level-topped slide of 1832 heading in the "Devdorak Glen."

avalanche, the magnitude of which may be gauged from its estimated volume of nearly 20,000,000 cubic yards. Here there was a grand object lesson in the destruction of mountain-massifs, which we ought to study well; accordingly, a half dozen of us left the main party and made arrangements to spend the night and a half-day in this little-frequented "Devdorak Glen."

Securing the services of three "moujiks" to carry our cameras, sleeping-rugs and supper, our party, including two Americans and three Englishmen, struck off on our two hours' climb up to the head

of the valley. We first traversed the long, roughly graded slope of the slide a distance of nearly a mile, the valley walls closing in on us as we mounted. Behind us the sun was setting over the four-thousand-foot eastern wall of the Darial, making effects of color and *chiaroscuro* which I have never seen surpassed even in the Alps. The simple grandeur of these broad sweeps of light and shade on the massifs shall always be to me a type of Rembrandtian nature-painting.



Looking Down the Gorge of the Terek. The deep shadow in the middle-ground is cast by slide of 1832, which extended in that year across the gorge to the white mark shown on the right, three hundred feet above the river.

The mountain mist had fallen with the night as we reached the goal of our endeavor, the government shelter at the foot of the glacier. We found there two extremely handsome Russian officers built on the plan of giants, yet gifted with the ease and politeness of the Western military man. They had laden their *moujik* with the inevitable samovar, and we were invited to quaff the national beverage in great comfort, though eight thousand feet above the sea, and almost, if not quite, in the clouds.

In a sky of crystal clearness, the sun rose almost directly over

Kasbek, which we thus saw well for the first time in a scene of matchless splendor. The vast névé was rose and white, and made a wonderful combination with the deep brown reds of the cliffs, the bright green of the few grassy patches, the blue of the ice-sheet and the gray of its moraines. It was all there in one view ; the summit of Kasbek, the monarch of the Caucasus, the far-famed Devdorak and a sunrise that would be more renowned than either, if I had the power to picture its glorious effects.



Kasbek Mountain and the Devdorak Glacier.

The glacier first attracted our attention and we spent a laborious but exciting morning on its moraines and among its white and blue séracs. The great extent of the terminal moraine, which mantles all the foot of the glacier and thousands of square yards of its upper surface, is a peculiar feature of the Devdorak. The marked steepness of the bed is further characteristic ; it is, in fact, supposed to be one of the chief conditions of the many destructive land-slides which have shot down the three miles of gorge to overwhelm the carriage road below. Such an event comes about in this wise. Owing to the high angle of slope, the moving ice of the upper layers of the glacier over

run the lower layers retained by friction on the bed-rock. There thus tends to be formed a huge ice-tear, which is unstable and must needs fall over. The tear is, of course, too brittle to roll down the cheek of the mountain; it rather breaks along the curved plane of a great transverse fracture. The liberated block falls to the rocky bed of the sub-glacial torrent, dams it more or less effectually, and thus affords the chance for the formation of a natural reservoir of no inconsiderable size. If, now, such a temporary cistern in this lofty valley be-

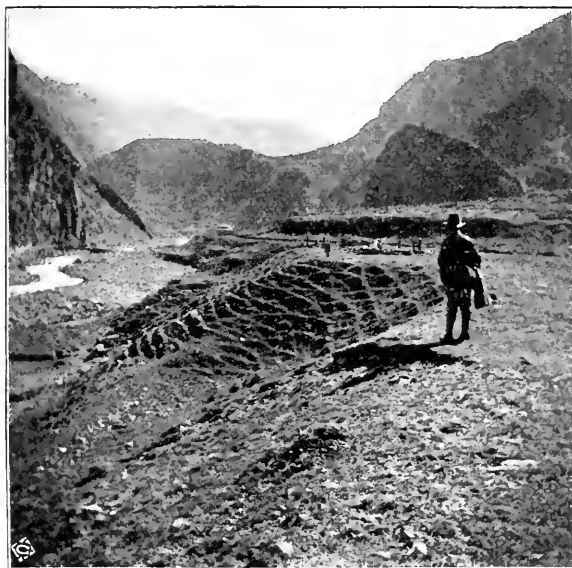


The Terminal Moraine of the Devdorak Glacier, showing the opening of the tunnel of the subglacial stream, and the characteristic cross-fracturing of the ice.

comes enlarged by an exceptionally heavy rain, which likewise weakens the retaining wall of ice, it may be that the barrier gives way in a moment, and the mighty flood carries ice, moraine and talus-waste in ruthless confusion to the open pass below. Such seems to have been the origin of the mighty slide of 1832 and the cause of the mysterious journey of "The Yermoloff."

So large a quantity of rock débris was brought down to the Darial Gorge on this one occasion that the Terek River was dammed up above this point and turned into a long lake, which lasted a week be-

fore the outflow cut down the dam sufficiently to drain the temporary basin. Since that time the Terek has continued its work of removing the material of the slide, and has resumed nearly its original level before the catastrophe. In our photograph (p. 487) the big white patch that was painted on the rocks by direction of the Congress Committee, indicates in some degree the mass of débris which the river has excavated in these sixty-five years. The mark is about three hundred feet above the road, and the space between the slide and the opposite bank measures some five hundred feet. There has evidently been



The Terraces in the Valley of the Terek above the slide of 1832 which formed the temporary lake. The staple industry of the Caucasus is suggested in the reticulate sheep-paths on the face of the terrace.

removed from the slide a very large volume of material within the two generations of men. Up-stream from the mouth of the Devdorak Glen there is a beautiful series of terraces, cut in the alluvial filling of the various impermanent lakes which have been formed by similar stoppage of the usual graded drainage of the pass by slides from the lateral valley. One such terrace is illustrated in the accompanying photographic view; its gravels were deposited in their present position in 1832, and since then the terrace-scarp facing to the left has been carved out by the Terek.

"Haste" is the word written by nature on every cliff of the Devdorak Valley; haste is shown in the tumultuous ruin of crevasse and sérac of the glaciers; haste in the rush of the powerful glacier stream that falls four thousand feet in five miles; haste in the rattling of the rock-fragments, as every minute they fell to join their myriad fellows in the steep thousand-foot talus-slopes below the wonderfully jagged and insecure crags; haste in this last of a hundred similar avalanches from the upper flanks of the mountain. Destruction is the key-note of this great symphony of waste and wear, and the forces of nature are intent on reducing the mountain ribs with unwonted speed. And what applies to the Devdorak glacier and stream is true of each of the other seven first-class glaciers on Kasbek, of the scores of glaciers draining the Caucasian snow-fields; and it is true of the many alluvial cones and land-slides that we passed on the road to Tiflis. As if to provide us with an especially lively illustration, a slide had, within the previous week, destroyed a long stretch of the road at Passanour, a few miles farther on. It is said that this best of transcaucasian routes is impassable for seventeen days in the year on account of these visitations from the mountain-slopes.

The physiographic lesson of all this was plain: the Caucasus, lofty as it is, is a youthful range, and it is destined to have but a short life in the geological sense. The serrate topography has been produced on the broad anticline of uplift entirely since middle Tertiary time, and in another geological period of like duration, these mountains shall no longer be the Alps of Russia; they shall be like the Green Mountains of New England, or our own Laurentians in Canada, ranges of which the subdued relief speaks for great antiquity as clearly as the geological age of the rocks composing them does. Neither are the mountains of the Caucasus everlasting, nor shall they escape the fate of being brought low.

In closing this hasty sketch I shall add a last word on the photograph of Kasbek, taken from the village of the same name. There is little in the form to suggest a volcanic origin for the mountain; no crater is visible, and there are no evidences of slumbering volcanic energies. Yet we had abundant evidences of its nature in the long streams of andesitic lava which occupy the bottom of many a tributary gorge into the valley of the pass. Most impressive must have been the ruddy streams as they ran down the ravines and plunged over the brink of the precipices overlooking the already deeply entrenched Terek. And the youthfulness of these valleys leads to the supposition that man may have seen these last outflows. Freezing after the manner of the

basalt at Staffa, the lavas have developed a beautiful columnar structure which was manifest in the long scarps of gigantic prisms, parallel or radially arranged, that lined the cliff hundreds of feet above us.

No picture can begin to do justice to this magnificent pile of nearly seventeen thousand feet, perhaps the finest in all the range, the centre of attraction for ancient story-teller and myth-monger and the few modern tourists who enjoy the rare privilege of penetrating these savage mountains. It was on this mountain that Prometheus lay



Kasbek Mountain from the Darial Pass.

bound to linger out the punishment of his audacity and defiance of celestial dignity ; here abode a famous race of giants ; and here was hidden the tent of Abraham and the cradle of our Saviour.

Leaving, with regret, this mountain of real and of fancied prodigies, we delved once more into the ever-narrowing gorge in which the road has to fight for its life with the wild torrent beside it. All along the route were traces of the varied history of the pass. At the most impressive part of the gorge stands the strong and gloomy fortress of Queen Tamara. She was the reputed sorceress who turned all unfavored passers-by into stone, and actual sovereign of the twelfth century, who



controlled with a strong hand the lawless tribes of the mountains, and thus won the soubriquet of "the Charlemagne of the Caucasus." Some of our party stopped to see the famous Khevsours, the mailed warriors of the red cross, who claim to have been descended from the original Crusaders, yet who are surely too pagan to be living up to any but a poor form of Christianity. But we were one and all anxious to push on to Tiflis, the city of seventy nationalities. We hastened on through the green foot-hills of the southern versant of the range to the fertile valley of the Kur, where we found the Babel of Transcaucasia still more cosmopolitan than its wont by reason of the influx of our excursionists from many lands.

REGINALD A. DALY.

CAMBRIDGE, Massachusetts.

## Pax Vobiscum.

### AN AUTUMN EVENING.

THE seekers of the south in glooming skies,  
The mists in sombre hollows, and the ghost  
Of Summer where the sere and wan leaf flies—  
Oh, sad the days of Autumn at the most.

The drear November walks the wooded heights,  
And sends his minions of destruction forth ;  
The winds go wailing through the rainy nights,  
And slow despair encompasses the north.

Forlorn, from drear within on drear without,  
I stood at gaze in fierce and sullen mood ;  
I battled with the sneering fiend of doubt  
And nowhere saw the hand of final good.

Dark as the iron skies seemed all of life,  
And numb as hollow woods my empty heart ;  
I saw the soul a field of fruitless strife,  
Futile the noble or ignoble part.

Then I was ware in this my discontent  
Of that which gave my sullenness surcease ;  
It was the spirit of love that heaven had sent  
To pierce the gloom, to touch my heart with peace.

## A WINTER EVENING.

Lord God, our Life, O Thou Eternal Love,  
 As night descendeth from the winter skies,  
 Our fainting hearts with Thine own raptures move,  
 And touch with holy peace our troubled eyes.

Eternities lie past those skirts of gray  
 Which trail beneath the quiet stars of even ;  
 The pure, still fields, hush'd from the wind, portray  
 The courts of Christ, the peaceful ways of heaven.

Dear God, let fall the blessed sleep again  
 To steep our aching senses in repose,  
 To soothe the troubled heart, the burning brain,  
 The myriad memories of human woes.

Be with us, Thou, immanent though unseen,  
 Oh, wrap our sad humanity in rest ;  
 Hush for a time the deadly strife between  
 The kin that sleep upon the Mother's breast.

Dissolve the hundred hates, the million fears,  
 Into a dream of dawning peace, O Lord—  
 So that our misery of blood and tears  
 Be clean forgot, and buried be the sword.

Oh, breathe into this world of lust and grief  
 The quietude that drowns the wild desire ;  
 Have mercy on us, Lord, and sweet relief  
 Into our weak and weary hearts suspire.

—WILLIAM T. ALLISON, '99.

## The Church in the Rock.

BY A. KIRSCHMANN, PH.D.

THERE are in Germany, on an area not greater than this province, more than fifty millions of people. Only a few of them can have the chief modern "virtue" of making money which everybody has in some other countries. The rest have to content themselves with little, and thank God if they get through life without debt and hunger. They must work hard during the week, and use their Sunday afternoons for recreation, which makes them appear in the eyes of a superficial traveller belonging to this continent, as atheists and Sab-

bath breakers. And yet they have churches, and among these the greatest and most beautiful in the world. Who has not heard, or seen a picture of the cathedral in Cologne, or the münster of Strasburg, or the newest and highest of all, the cathedral of Ulm, whose spires tower to a height of far above five hundred feet. It is not one of



"CHURCH IN THE ROCK," OBERSTEIN, GERMANY.

*From a sketch by Dr. Kirschmann.*

these giants that I wish to describe in this little sketch, but a far more modest yet not less wonderful church, perhaps the most peculiar church in the world, a church with only one wall and a roof on which the rain never falls. It is the so-called "Church in the Rock" at Oberstein, on the Nahe, a tributary of the Rhine. The valley of this

river is so narrow that there is room only for two streets, one on each side of the river. Consequently the little town has a considerable length, but is very narrow. Directly at the back of the old-fashioned houses rise the perpendicular walls of immense rocks, from whose summits you can drop your hat or umbrella on the roofs of the town. Some of these rocks are crowned with ruins of castles, the witnesses of past glory. In one of these rocks at a height of 150 feet from the ground, is a large cave, which, protected at the front with a gothic façade and ornamented with a projecting spire at one end and a little vestry at the other, forms the church for the Protestant congregation of the little city (6,000 inhabitants). Every Sunday morning they journey up the few hundred steps to the church, and on account of the elevation of the latter, you can hear the music and singing throughout the greater part of the town. If any of the congregation become wearied with the ascent, they can be refreshed from a pure spring in the rocky wall of the back of the church.

The "Church in the Rock" is of venerable age, for as it now stands it was built ten years before the discovery of America. One of the big painted windows bears the date of 1482. But this is not the original structure which goes back to the eleventh century. There is a curious tradition about the motives that prompted the building of the "Church in the Rock." In the castle at the top of the rock, the ruins of which have almost disappeared with the exception of the strongly built tower, there lived two brothers—the knights Wyrich and Emich, the lords of the little county. One day when Emich came home from a visit to the neighboring castle of Lichtenburg, and announced to his brother his engagement with the beautiful young countess of Lichtenburg, Wyrich, the elder, who had long desired the hand of the same lady, rose in frantic rage against his brother. A fight ensued. Wyrich forced his brother to the window and threw him down into the gruesome depths. When the peaceful citizens of the little town carried the shattered remains to the castle, then rose the conscience of the murderer. He fled, and nowhere could he find peace. He took part in many feuds, and in a crusade in the Holy Land fought against the Saracens as the bravest of the brave, but his conscience found no rest. He returned home dressed in the garb of a pilgrim, and the Bishop of Mayence advised him to seek propitiation by excavating with his own hands the rock which was the scene of his deed, and build therein a church. He did so. For years he worked at the cave, and when it was large enough skilful artisans helped him to transform the bare walls of the cave into sculpture, and to erect the front wall and tower. When the last brick was laid he dropped dead.

Whether this story is true or not we cannot decide. It cannot be all fiction, for the church is there, frequented every Sunday by a large congregation and visited during the whole week by tourists of all countries.

*A. Windmann.*

## Education and Our Relation to It as Graduates.

BY MARGARET E. T. ADDISON, B.A.

Read before the ladies of the Alumnae Association of Victoria University.

THE subject I have chosen for the annual President's address is "Education and Our Relation to It as Graduates." I feel that some apology is necessary for inflicting upon you anything so professional; but since this subject is of more interest to me just now than any other, and since it has absorbed other interests, since, indeed, an address is to be forthcoming, and I have no literary research of which to tell you, and, indeed, no research except that of a school-room, for which I cannot claim originality, I trust you will pardon me for thrusting it upon you. Moreover, I have reflected that, as the graduates are divided between school-teachers and ladies, (shall I say, of leisure?) the former class may have some interest in hearing what a fellow-teacher may have to say about a well-worn subject, and the other half may like to know something about a life different from their own and matters concerning it.

There are a great many things to be learned in a school-room outside of a curriculum of study. If you should at any time feel yourself in an unduly exalted frame of mind, if, as Holmes puts it, John's opinion of John should be greater than James' opinion of John or his Maker's opinion of John, permit me to recommend to you a week in the school-room as an antidote for any such feeling. Indeed, if you should desire to find a place which will show you to yourself, as seen by sixty or more pairs of bright critical eyes, try this same school-room.

But it is not of these things I mean to speak, but of some points

which have, in the inquiry I have made, come under my notice. Permit me to use some figures to introduce a few facts. In Ontario, our population is 2,114,321. Last year we spent \$5,278,466 on 508,659 pupils in school, or 24 per cent. of the entire population. This is an average of \$2.50 per individual in the Province. We pay an average of \$10.37 per pupil. The United States sends 21 per cent. of its population to school, and pays an average per pupil of \$18.55. Considering, however, the wealthy cities of the Union and the high cost of living, our own province compares well with the average on the other side.

Out of this large number of school-children, how many do you suppose go on for higher education, as represented in the High schools and colleges? Only 5 per cent. That is to say, 95 per cent. of the inhabitants of Ontario receive no higher education than they get in a Public School. And out of this 95 per cent. come the laborers, mechanics, farmers, merchants and manufacturers; these form the majority of our voters who in the future will support or negative the laws of our province; these are they who are to hold in their hands the power of the ballot; these are they who must do the work of the country, bear the burden and heat of the day, who are the backbone of the land, and in whom lies the hope or curse of the nation.

At the risk of belonging to the large class of critics who find it easier to destroy than to build up, I should like to point out some places where we are not doing for the 95 per cent. of our inhabitants what we might.

Education is a whole; one part fits into another part, and if any part is weak, the whole structure will suffer. If the colleges and universities fail in their training, the instruction in the secondary schools will not be what it should be, and those in training there will be in turn unfit as instructors in the Public schools and kindergartens. Therefore, what affects one part will directly or indirectly affect all parts. Anything, then, affecting the Public schools affects all the other departments. Leaving out of consideration the 5 per cent., who, on the whole, are well provided for, we shall turn our attention to the 95 per cent., and see if they can in any way be better fitted for the work they are to perform in life.

It goes without saying, that an education which does not result in some practical good and some practical effort, has missed its aim. We may seek truth for its own sake, but we can't seek education for its own sake. It is only a means to an end. What end? The highest and fullest development of the will, mind and heart, for the

sake of serving humanity—for the sake of “making righteousness prevail in the earth,” as Matthew Arnold says. This is ideal, and teachers, pupils, circumstances and environment are often painfully and discouragingly unideal. But imperfection grows less only in the light of the ideal and perfect. In this light, what are we doing for the Public School pupil? (1) We give him good teachers; (2) a good curriculum; (3) pleasant surroundings and wholesome conditions of study. These are much, but not all.

1. The progressive man is the one who reads, and reads intelligently and thoughtfully. How much training to such reading does the Public School pupil get who leaves school at twelve or fourteen? Could we not furnish a better course in English, one which would be a better incentive to good reading? The amount of trash devoured by a modern juvenile is something to be deplored. Tastes which should be turned to the best development of the child, become depraved. This passion for light literature is due to an abnormal development of the emotions, which can be met only by (1) giving more attention to moral training, and (2) by turning the emotional nature to account in furnishing interesting reading of a wholesome, educative kind.

2. The successful skilled laborer is one who works quickly and accurately. What impetus to skilled workmanship do our schools give? The boy in the Public schools has no manual practice except in writing and drawing, and he gets very little training in habits of observation. A large number of girls enter stores as clerks or book-keepers, some enter domestic service, most in time enter homes and become responsible for the health and much of the happiness of a family. And what practical aid do we give these? If a girl chances to come from a good home, where order, economy and thrift reign, well and good; if not, the reverse. Where are these untaught girls to get an ideal of scientific cooking and housework? The city in which I live may, I think, be taken as a fair example of laboring people. The pay-roll of the G. T. R., in whose shops there are a large number of employees, is \$19,000 per month. The wages range from 3 cents per hour up to 17 cents; the average is about 10 or 11 cents per hour for laborers, not managers. Now, the testimony of the grocers is, that these are the people who buy fruits and dainties out of season, and indulge in luxuries that the more moneyed class would not dream of buying. What are we doing for such as these? Our benevolent societies are busy over just such people, and if reform is to come, it must be through the children; it's too late to begin in the adult. What are our schools doing for such children? And

these are the ones, par excellence, who need training in practical living, who need an ideal placed before them, who need moral perception developed and will-power strengthened. This could, in part, be accomplished by a system of manual training and domestic science. By manual training is meant "instruction in the use of tools, processes of agriculture, and modelling in clay, wood, or other material." In England, as well as in other European countries, such training is being made a part of the school curriculum. It has been adopted in only one school in Ontario, viz., Kingston, and there the results are reported to be promising. Kingston is also the first school in Ontario to establish Domestic Science. Were these two practical subjects introduced into our schools, they would be a strong factor in keeping at school boys and girls of the order of intellect so hard to retain when only book knowledge is required.

3. We want more moral training. We now train the mind, and hope incidentally to reach the heart and will. It is true that the strongest external moral influence will be that of consecrated personality. In speaking some years ago of her whom we have lost since a year ago, our beloved Miss Adams, the Mary Lyne of Canada, a friend said: "The very rustle of her garments was more of an inspiration to me than all another could say." "Nothing in the world," says Rosenkranz, "has an absolute value except will guided by the right. There must be duty, virtue and conscience." How can these be taught except by instruction in the Bible? Surely, surely, one can find enough there without teaching anything denominational. Hear what Huxley says: "I have always been strongly in favor of secular education, in the sense of education without theology; but I must confess I have been no less seriously perplexed to know by what practical measures the religious feeling, which is the essential basis of conduct, was to be kept up, in the present utterly chaotic state of opinion in these matters, without the use of the Bible." The report of Mr. J. G. Hodgins, who in 1845, with the late Egerton Ryerson, visited the English schools, and who last year re-visited England, is of great interest. Permit me to recommend it to you. In it he shows the care that is taken in the moral education of the youth in England. Schools there are either voluntary or Board schools. The former include Anglican, Roman Catholic, Wesleyan, the non-denominational British and Foreign Society, and the Church of England (evangelical) and Colonial School Society. In all these there is religious instruction according to the belief of each. The Board schools are the governmental schools, and in them there is the provision for the reading and explanation of the Bible. Out of 2,359 of such schools



only fifty-seven are reported as not having made any provision on the subject. The voluntary schools are, as a rule, preferred to the Board ones, and to the influence of the moral instruction received is due in part the moral character of the English. Are we to be behind England in giving the youth of our country moral instruction?

These three things, then, are necessary in our Public School instruction: (1) A better formed taste for reading; (2) more practical education; (3) moral training.

What have these to do with the relation of graduates of a university to education? This: If education has done anything for the graduate, it has given him a broader outlook than his less educated brother, has given him an influence in the community which others have not, has given him an authority in educational questions. By educational questions is not meant merely school matters, but all questions affecting the development and uplifting of the municipality to which he belongs, viz., schools, boards of education, public library, public lectures, intelligent local government—in short, anything and everything relating to the elevation of the masses, the forming of public opinion in favor of the principles which make for righteousness. There are several ways in which to do this. Here are a few, to which you may add:

1. In England, to quote from Mr. Hodgins' report, "One educational factor which has produced good results, which has largely helped to mould public opinion, has been the practice of prominent men and politicians, of all shades of opinion, to address gatherings of various kinds on some special educational topic. These addresses rarely take a political form, but deal with such questions as 'Commercial Education,' 'Agricultural Education,' 'Training Colleges,' 'Secondary Schools,' 'Manual Training,' etc. Among some of the lecturers I notice these names: Mr. H. H. Asquith, Earl Spencer, Sir Wm. Harcourt, Bishop Creighton, Archbishop Temple of Canterbury, Lady Warwick, Duke of Devonshire, and Sir John Gorst."

2. To use one's influence in every possible way, and to increase it.

3. To possess one's self of what we call public spirit, viz., the spirit of progress; in other words, to avoid becoming a fossil.

4. To gain accurate, intelligent knowledge of things as they are, and to turn this knowledge to account in moulding what is into what ought to be.

5. To grow one's self toward the ideal.

6. Last, greatest, most necessary of all, the spirit which asks, under all circumstances, "What would Jesus do?"

STRATFORD, Ont., April 3rd, 1899.

### Red Earth.

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THE cliques and clubs of little men,  
Of artists and of Philistines,  
With shop-talk of the brush and pen,  
Of studios and magazines,  
And Wagner, cigarettes and dreams—

The men who prattle to and fro  
Of Romance and of Realism,  
And write of life they do not know,  
And mingle with their mysticism  
Spectacular Bohemianism—

I like these things myself, and yet  
What should we do with such as these?  
We who have known the road, and met  
The comradeship of rain and breeze  
In outlawry of lands and seas!

We whose free sails were never furled,  
Who worked or fought in every land,  
And played a lone hand 'gainst the world—  
Are we to juggle ropes of sand,  
And take Red Earth at second-hand?

Yet, looking fifty years ahead,  
We might be counted great, and thus  
Men might, when we were well and dead,  
Collect our works and make a fuss—  
It would not matter much to us!

But while we live, free sun, free air,  
Action and toil and hard-won ease;  
And other men may have our share  
Of *salons*, afternoons and teas,  
And small, hand-made philosophies.

Frank L. Pallock

## Some New Books.



“THE book of the year,” is the publisher’s claim for *David Harum*; “a book that will live” is their still stronger statement. It has been read and enjoyed by thousands because of the *humanity* to be found on every page as expressed in the dry, quaint sayings of the one good character in the book—Dave himself. From the opening chapters through to the last page we all follow eagerly the pen picture of this rather gnarled specimen of humanity, and no one fails to enjoy the heterodox tone of his comments on the deacon and various other persons sketched in his rough, rapid strokes. But though he had received, if not earned, the reputation of being a “hard man,” and though he had come through a “hard schooling,” yet we find that he was at heart alright. Pathetic in the extreme are the descriptions of his youth and of his married life, and touching is the kindness and liberality he displayed to the poverty-stricken widow of the benefactor of his youth. What a delightful chapter that is which describes David’s visit to the Newport millionaire—and true to life! And the visit with his sister to the New York theatre! Yes, David is very human, and being drawn from life we can all appreciate him, his sayings and doings.

Now that I have said this much, perhaps some readers will think me a carping critic when I say that if anyone thinks this is a perfect novel he is mistaken. In the first place, I think the author did not keep himself in check when he drew John Knox Lenox. He prepares us, in a measure, for his great musical talents; but a cultivated New Yorker would be very unlikely to bury himself in an out-of-the-way country village, and, even if he did, I, at least, would not expect to find him, by intuition as it were, such an expert driver as he is said to have been. John is too perfect for me. Then, in the second place, the love story is very badly managed. Mrs. Lenox, that was to be, thoroughly deserved to lose her lover, for, as far as I can see, there was neither rime nor reason in her actions. Then again, there is

absolutely no plot to the story, and if we believe the modern novel to be the representative of the once popular drama, the book is a failure. To dramatize Dave Harum without entirely rewriting the story, would be an utter impossibility.

But I did enjoy the book, which is really a series of pen pictures of the hero, mainly because of the *humanity* in it, and there is abundance of that. It is a pity that the author did not live to see the success of a work that is so full of promise of what he might have done had he been spared.

One of our most gifted, indeed I might say our most gifted, lady writers, is Miss Dougall, of Montreal. She has shown a predilection for studies in religious development, as was shown in *What Necessity Knows* and *Zeitgeist*, and her latest work is along this line. In *The Mormon Prophet* (W. J. Gage & Co.) Miss Dougall attempts to divine the motives of heart which led to the strange life and experience of Joseph Smith, the founder of the Mormon sect. As an historical novel alone the book is well worth reading, but what particularly interested me was the honest, and I may say very successful, effort to trace the growth of the enigmatical characters of the leader and the other principal characters of the Mormon movement, to explain the wonderful power Smith had over his people and to show the worth of the man. Susannah Croom is the chief female character in the book and the foil of Smith. We must all sympathize with her in her great difficulties, and rejoice that at last she frees herself from the wonderful mesmeric influence of the leader, to find rest and peace in the love of her cousin, the student and liberal minded Ephraim. I like Miss Dougall's honest way of attacking problems, and shall expect good work in the future.

The next historical novel I shall touch upon is one of the Stanley Weyman school, a tale of Louisbourg and Quebec, called *The Span of Life*. It is a partnership book by the two Canadian authors, William McLennan and Miss J. N. McIlwraith (Copp Clark Co.). Hugh Maxwell, a young Highlander, and Jacobite, hides in London after the defeat of Culloden, and falls in love with Margaret Nairn. But the wife of his young days, a tradesman's daughter, turns up seemingly very *à propos*, and the tragedy begins. Maxwell goes to Canada to the French army, and Margaret follows him up in due time with his wife as maid and his son as a captive among the French, and practically in Maxwell's hands. Finally the tradesman's daughter dies in time to release him, and allow of a reconciliation and union of the hero and heroine. As is usual in these stories, there is a third party,

a priest who had been a former lover, and the interest of the story is based upon the relations of these three actors—a sort of a *three card-monte* in literature. The characters are very well drawn, but some of the incidents and portions of the plot seem to me very improbable in life. Perhaps I am getting too much surfeited with this class of story to enjoy it to the full, or to appreciate it properly; but I wish our Canadians would strike out for themselves and become more independent of outside influences.

*The Eye of a God and other Tales* (William Briggs) is a collection of six short stories by W. A. Fraser, the Canadian Kipling, as some people say, who are fond of giving such names. Three of them are stories of India, where Mr. Fraser spent some eight or nine years, and all smack of the soil. The story *King for a Day* is a delicious comedy of errors, which lets us in to some of the secrets of government in that mighty possession of Her Majesty. *The Eye of a God* is a story of the theft of a precious ruby with miraculous power which had been the eye of a famous god. As a consequence of this theft a policeman, who had followed up the thief and received a shot for his pains, was kept in clover, under the jealous watch of native priests, until necessary operations on the officer placed them in possession of an old slug instead of the long expected pearl. *Djalma* is a story of the races with which the British officers while away their time, and is a gem of movement and action. *God and the Pagan*, *His Passport*, and *The Conversion of Sweet Grass*, are stories of our Indians in the far North-West, and give every evidence of intimate knowledge gained at first hand, and of a well-balanced catholicity of sympathy. Mr. Fraser has given us capital work here, and I am glad to know that he purposes following up this vein and enriching our native literature by his work. As he shows no desire to over-produce, we may look for good things in the future. Stories full of action such as *Djalma* seem to be in his very best vein, and I hope he will continue to give us more. Truth, originality, and a clear knowledge of what he wants to say, are his good points.



## Robert.



NO class has entered and passed through Victoria's halls in which Robert has not played an interested part, hence no class biography is complete without some word of him. To '99, as to each successive class for some thirty years or more, both in the common daily life and in those momentous crises of the class's history, he has indeed proved a friend in need. When, in that red-letter fall of '95, one by one we approached, for the first time, this august and formidable building, shy and fearful, fresh and confident, there was Robert to welcome us with wide open doors and cheery smile. And now in the spring of '99, which seemed then so distantly remote, as we go out, humble and hopeful, his is the last hand to grasp ours, his the last voice to speed us on our way.

"Who is this Robert?" the stranger asks. "Who is he?" Why, he is the presiding genius at Victoria. He is not merely the janitor, but the postman, the guardian and protector of the fresh and the fair, the shrewd and cautious counsellor of simple and sage, the loyal, trusted friend of professor and student, the knowing medium of bashful men and maids, the versatile musician, the accomplice of the sophomore, the patron saint of the "Bob," and the only moneyed member of the Faculty. All this, and more, Robert means to the graduate of Victoria.

Some say Robert has missed his calling; that he might have been a politician or a wit; but if you should ask him, you would find that he would rather be the janitor of Victoria College than the greatest politician or wit in the land. It is largely the qualities which would fit him for such, that make him the popular fellow he is. While for the Senior, as for the eldest son, he must have a certain partiality, the Freshman receives no less deference and favor, and should you twit him for going to so much trouble for a Freshman, "You know, sir," he would reply in explanation, "he will be a Sophomore next year, and all must look a little to the future." As for a joke, the relish with which he hears one is only exceeded by the relish with which he makes one. Each year he enters afresh into the fun and frolic of the "Bob." Who could picture a spirit of more genuine enjoyment than radiates from his shining countenance, as he leads in the heavenly

strains of the "Bob" orchestra? The crowning event of the evening's entertainment comes when Robert, shy and embarrassed as a debutante, having nervously adjusted his specs, delivers his annual and most unique address, shocking even the sophomores with his reminiscences of their elders' salad days, when they, too, were "green in judgment." As long as Victoria shall flourish, the annual "Bob" will continue to be handed down as an everlasting memorial to our genial janitor.

To the ladies, Robert is ever the gallant slave. He would make it seem a privilege to run up two flights of stairs to unlock a door for them, or to ransack the lower regions for a tennis ball or a man. They have but to call and his fairy tread may be heard echoing from corridor to corridor, quickly approaching with all the inevitableness of fate, and lest there should be any mistake about it, he assures them from the next flat, "I'm coming, Miss, I'll be there directly." It is indeed a pleasure to ask a favor of him. If the gentlemen would stand well with the ladies, they must stand well with Robert, for a favorable word from him has no little influence with the fair sex. "Yes, I know him well; he's a fine young fellow, Miss, a fine gentlemanly fellow. I like him very much" goes often a long way to confirm the prejudices of a feminine heart.

"Forty years on, when afar and asunder," we think of the days of long, long ago, among the many other memory pictures we will conjure up those of faithful Robert, as he clatters up the stone stairs, bent double, with Watch at his heels; as he listens deferentially to the orders or suggestions of the professors; as he mops the floors before some college function, his gray shirt-sleeves and trousers tucked up, well out of reach of the clear and sparkling water, the sweat of honest toil standing out on his glistening brow; as he trudges into the library in the late winter afternoons to light the gas, a pleasant diversion to the weary students, whom his reproachful "Steady, boys! steady," cannot restrain from showing their grateful appreciation; or as he plods across the campus, his time-honored black felt on the back of his head, and a mysterious bundle under his arm. We will recall him also in the greater moments of his life—on Charter Day, dressed in his shining black and linen, as, proud and happy, he sees his "boys" go up to take their prize or medal; radiant, as he hears the chapel ring with the familiar strains of the "Old Ontario Strand"; at the Senior Dinner, as he inscribes his name on the Seniors' cards, among students, professors and alumni, his dewey eyes and faltering "I'll just miss you wonderful," containing a world of feeling, which is echoed in every heart; or on Baccalaureate Sunday, as he reverently adjusts

the reading desks and chairs, then listens, like one entranced, to the words of the sermon, and the Chancellor's address to the graduating class.

Such, in some part, is Robert, as he has won the affection and esteem of students and professors, in the years that are past, as he will continue to do in the years to come. May time continue to lay his hand gently upon his head ; and in future days, when we shall revisit our old haunts, may we find him there to welcome us back, and to recall with us the old tales of the happy life in the halls of our *Alma Mater*.

M. B. R. '99.

### Her Majesty's Poet.

AS I was a-goin' down Fleet Street in the busiest time o' day,  
I com'd acrost a writer-bloke, a-makin' a rattlin' lay ;  
'E was knockin' it off at the Devil's own pace, so I ses to 'im, "'oo are  
you ?"  
Ses 'e, "I'm a poet—'er Majesty's poet—soldier an' sailor, too."

Scratchin' like a Guinea-Hen, writin' out 'is 'eart,  
Cursin' like a trooper-man (ain't 'is lingo tart ?)  
Ho ! 'e knocked 'em silly, when he show'd wot 'e could do,  
For 'e was a poet—'er Majesty's poet—soldier an' sailor, too !

There ain't a job on the face of the globe the beggar don't know,  
nor do.

'E could manage the Fleet ere the man in the street knew the ship's  
smoke-stack from a flue ;

'E could "'aul in the slack" on the flat of 'is back, while "'awwers  
warped her thro'";

Or make up 'is bed on the capstan'-ead, this sailor an' soldier, too.

Then 'ere's to you, Rudling Kipyard, in Kabu or Kordofan,

You're a trifle thick on details, but a fust class writin' man ;

We gives you your certificate (faith an' your medals, too) :

So, Rudling, 'ere's our kind regards—an' best respects to you !

—*Exchange*.





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All matter intended for insertion in the columns of the paper, together with all exchanges, should be addressed to E. W. GRANGE, Editor-in-Chief of ACTA VICTORIANA, Victoria University, Toronto.

All business matter should be referred to W. G. SMITH, Business Manager, ACTA VICTORIANA, Victoria University, Toronto.

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## Editorial.

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### Notes.

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THE outbreak of exams. last month, and the consequent reaction, have delayed the final issue of ACTA until this late date. We apologize for the delay, and trust that our subscribers will pardon us in view of the fact that all our energies have been occupied of late in taking a last farewell of our fellow-students.

THE present number contains, among other interesting articles, a very valuable paper by one of Victoria's most brilliant graduates, R. A. Daly, Ph.D., of the class of '91. Dr. Daly is at present filling the chair of Prof. Davis, of Harvard University, during the latter's absence in Europe. We regret very much that we are unable to print the promised article on Charles Heavysege by Mr. John Reade, of the *Montreal Gazette*. A very kindly-worded letter from Mr. Reade states that he is unavoidably prevented from complying with our request. ACTA Board is indebted to Mr. Reade for the many favorable notices of recent issues which have appeared in *The Gazette*.

WE would suggest to the members of this year's graduating class that a convenient way of keeping track of each other would be by having each member send to the Editor of ACTA a short personal news item for publication in each December issue. Such a plan would be a source of mutual pleasure and convenience, and we trust will be carried out by the class. We would also suggest that the Personal Editor for next year take steps to carry out this same arrangement in regard to other graduating classes. With a little effort, we believe the personal columns of ACTA could be made much more interesting and valuable to our subscribers than they have been in the past.

WE are in receipt of a letter from a graduate intended for publication in this issue, but after some hesitation we have deemed it advisable to hold it out. The writer makes some rather invidious distinctions between the standard maintained in the Department of Philosophy at Victoria and the standard maintained at University College, and complains that Victoria students have in many cases been obliged to duplicate their course by attending lectures delivered at University College. We make no comment upon the matter further than to state the general principle that ability and work rather than sentiment should govern the college authorities in determining the position of every member of our faculty.

THE LIBRARY.

THE report of the librarian for the year just closed is most satisfactory. During the year 1,016 bound volumes have been added to the library, increasing the accession list from 10,580 to 11,596. The number of unbound books, magazines, and pamphlets added was about 2,900. An effort is being made to fill up the broken and incomplete sets of the more important magazines and the attention of the ACTA readers is directed to the printed list of periodicals wanted, which will be furnished on application to the librarian. The November and December issues of Vol. II of ACTA VICTORIANA are still wanting to complete our set. Any graduate of Victoria who could supply the missing volumes, would confer a lasting debt of gratitude upon the college by forwarding them to the librarian. Professor McLaughlin and the Library Committee are to be congratulated upon the marked general improvement that has taken place in the library during the last two years.

PRO BONO  
COLLEGIO.

BEFORE stepping down and out we would like to deliver our modest dictum upon certain matters pertaining to the general interests of our *Alma Mater*.

It may seem to some presumptuous for a young and inexperienced student to attempt to criticize the *régime* of the powers that be in regard to the educational policy of the Methodist Church; but we feel sure that we are voicing the opinion of the great majority of the Arts graduates and undergraduates of our college in saying that our ministers, and those whose duty it is to keep the interests of Victoria before the Church, unduly emphasize the needs of the Theological Department of the University, leaving as a secondary and unimportant consideration the claims of its Arts Department. During the last year we have heard four educational sermons preached in Methodist

churches, and in not one of them was there more than a casual reference made to the Arts work of our college. The burden of the theme is always help for the students in theology. And this is, and has been the rule for years in all our educational sermons. What is the result? Half the members of the Church look upon Victoria as a purely theological college, and the sons and daughters of prominent Methodists are sent to 'Varsity and Queen's simply because the fact is not recognized that the professors in Arts at Victoria are men of as high scholarship and of as ripe culture as any in Canada. There is hardly an Arts student in attendance who has not had to explain time and again that the fact that he was attending Victoria did not necessarily mean that he was studying for the ministry of the Methodist Church. If those who preach our educational sermons, and the ministers of our Church, who should be the active recruiting agents of our college throughout the country, would wake up to the fact that Victoria is the Arts college as well as the theological college of the Methodist Church, we venture to predict that the number of our Arts students would be doubled in four years.

But we cannot hope to take our proper place as an Arts college until we have proper facilities for athletics. No matriculant will, other things being equal, choose to attend a college which can boast of no reputation in the athletic world. No college can expect to go ahead which does not provide its students with ample facilities for healthy sport. Despite the lack of official encouragement shown towards the efforts of the Athletic Union, Victoria has of late years maintained a fair stand in intercollegiate athletics, but until a new campus is secured our efforts in that connection must necessarily be of a desultory character. Chancellor Burwash is, we believe, doing all in his power to hasten the desired consummation, but his hands are tied by the indifference of those who should be the first to act in the matter. We are growing weary of this complacent inactivity in high places. McMaster is acting. Queen's is acting. Why should we at Victoria, with an equal or even better financial constituency to draw upon, be alone obliged to listen to the doctrine of procrastination and hard times? We are tired of words; energetic action is what we want. Verily, "it is time for a change."

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RETROSPECTIVE, In our first issue of this volume of ACTA we wrote  
 INTROSPECTIVE, under this same caption the confident assertion that  
 PROSPECTIVE. the last year of our college life would be the best of the  
 four. Now, at the end of the year, and knowing whereof we speak,  
 we say that the experiences of our senior year have been richer, fuller,

and happier than those of any previous year. We realize that our life at Vic. has meant a gradual growth from the exuberant enthusiasm of the Freshman stage to the calmer view of the more philosophic Senior. We see things in a truer perspective, our sympathies are broader, our judgments are less hasty and dogmatic, our outlook upon life is more cosmopolitan. We feel, in a word, that we are beginning to look into the great heart of things; that we are beginning to grasp "the mystery of this unintelligible world." But beginning, we know; but confident that, with the process of the years, our knowledge will "grow from more to more," until, with minds and souls attuned, we reach at last the great final good.

Our past four years at Victoria have been a constant record of advance, in which each year "has bettered other's happiness," culminating in the many festivities of the last few months. The associations of the place have grown dearer to us as the time approached when we must break from them, and now that we must bid a long farewell to all our greatness, neither rime nor reason can express how much the separation means to us. We are, indeed, glad that our fathers sent us to Victoria, for the atmosphere of the place has had an influence for good upon our lives that we could have gained nowhere else. The training of the "Lit.," the rollicking fun of the "Bob," the refining influences of the many social functions, the heart-talks with fellow students, the quiet dignity and culture of our professors, the hallowed memories connected with the chapel—these, with a thousand other feelings of unremembered pleasures, have all contributed to the developing of "a sense sublime which disturbs us with the joy of elevated thoughts," of high ideals to be accomplished in the years to come. And now, knowing that the thought of our past years in us will breed perpetual benediction, we set our faces resolutely forward, resolved *aut vincere aut mori*—resolved to

Live  
 In pulses stirred to generosity,  
 In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn  
 For miserable aims that end with self,  
 In thoughts sublime, that pierce the night-like stars,  
 And with their mild persistence urge man's search  
 To vaster issues.



VALE.

WITH this issue of ACTA we deliver up our editorial chair to Mr. F. L. Farewell, whom the Board of Management has very wisely placed at the helm for next year. We bespeak for our successor the same kindness which we have met with,

both from our contributors and from our readers. The work of editing ACTA for the last year has involved considerable time and labor, but we have been more than repaid for it all by the kind words of appreciation and encouragement which we have received on every hand. We desire to take this last opportunity of sincerely thanking all those who have contributed to our columns during the last year. Their kindness has been thoroughly appreciated by the editorial staff. We would like to especially thank Mr. C. C. James and Professor Horning, to whose timely advice and assistance we have been greatly indebted throughout the year. We have done our utmost to make ACTA the best college paper in Canada, and though we recognize that our inexperience and immature judgment have often lead us into mistakes, yet we flatter ourselves that our efforts have not been altogether in vain. And now, with feelings of mingled regret and pleasure, we step back into obscurity, leaving with a clear conscience our name and memory to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations, and to the next ages.

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## Personals and Exchanges.

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### Personals.

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*[In order that these columns may become intensely interesting, may we request the graduates to contribute from time to time anything that might be of personal interest to the friends of ACTA.]*

MISS MAY SUTHERLAND, '95, who has been teaching in Fergus, recently spent a short time in Toronto previous to her going to Winnipeg for the summer vacation.

ANDREW D. ROBB, Missionary Editor of ACTA VICTORIANA for 1898-99, has been stationed at Cathcart, Hamilton Conference, for the coming year.

C. D. DRAPER, a specialist of '98-99, has been appointed to the pastorate of Walsh Circuit, Hamilton Conference.

R. H. BELL, B.A., a postgraduate of '98-99, will perform the multifarious duties of pastor of Townsend Circuit in the Simcoe District.

ED. MCEVERS, B.A., '82, has been appointed Dean of the Faculty of Arts in the Consolidated University, of University Park, Oregon.

C. I. T. GOULD, '84, Editor-in-chief of ACTA, in his final year, is a prominent member of the Bar in Baltimore, Md., and is succeeding admirably. Here is what a New York financial journal has to say:

"The interest which has been manifested in the formation in Baltimore of the Fraternal Trust and Banking Company, of Maryland, by some of the leading business and professional men of that city, is due in a measure to the fact that one of the leading factors in the movement is known here by reputation. We refer to the able Baltimore lawyer, Clarendon I. T. Gould, whose name is known here because of his activity in the profession and his connection with various important monetary movements in the past. Mr. Gould's knowledge of the law and his standing at the Bar of Baltimore are unquestioned, so that his association with the projected company will be a distinct advantage to that enterprise."

THE professorship of physics in the University of New Brunswick, Fredericton, has been filled by the appointment of A. M. Scott, B.A., Ph.D., who during the past session has acted as Instructor in the Physical Department of the University of Toronto. On graduation he received the 1851 exhibition scholarship for research, and continued his studies at the University of Goettingen, Germany, where he won the degree of Doctor of Philosophy with great credit. Dr. Scott enters upon his new duties in September.

MR. J. W. BAIRD, B.A., '97, an honor graduate of the University of Toronto in the department of Philosophy, has recently been appointed assistant in Psychology in the University of Wisconsin under Professor Jastrow. We congratulate Mr. Baird upon his well-deserved success.

REV. A. W. CRAWFORD, pastor of Oxford Street Methodist Church, Brantford, has been elected to a fellowship in the Sage School of Philosophy at Cornell University. Mr. Crawford was valedictorian of his class at Victoria University, receiving his degree of B.A. from the University of Toronto in 1895. After graduation he taught English language and literature for one year in Columbian College, New Westminster, B.C. During that time he was also assistant pastor of the Methodist Church of that place. Since then he has been in the regular work of the ministry. Mr. Crawford obtained his degree of M.A. in 1898. The fellowship in philosophy in Cornell is tenable for one year.

JOHN DOYLE, specialist '98-99, has been stationed on Alma Circuit, Hamilton Conference, for the conference year beginning July 1st.

J. H. HOLMES, the genial manager of our book bureau for the past two years, will occupy the pulpit on the Arkwright Circuit in the Walkerton District for the next twelve months.

J. W. GILPIN, '98, has been sent by the Stationing Committee to Dyer's Bay, Wiarton District.

A QUIET wedding took place at the Avenue Road Methodist Church on the evening of Wednesday, June 7th, at seven o'clock, when the Rev. W. B. Smith, a member of the class of '00, Victoria University, was married by Chancellor Burwash to Maud Curran Haney, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. A. Haney, of Caistorville. The contracting parties came to the city by an afternoon train, leaving for Montreal shortly after the ceremony. Mr. Smith was a popular member of the Century Class, and was ever prominent in all interests pertaining to Victoria. On behalf of the students ACTA expresses best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Smith for a long and happy wedded life.

THE name of G. B. Henwood, '96, appears high up in the list of law students who passed the final exams. at Osgoode last month. Congratulations are also due Messrs. Goodwin, P. W. O'Flynn, and J. L. O'Flynn, of the class of '97, each of whom took a good stand on the second year exams.

MR. G. J. BLEWETT, '97, left in April last for a year's study in philosophy in the University of Würzburg, Germany.

WE are pleased to note in the Victoria *Daily Colonist* that Mr. G. F. Swinnerton, the popular and ubiquitous editor-in-chief of ACTA for '96-97, is meeting with great success in his ministerial work in British Columbia. We clip the following excerpt from the *Colonist* of June 1st: "The farewell social given by the congregation of the James Bay Methodist Church to Rev. Geo. F. Swinnerton, B.A., on the close of his pastorate of that church, was very largely attended, the building being filled, and a programme of exceptional interest rendered. Mr. Swinnerton was presented with a purse containing \$50 in gold coin as a token of appreciation of his work as pastor, and was flooded with general expressions of friendship and regret at parting. He was greeted with storms of applause on rising to give his farewell address, which renewed as he proceeded."

REV. E. B. GLASS, the editor of the Indian *Advocate*, writes us from White Fish Lake, Alberta, where he has worthily represented Victoria for some years. He was at college during the inception of ACTA and has ever since "taken it like a brick." A valuable thesis on the Cree language by Mr. Glass has been placed in the library.

LATEST advices from Charlie Currelley, secretary of the class of '98, state that he has added to his pastoral work in the Deloraine District of Manitoba Conference, the duties of teaching mural decoration to the members of his parish.



MESSRS. R. J. DOBSON and B. A. COHOE, of the class of '98, left a few days ago for England, where they expect to see the Queen and country and incidentally to make their fortunes by selling Underwood's stereoscopic views. "Jolly" has promised to bring home an Irish bride.

MR. C. C. JAMES' "Text Book on Agriculture" is meeting with much favorable comment not only from Canadian educationalists but also from many parts of the United States. It has already been introduced into the schools of Wisconsin and will probably be adopted in the near future by the Educational Departments of several other states. Mr. James has now in the press a "Bibliography of Canadian Poetry" which should prove of great value to anyone who is especially interested in Canadian literature. It will contain an accurate and complete index of Canadian poetry with short biographical notices of all our Canadian poets. The edition will be limited to five hundred copies and will sell at two dollars per volume.

### Alumnæ Association.

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A MOST pleasing feature of the Easter holidays for the women graduates of Victoria College is the annual meeting at that time of the Alumnæ Association. This society was organized last year with the object "to maintain college intercourse and the interests of the women graduates of Victoria University"; and the happy faces that assembled at the last meeting testified of a surety, that whatever arbitrary changes time and fate may effect, they can never tinge with oblivion the memories of our *Alma Mater* where so widely divergent interests must ever find a common shrine.

As the graduates entered the college halls together once more, it seemed like a happy home-coming after an absence, in which "das Heimweh" was far from unknown, and glad were the greetings and sweet the renewed intercourse.

A short time was taken up with the business of the society. The officers for the coming year were elected: Hon. President, Mrs. N. Burwash; President, Mrs. J. R. L. Starr, '97; Vice-President, Miss Horning, '95; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Le Rossignol; Corresponding Secretary, Miss M. M. Graham, '98.

A discussion followed regarding a subject for common study during the year, on which papers will be read at the next meeting, and was left to be arranged more definitely by a committee composed of Misses Le Rossignol, Wilson and Kerr. Chancellor Burwash then



EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, CLASS OF '99, VICTORIA UNIVERSITY.

E. W. GRACE, S. L. TOLL, N. R. WILSON, T. W. WALKER, *President*, N. W. DE WITTE, J. H. HOLMES,  
 G. A. WINTERS, Miss M. H. KYLE, Miss E. DUCRET, PETERM EDCAM, Ph.D., Miss E. J. TAYLOR, Miss M. E. REYNAL,  
*Secretary*, *Hon. President*, *Vice-President*.

gave a short address, and Miss Addison, the retiring President, gave a very interesting paper on "The Teacher's Influence in the School."

The formal meeting then adjourned, when afternoon tea was served by the Committee, and a very merry hour passed sociably away. Reluctantly the members took their leave, to look forward, however, to the coming reunion. The society already numbers over fifty members. May it have many others added each year, "and grow forever and forever."

M. M. G., '98.

### Exchanges.

THE May number of the *Manitoba College Journal* contains a biographical sketch and review of the work and influence of John Mark King, the late principal of Manitoba College. The contributions set forth in glowing terms the noble characteristics of the eminent scholar, and indicate the great esteem in which he was held by those who knew him best.

THE *University of Ottawa Review* for April is an extremely well-edited number, and its various contributions are full of interest. While we admire the *Review's* loyalty to its Church and creed, yet there is in its general tone a narrowness which prevents it from exercising the widest influence upon the lives of men of all creeds and nationalities. We hail the day when the *Review* shall become more cosmopolitan in its outlook upon the world's development and progress.

WE congratulate the *Dalhousie Gazette* upon its able publications during the past college year. Its contributions have contained a fund of valuable knowledge.

GREAT BRITAIN is blessed with noble peers as well as patriotic commoners, and the following words of earnest advice given by Lord Balfour of Burleigh to the students of Edinburgh University in his Rectorial address, apply with equal force to our Canadian college students who are ever confronted with the question, "After college, what?" "Is it really the case that the life you lead here, the pursuits in which you are for a few years immersed, are nothing more than means by which you may pass a few examinations, obtain a few credentials of acquirement, and then proceed to dispose of them in the best market which may be open to your wares? By all means, garner your own acquisitions, and make the best of your time. But do not forget that the nation, too, has an interest in what you, upon

whom the burden of the future will soon lie, gather, not only as individuals, but as a great army of recruits, within these walls, and from the spirit of your *Alma Mater*. Here you imbibe the ardor of high intellectual aim; you have your eyes fixed on lofty ideals; you strain your efforts to master intellectual difficulties. You discern here something of the 'fairy tales of science and the long results of time,' and you learn to watch them shaping themselves in one harmonious march of solid development. Here you link age to age by the study of the great thinkers of all time, and by the lessons of history you learn how 'one increasing purpose runs through the ages.' Before the sterner and more grim realities of the world engross you, you have time to catch the music of the poets, and to appreciate the vast force that they have wielded in the affairs of men. Will not all this equip you for the duties of citizenship even better than any special training however valuable in its way? Will it not help you as members of a new generation, with all its immense destinies, and all the struggles and responsibilities that lie before it, to meet these destinies and encounter those responsibilities with a national character strengthened, developed, buttressed by intellectual training, and preserved at once and alike against either exaggeration or decay? Will you not be enabled to rise to the vast burdens of empire, to feel its grandeur, to rise to new enthusiasm for its great possibilities, and to new devotion to its service? Does not such a training make a backbone of national character, altogether independent of mood and temperament, or even of hereditary bias?"

## Locals.

### Notes.

FINIS.

THE dear departed '99.

*Hinc illae lacrimae.*

JOB wanted—*The Class of '99.*

GAGS are a scarcity.

COLLEGE news has been postponed until October.

"WELL-DONE"—The successful. "Hard luck"—The ploughed.

WHAT a hurrying to and fro there was the last night to get all those calls made!

LADY STUDENT—"Have you come to make a call?"

Gentleman Student—"Oh, I think I'll make a visit."

Lady Student—"Perhaps *visitation* would be the more appropriate word."

We have promised not to tell who this young lady was, although the gentleman has not recovered yet.

RUMOR hath it that one of our popular Seniors hardly had time to get his meals from constant attendance at the Union Station after exams. Name reserved because we have to.

THE thanks of the local editors are due Neville for the way in which he several times came to their assistance at a time of depression.

ON the English paper of the Fourth Year the candidates were asked to compare "The Ode to Duty" with the "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality." After the exam. our reporter overheard the following conversation:

First Student—"That question suited me exactly. I had Wordsworth and Tennyson down pat, and compared the two in great style."

Second Student—"Why, you fool, Tennyson wrote them both!"

Collapse of first student and also of reporter.

SENIORETTA (after exams.)—"I've started to read current fiction again; I just finished *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*."

W. T. A.—"What text-book did you read in Modern History this year?"

G. A. W.—"I read the Public School History and some of the High School History."

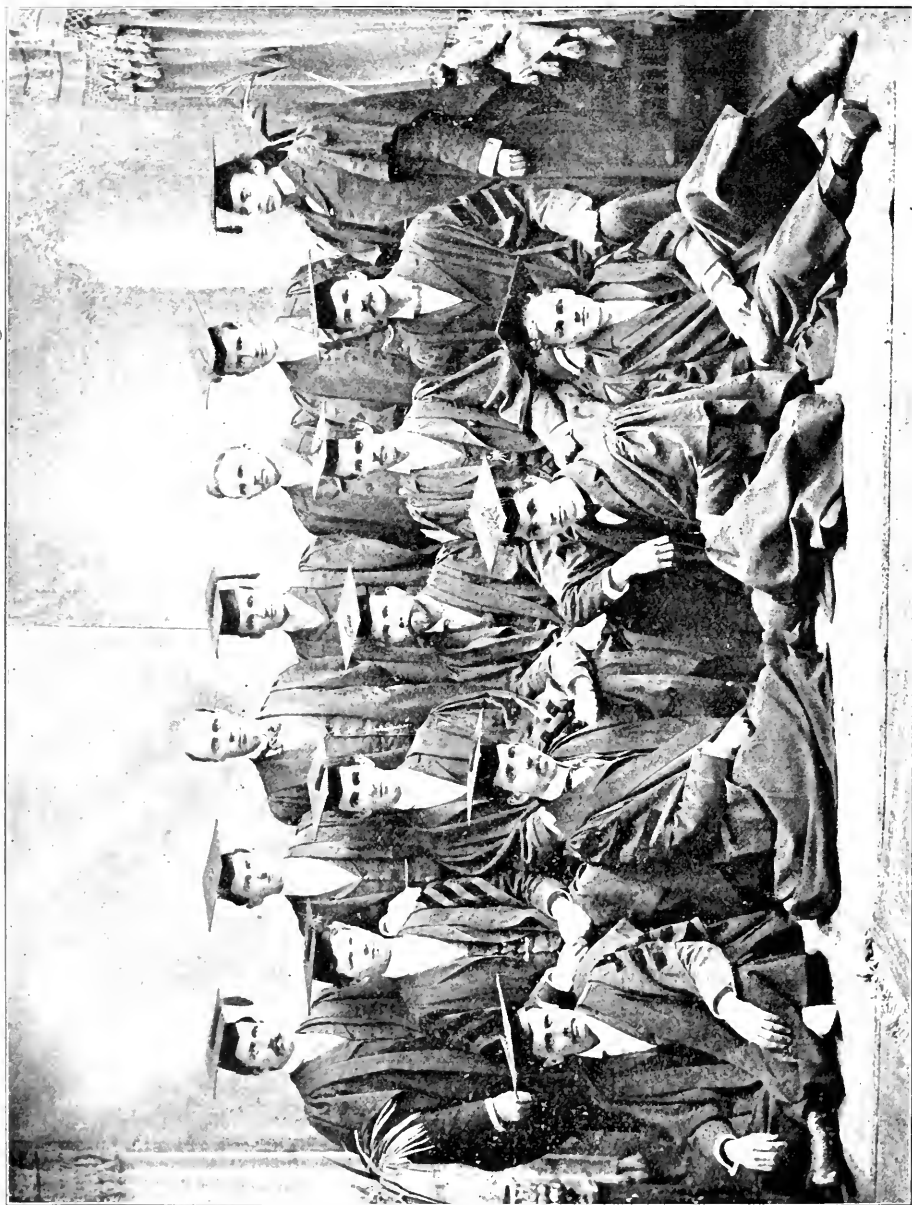
MISS D. (after graduation)—"People think I'm awfully clever now. It's so funny."

"*Dolce far niente*"—Everybody.

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### THE CLASS OF '99.

WITH the close of another scene in the shifting drama of college life comes the inevitable hour when we must bid a fond farewell to the players who are now making their exits for the last time. During the four years of their college course the members of the class of '99 have played leading roles in connection with every phase of college life. In regard to scholarship they can boast of having among their numbers men and women of the best mental calibre in the University. In social life '99 "At-Homes" and '99 skating parties have been at once the envy and the despair of other classes. As regards the moral



VICTORIA UNIVERSITY CONVERSATION COMMITTEE. 1918.

S. J. COLLIER,	W. H. WOOD,	R. H. BELL, B.A.,	A. J. FRASER,	W. J. COPE,	C. B. HINGHAM,	F. M. BELL-SMITH
R. J. MCCORMICK,	N. W. DEWITT, <i>Treasurer</i> ,	A. P. ADDISON, B.A., <i>Chairman</i> ,	W. B. SMITH, <i>Secretary</i> ,	A. D. ROBE,		
C. E. CRAIG,	H. G. MARTIN,	W. J. SPENCE,	G. A. WINTERS,			

and religious life of the class we have but to point to the words of Chancellor Burwash at the Baccalaureate sermon when he said that not a single member of the class would leave Victoria with a sullied name. In college athletics '99 has more than sustained its reputation, for they have held at some time or other every championship in the college.

And now that they are about to make their entrance upon a wider stage, to play their destined parts in shaping the giant mass of things to come, every undergraduate student of Victoria bids them a sincere and heart-felt God-speed. The good that they have done shall live after them, and above their names in the annals of "Old Vic." shall be written in letters of gold, "They were honored in their generation and were the glory of the time."

When the class of '99 first enrolled at Victoria it boasted a membership of fifty-five, but now, through a variety of causes, its ranks have been reduced to about half that number. Among the original members of the class were Miss T. G. Davison, Miss Procter, Miss Lockner, Miss Lewis, and Messrs. T. N. Davey, J. L. Stewart, A. C. Farrell, W. C. Davy, C. E. Treble, L. E. Eager, J. R. Parry, W. T. Price, F. H. Howard, J. C. Pomeroy, J. H. McCartney, N. E. Bigelow, E. H. Smith, A. E. Morgan, S. G. Petch, J. S. Gunby, W. M. Thackeray, L. J. Rogers, H. E. Curry, and W. E. Egan. Miss Davison is now enjoying the salubrious climate of Edmonton, N.W.T.; Miss Procter is living in Texas; Miss Lackner has just completed her first year with the class of '02, and Miss Lewis is teaching in Aylmer. Messrs. T. N. Davey, C. E. Treble, E. H. Smith, and A. E. Morgan, are now in their third year in medicine; Messrs. Stewart, Farrell, Price, Howard, Rogers, Curry, Pomeroy and Egan, are filling circuits in the Methodist Church; W. C. Davy is teaching in Morrisburg; N. E. Bigelow is engaged in business in Chicago; L. E. Eager is in the insurance business in Hamilton; and J. H. McCartney is a junior in one of the Toronto branches of the Dominion Bank.

WITH the graduating class of '99, Victoria sees ten more girls leave behind them the happy, helpful life of college halls—sees them go forth regretfully, yet hopefully, into the larger life to devote themselves with their one or more talents to the work the world has for each of them to do. As they stand for a moment on the threshold of a new life, let us take a last look at them and recall the part they have played in the old college life which will close behind them as it has behind so many others, on that memorable day in June. As we

look at them thus, from our hearts wishing them God-speed, let us, in the spirit of love, in the case of each,

" Be to her virtues very kind  
Be to her faults a little blind."

ALICE F. HENWOOD was born at Welcome, and received her High School education at Port Hope. In '95 she entered Victoria with the class of '99, registering in the General Course, of which she has ever remained the champion. Although she has failed "really and truly, girls," on every exam. for four years, we have never been surprised to see her name head the General Proficiency list. As a speaker and executive officer she has proved great ability on all occasions, and at class receptions, in that all-important item of the evening's entertainment, "Refreshments," has again and again shown her services invaluable. In her Fourth Year, Alice rose very rapidly to the dignity befitting a Senior; but at times, taken off her guard, she betrayed a levity which made the Freshettes wonder. Early and late she might have been seen toiling diligently in the Library, but during the season, the hour of five saw her "swiftly o'er the glassy surface glide" with her more frivolous sisters and cousins.

ETHEL W. GOULD matriculated from the High School in Colborne, her home. She entered Victoria with '98, but being unable to complete the year, in the autumn of '95 she joined '99, all of whom will maintain that certainly '98's loss was their gain. She has pursued the General Course, with Theological options and Honor English. In the Y.W.C.A. she has been an earnest worker, and by her cheerfulness and sincerity has shed a helpful influence among her fellow-students. At every college function her services have been in demand, and during her last year she has mercifully performed the duties of Critic of the Lit. We can most heartily justify the admiring glances cast upon her from the "Crow's Nest," for her sweet disposition and generous self-forgetfulness have won her many warm friends at college, as they must wherever her lot in life be cast.

KATHERINE E. MCKEE, another of the girls who have been with '99 from start to finish, is an M.M.D. Her duties as such have prevented her taking a very active part in college affairs; however, when called upon, she has always shown herself ready and willing, health permitting, to take her part, and when she had once promised, she could be relied upon, though the heavens fell, an example to succeeding generations. As a speaker, she made her mark at the Woman's Open Lit. as the witty champion of her cousins of the Emerald Isle. She,



too, availed herself of the facilities of the General Course for obtaining a broad education, and, while not making this the great end of her work, has stood well up in the class list. In whatever sphere of life she may move, she will be active for good, a daughter of whom her *Alma Mater* need never be ashamed.

SUSIE A. CHOWN, also an M.M.D., obtained her preparatory education at Whitby Ladies' College, and took her First Year at Queen's University. Although only joining '99 in her Second Year, she has so identified herself with the life and interests of her *Alma Mater*, and has so rounded off her corners, that one would never suspect that she failed to receive the culturing influences of a First Year at Victoria. She cast in her lot with the General Course, and has been from first to last a faithful student. She has won her way to the masculine heart by the efficient manner in which "at all receptions she ruled the Victuals Committee." Her brightness, her quiet humor, her earnestness and quick sympathy have deservedly made her a favorite among her fellow-students.

LILY E. TAYLOR, a Toronto girl, on graduating from Moulton College, entered University College; but after two years was forced to drop out through ill-health. In the autumn of '97 she registered in the General Course at Victoria, and will graduate with '99 this spring. Quick, energetic, witty, having in everything the courage of her convictions, Miss Taylor will never allow life to stagnate about her. After completing her Arts course, she intends to study medicine, and in this, her chosen profession, we hope she may meet with all true success.

MARGARET H. KYLE, while living in the city, is none the less intimately associated with every phase of college life. She came from Harbord Collegiate to Victoria, registering in the General Course, and though physically not so robust as some of her companions, she has held her place with '99 to the end. Scorning any abnormal development, she never allowed the routine of lectures to interfere with other important sides of academic life, devoting her time, energy and enthusiasm in turn to "Bob," Receptions, "Lit," White Shield, Rink and Tennis. In her Fourth Year she was Critic of her class, vice-president of the Tennis Club, and President of the Woman's Literary Society, the success of which this year has been largely due to her good management and untiring efforts. "Orlando's" is not the only heart "Rosalind" has captured; for her strong, happy, sympathetic spirit have won her universal popularity.

G. JEAN TAYLOR has the distinction of being a daughter of the "Fair city of the West," but matriculated from London Collegiate Institute. In '95 she came to Victoria and registered with the notorious "Honor Moderns," '99. At first she was inseparably connected with "Dora," but now we have learned to know her for her own sake, and to know her is to love her. Naturally quiet and unobtrusive, she does not half appreciate herself as those who know her best have learned to do. While always a conscientious student, she was no "bookworm." In the Lit, especially, she bore no small part of the labors and the laurels. On the rink Jean was in her element, and as Captain of the Hon. Mod's hockey team, proved so formidable that the Pass team dared not accept the challenge. In all the little dissipation planned by her friends she entered with zest, and was always a welcome addition to all candy-pulls, skating parties, hockey matches and "Sir Rogers." When she leaves Victoria she will take with her the love and good wishes of a large number of friends.

EMMA S. BAKER obtained her preparatory education from the Newmarket High School. Her first two years of college life were spent at Albert College, Belleville. After teaching a short time in the Presbyterian Ladies' College, Toronto, she spent a year at the Sorbonne University, Paris, where she became a fluent French linguist. Miss Baker spent several months in travel on the Continent, and studied a year at Newnham College, Cambridge. Last year she joined the class of '99 Victoria, taking the Honor Philosophy Course to make it "of practical use in life." She is an enthusiastic student and has been president of the Y.W.C.A., and vice-president of the Philosophical Society. Miss Baker's broad outlook in life has given her the *savoir faire* which would make her an esteemed member of any society.

EDITH M. DUCKETT is the sole representative in '99 of the land across the border, and has all the vivacity and enterprise of our American cousins. It was a happy day for Victoria and '99 when she came to us from Whitby College, and was adopted into the Honor Moderns family. When Edie went in for anything, she went in for it heart and soul, and in her Senior Year what did she not go in for all the way from Anglo-Saxon to "Paradise"? In the Lit., her rôles were many: as a musician, debater, reader, stage manager and as "Hal" the zealous soldier-lover, she charmed her "fellows" with her enthusiasm and originality. Though ever a worshipper of dignity and repose, intellect and will, it is her sweet impulsiveness, her bright-

ness and life, her generous helpfulness, which have endeared her to every one with whom she has come in contact, more than her "Kate" can affirm (and "thereby hangs a tale").

"She's pretty to walk with,  
And witty to talk with,  
And pleasant, too, to think on."

MARIANNE B. REYNAR, "the charming daughter of Prof. Reynar," came to Victoria to represent the old university town of Cobourg in the class of '99. As a result all the boys of the class would now be glad to live in Cobourg. From her first entrance into college halls she has given the heartiest support to all its various interests: lectures, social functions, the Literary Society and the rink have all received their due attention from her. She has held various class offices and has also shared the various honors of the Woman's Literary Society, having been vice-president both of her class and of the Society in her final year. First as Literary editor and afterwards as Local editor she has contributed much to the success of ACTA VICTORIANA. Her musical and social gifts have added materially to the enjoyment of all college entertainments and receptions. As president of the ladies' department of '99 Honor Moderns, Miss Reynar has been one of the prime causes of the immense popularity of that unique coterie. During her whole college course her uniformly cheerful disposition and her sympathetic interest in every one have been of great help in driving away any clouds that may have appeared on the horizon of our college life. In fact "Daisy" is, as Robert says, "a fine girl, Miss—a fine girl." And Robert is an honest man.

W. T. ALLISON, of Toronto, entered Victoria with the class of '98, but devoted a year to journalistic work, and is graduating with '99. He is the poet and *litterateur* of the class. He was a member of the "Bob" Committee in his second year, and also one of the literary editors of ACTA. He intends to enter the Presbyterian ministry, and, if previous work is any criterion, will undoubtedly be most successful both as preacher and writer.

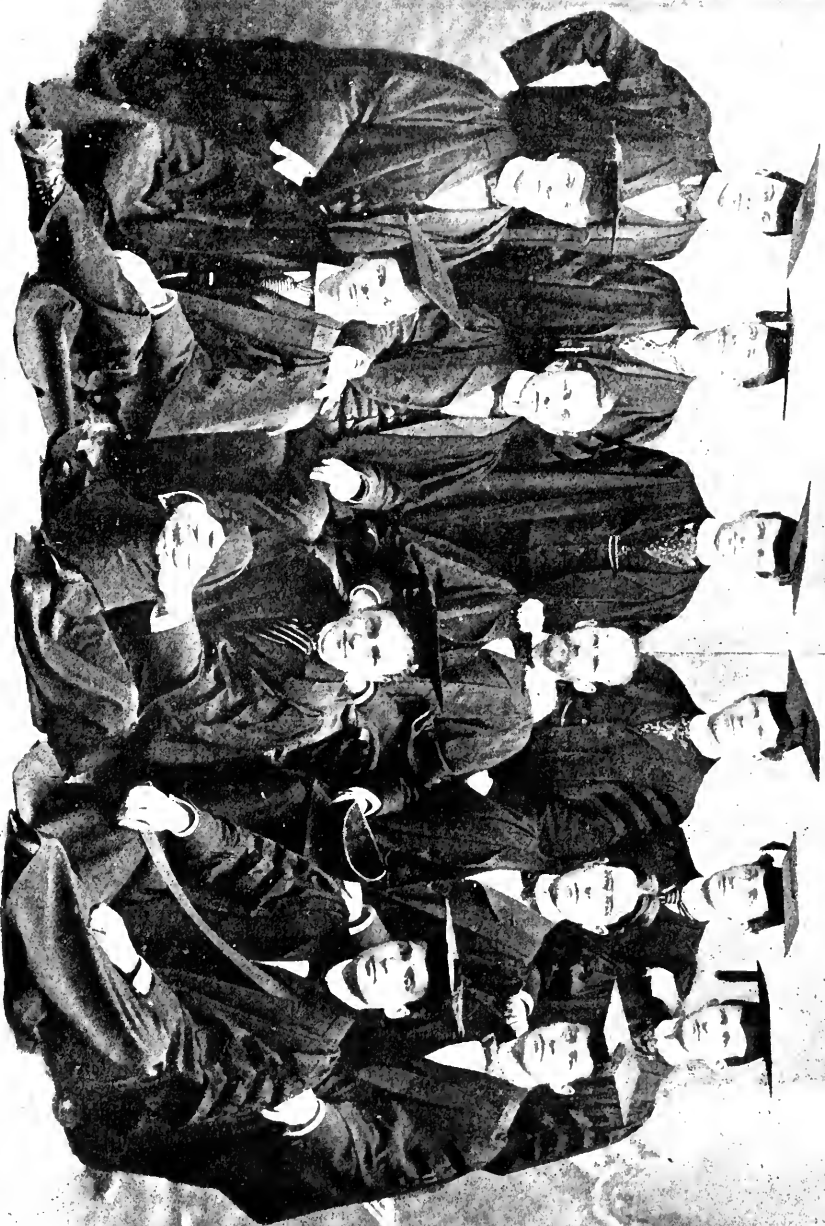
JAMES P. BERRY, of Orono, is an Honor Philosophy man. During the most of his course he has been stationed on a circuit; but while in attendance at college he showed his sterling worth and character. He was prominently connected with the Y.M.C.A. and Literary Society, and was a most energetic worker in both societies. In the latter society he filled such important positions as Recording Secretary, Leader of Government and President. The ministry is his chosen field of labor, in which we believe he will do excellent work.

SAMUEL J. COURTICE hails from the village of Courtice, and is an Honor Mathematics man. He has always been a prominent member of the Literary Society, in which he has held various offices such as Critic, Vice-President, and member of the Conversat. Committee. He has also held various positions on the Executive of his class, having been President in his final year. He held a place on the year team in football and hockey. Energetic and level-headed, he will be an acquisition to the teaching profession, which he intends to follow.

N. W. DE WITT comes from Hamilton. At matriculation he won the Prince of Wales Gold Medal, together with several scholarships. His first year was spent at Hamilton Collegiate, but he entered Victoria in the classical course at the beginning of his second year. He has held many offices in the class Executive, and has been most prominent in the Lit., in which he has held the offices of Critic and President, as well as Treasurer of the Conversat. Committee. He has been one of the best debaters of the Society. He intends to follow the teaching profession in the State of Tennessee.

THOMAS HOBBS, of Columbus, is a member of the firm of Courtice & Hobbs, mathematical specialists. He has been connected with Victoria for the last two years, and though not taking a very prominent part in college life, he has won the kindly regard of all with whom he has come in contact. He intends to follow the teaching profession.

ED. W. GRANGE is a citizen of Napanee, where, under the guidance of Professor Lang, he gained his first knowledge of Honor Moderns. Of offices and honors he has had an unlimited number. He has held almost every office in the gift of his class, notably as President and member of the "Bob" Committee. He has been connected with ACTA Board since his first year, in the capacity of Athletic and Local Editor, and, during the last year, Editor-in-Chief. The success of the last Christmas number was due largely to his energy and zeal. In athletics he has taken a prominent place, having played on the first football team throughout his course. He has held the most important offices in the Athletic Union, having been Secretary, First Vice-President and President. As a reward of his labors for college athletics he carried, last year, the "Athletic Stick." Under the Literary Society he has been Secretary of the Conversat. Committee and representative to Queen's and McGill. He has been caretaker-in-chief to the ladies of the Honor Moderns course, and has nobly fulfilled the manifold duties of the position. Journalism will likely receive his ultimate attention, but whatever vocation in life he may pursue the best wishes of all Victoria students for his success will go with him.



EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF VICTORIA UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC UNION, 1908-09.

- |                       |                        |                        |                     |                            |                            |
|-----------------------|------------------------|------------------------|---------------------|----------------------------|----------------------------|
| W. H. THOMPSON, '02.  | H. E. KELLINGHAM, '00. | W. L. AMY, '01.        | R. J. MCGOWAN, '01. | T. W. WALKER, '99.         | G. A. FRIEDTSON, '00.      |
| E. A. McTILLOCH, '01. | E. W. CHASE, '99.      | A. L. LANGRISH, M.A.   |                     | N. B. WILSON, '99.         | R. J. McLESTER, '01.       |
| P. A. McDONALD, Spec. | <i>President.</i>      | <i>Hon. President.</i> |                     | <i>1st Vice-President.</i> | <i>and Vice-President.</i> |
|                       |                        | G. A. WILKINS, '99.    |                     | J. G. DAVISON, '00.        |                            |

J. H. HOLMES, of Newark, is in the Honor Philosophy course. From his connection with the book bureau he has become known to all the students of Victoria. Quiet and retiring, he has devoted more time to Y.M.C.A. work than to any other branch. He has taken his place on his year team in alley and football. He intends going into the ministry.

F. E. MALOTT, of Leamington, is one of the first of the Honor Philosophy men. He has taken a high stand, not only in his Arts work, but also in his Theology. He has received high office in the Literary, such as critic, and is a forceful debater and speaker. He occupied a place on the year football team. He has devoted more of his time to Y.M.C.A. and missionary work, and intends entering the ministry. Malott's sterling qualities, both of mind and heart, will always secure for him a warm spot in the hearts of his fellow-students.

J. H. MOORE, of Beeton, has taken nearly all of his course while preaching, and in consequence is not as well known to the College as others. He is an earnest, energetic worker, however, and will, no doubt, do well in his chosen calling.

A. A. SCOTT, of Oshawa, entered Victoria as a scholarship man, and he has kept a high stand ever since. For two years he took classics and moderns, but is graduating in classics. He has not taken a prominent place in college life, but has always been an earnest worker. He intends to enter the foreign field as a missionary.

W. G. SMITH is a native of Newfoundland. He has taken a prominent part in college life, and has held many important offices. He has taken the Honor Philosophy course, and has always stood near the top in examination lists. During his last year he has been business manager of ACTA, leader of the government and president of the Literary. He has also been interested in Y.M.C.A. and missionary work. He occupied a place on this year's hockey team. He is a good speaker, a clear thinker and an energetic worker. He is sure to make his mark in after life as he has done in college life.

S. L. TOLL, of Union, took most of his work with '98, but dropped out to preach for a year, and also to have the honor of graduating with '99. He is taking the General course. He has been a faithful Literary and Y.M.C.A. man. He figured on the year alley, football and hockey teams. He intends continuing in the ministry, and will be an honor to the Church.

T. W. WALKER, of Norwich, is another devotee of the Honor Philosophy course. Tommy is one of the best known members of his

class, in which he has held almost every office, closing his course as president of his year. He was elected member of the "Bob" Committee in his second year. He has played on the hockey and football teams of his year, of the former of which he was captain. He has been a member of the Athletic Union Executive almost throughout his course, and was president of the tennis club. The fact that he has held the "senior stick" sufficiently attests his popularity. He has taken a prominent part in the Lit., having held such important offices as treasurer, first vice-president and leader of the Independents. He intends to go into medicine after graduation.

N. R. WILSON hails from Cobourg, whence he entered Victoria a scholarship man of the highest stand. From the standpoint of mental ability, he is, perhaps, unequalled in the college. In his first two years he took mathematics and classics, and in his fourth year he is graduating in mathematics, physic and English. He has headed the lists in mathematics throughout his course and is likely to keep up his record. "Pilly"—by which name he is better known—has been on the Athletic Union Executive throughout his four years, during which time he has been treasurer and first vice-president. He has also been secretary-treasurer of the tennis club. He has held a place on his year team in alley, football and hockey, while he has been on the first college team in hockey and tennis. During his last year he has been scientific editor of ACTA. With all his ability he is quiet and unassuming, and he has won a high place in the esteem of the students of Victoria. He intends to devote his attention to pedagogical pursuits, and we bespeak for him unbounded success.

G. A. WINTERS, better known as "Artie," is a Toronto boy, who received his early training at Jarvis Collegiate. He has received all kinds of offices from his class from prophet to president, and has also been honored as pianist of the Lit. In athletics "Artie" is known throughout the college. He has been a member of the Athletic Union Executive during his four years. He has figured on the year team in alley, football, and hockey, and on the first college team in tennis and hockey, of the latter of which he was captain. He played on 'Varsity II. hockey team for two years, and in his third year held the championship of the college in tennis. He was Victoria's representative from the fourth year to the 'Varsity Athletic Directorate. He has been most prominently connected with the mandolin and guitar club throughout his course, and has held every office in its gift from committee to president. He graduates in the General course and intends to take up medicine.

H. D. COOK is an Honor Science man, who came to Victoria in his fourth year. Although he has taken hardly any part in college life, rumor reports him to be a genial, pleasant fellow and a good reciter. He intends to teach.

E. W. EDWARDS hails from Vienna the less, and is in Honor Philosophy. He began his course some years ago, but, seeing the star of '99 in the distance he decided to wait for it, and kept himself out of mischief by teaching in the meanwhile. The result of his decision has been mutually satisfactory. He is one of the musical members of the class and has been pianist of the Lit. and Y.M.C.A. He has devoted his energies chiefly to Y.M.C.A. work, but has also taken a prominent part in Athletics. This year he has been president of the football club and has held down a place on the team. He intends to enter the ministry.

ROBERT EMBERSON, of Beresford, is one of the best known members of the class. He is taking a course in honor missionary work, but runs as a side-issue the course in Honor Philosophy. He has played a leading role in every department of college life. Since his second year he has been literary editor of ACTA. He has been business manager of the Glee Club for two years, and in his final year he has been president of the Y.M.C.A. In athletics he is the official goal-keeper of his year team in football. He has marked executive and oratorical ability, and will be a power in the missionary department of the Methodist Church.

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THE Baccalaureate sermon was preached in the college chapel on April 30th by the Rev. F. H. Wallace, M.A., D.D. In addition to the graduating classes there was a large crowd of students and outsiders who listened with deep attention to the instructive sermon from the text in John viii. 32, "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." After the sermon the Chancellor addressed the graduating classes in earnest, heart-felt words which can never be forgotten by those who heard them.

THE oration contest for the Michael Fawcett prize was held on Monday evening, May 18th, in the chapel, when five contestants presented themselves. They were Messrs. T. G. Barlow, R. H. Bell, B.A., J. W. Davidson, B.A., S. F. Dickson, and W. H. Wood. The subject was "Methodism and Citizenship." The prize was awarded to J. W. Davidson, B.A., while R. H. Bell, B.A., received honorable mention.



ON Tuesday evening, May 2nd, the convocation in divinity was held. The honorary degree of D.D. was conferred upon Rev. A. B. Chambers, LL.B., President Toronto Conference ; Rev. J. E. Moulton, President Newington College, Stanmore, Sydney, New South Wales ; and Rev. W. H. Warriner, M.A., B.D., Professor of Biblical Language and Literature, Congregational College, Montreal. The following received the degree of B.D.: M. R. Chapman, B.A., F. W. Hollinrake, B.A., R. S. E. Large, B.A., S. C. Moore, B.A., R. E. Spence, M.A., J. S. Stevenson, B.A., and A. J. Toye, B.A. Prizes and medals were presented as follows: Sanford Gold Medal, R. E. Spence, M.A.; Ryerson Prize, New Testament History, F. E. Malott; the Wallbridge Prize, New Testament Exegesis, J. W. Davidson, B.A.; Cox Bursary, New Testament Theology, J. W. Davidson, B.A., and A. J. Toye, B.A. (equal); Massey Bursary, English Bible, A. R. Delve (first), W. K. Allen (second); Herridge Prize, Sunday Schools, H. T. Lewis, B.A.

IT is reported that Bert Fraleigh received seven cards from Whitby conveying congratulations on successfully passing his theological exams.

ECHOES after exams.:

Ploughed!!! *A few.*

If I get through this year, I'll work next year.—*Several.*

This is killing.—*All.*

I expect to come down to the Exhibition in September.—*Some others.*

*Sic itur ad astra.—The same.*

IT is said that some of the Senior ladies intend coming back when the chair of Domestic Science is established.

MILLYARD reports that the spring ploughing has been well done this year.

THE time has come for us to give up our department and leave to our successors the task of grinding out the required number of jokes. To them also we leave as legacies the many victims, who have so good-naturedly acted as scapegoats in these columns. We trust that the feelings of none have been hurt, since everything written came from most kindly feelings. And so, farewell.

## Athletics.

ON Saturday evening, May 20th, the final meeting of the Executive of the Union, was held with the President, Mr. E. W. Grange, in the chair. All remaining accounts were submitted and dispensed with. Steps were also taken towards having the alley-board re-floored and otherwise repaired. Our tennis courts, which are in excellent condition this season, were rented to a number of Y. M. C. A. men for the summer months. Before the meeting adjourned a very hearty vote of thanks was tendered our retiring and graduating president, Mr. Grange, for his untiring labors for the cause of athletics in our University. Mr. Grange bears no less esteem for his work in the capacity of President of the Union than he does in other important offices, which he has so well filled.

JUDGING from the interest taken in tennis this spring by a great number of our students, we bespeak a very successful tournament next fall. Our College championship, which was left incomplete last fall, has been concluded, and Mr. Geo. Fergusson, President of the Tennis Club, succeeded in carrying off the wreath of olive. Messrs. Amy, McCulloch, Winters and Fergusson were in the contest. The first match was played between Amy and Fergusson, the latter winning with a score of 6—3, 1—6, 6—4. Then McCulloch entered with Fergusson, but was beaten by a score 6—3, 6—3, leaving Winters and Fergusson in the finals. The score 6—4, 3—6, 7—5, 6—2, however, shows Mr. Fergusson, the winner of the championship.

A TENNIS tournament was arranged, to have taken place in Whitby on May 24th, in which the ladies of Ontario Ladies' College were to play the ladies of our University. Different arrangements were made, however, and the tournament was postponed until Convocation week, to be played at Whitby.

THIS spring has witnessed the finals, not only in tennis, but also in Association foot-ball. In the latter game, the Second and Third years were in the finals, and although it was thought that in all likelihood the Second Year could easily win, yet a mechanical way of expressing the fact was necessary, and on April 30th the game was called. Contingents of "subitarii" were soon levied, and the game began with E. W. Grange as referee. At the end of the first half no goals were scored; but in the second, the sophomores, whose fame as champions in nearly all the games has at last found credence, succeeded in scoring, and have, therefore, deservedly held the cup during the year.

As we go to press, we learn that the Ladies' Tennis Team, consisting of Misses Kyle, Duckett, and Powell, succumbed to the superior skill of the Ontario Ladies' College ladies on the afternoon of June 12th. The tennis cup, donated by Dr. Hare, will consequently remain in possession of the Whitby ladies until the tournament next fall at Victoria.

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